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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-FEMINIST

I. Before Marriage

BY WORTH TUTTLE

CÉCILE : . . . Do you think it wrong for a girl to know Latin?
PIERRE: Not if she can cook a hare or a partridge as well as Mademoiselle Auclair! She may read all the Latin she pleases.
— WILLA CATHER, *Shadows on the Rock*

AT twenty, when I was secretary of a vocational bureau for women, I was a feminist. As a first premise, I thought with the founders of our best-known women's colleges that young women should have 'opportunities for education equivalent to those provided for young men.' There was no sex to the mind. There should be no sex in education.

At thirty, when I was mistress-housewife-mother-cook-laundress-chauffeur, I thought this whole business of educating the middle-class girl a tragic mistake. It was well that I could read recipes, labels, and *Peter Rabbit*, count change, and compute the milk bill. Beyond that, my education was an irritant. It had created desires that for years I should have no time to satisfy. If the aim of education is to prepare one for life, it had failed for me. I should have left school at the eighth grade and spent the next several years learning to cook and mend, to run a house, and to do practical nursing. I should have learned to serve rather than to be served. Those years in college and graduate school, years in which I used my mind as a man uses his, — always with a table set for me and food prepared for me, — years in which the individual flourished at the expense of the woman, were wasted years.

At thirty-six, I am one with Pierre. If a woman can do a woman's work well, — God knows, it is a skilled job! — then, and then only, let her be as much of an individual as she pleases.

I

My desire to write out all of this, every word that I write, is the result of my own experience. How general that

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experience is I do not know. I suspect it is true, to some degree, of and for all women with a little talent, who in the care of a home and children cannot perfect that talent to the point of self-support and domestic freedom during their most creative years.

Certainly my experience and the conclusions evolved from it are not true for the woman of genius. Genius, like murder, will out. The woman of genius, if she has been unwise enough to marry and have children, will commit her household to God and the neighbors and get to *her* work. For the woman of mere talent there is no such abdication and release.

Nor are they true for the inherently domestic woman. Even if such a woman spends four years in college and several in an office or school faculty, she waits for marriage and steps into its duties gracefully, dropping her temporary job and picking up her permanent one without the blink of an eye. She does not want anything else. Her ambition is to succeed as a *woman*, — to have a husband, children, a house, — and her domestic tranquillity is not threatened by suppressed longings to become an artist, a writer, or a reformer. Either she goes through her household chores as a matter of course, or she makes an axiomatic profession of housekeeping. The problem that was mine is not hers.

Like many other girls with a bit more intelligence than the average, I was reared as an individual with no regard to sex. And both geographical and domiciliary environment so worked against my learning the ancient and enduring occupation of being a woman that at the time of my marriage I was as ignorant of domestic routine as any man. Had my husband not been the son of a wise New England mother who had taught him more than mothers usually teach boys, we should have starved during the three months of a camping honeymoon.

I was next to the youngest of seven children. My mother, having been 'spoiled' in her youth by too many colored servants and a too efficient elder sister on an eastern Carolina farm, had found housekeeping and child rearing so irksome that she wanted to 'shield' her girls as long as possible. An aunt, who had protected my mother, lived with us and did all of our sewing and mending. There was always a servant or two about, and, at the time I might have learned to cook, three older sisters ran me out of the kitchen whenever they made beaten biscuits and fancy desserts.

My father, whether from disappointment over the failure of achievement on the part of two gifted sons or because of the possession of five daughters, was a feminist. And toward me his feminism was emphasized, consciously or unconsciously. He sent all of his daughters to college, but I think he spoke only to me about 'the future.' Compared to my sisters, I was decidedly homely, and, in addition to his pride in my literary turn of mind, he had a fear, I suspect, that I should never marry and, without a definite profession, might be a bit of a nuisance. I could not have been more than eleven when the idea of being Something, of doing Something, other than what girls ordinarily were and did, became a part of me.

At fourteen I left high school for the last two years of preparatory work in a junior college for girls in Virginia. The curriculum there must have provided courses in domestic science, but I do not remember hearing of them. They were not required, and they would have been beneath my notice as extras, my English teacher having assured me I was to be another Jane Austen. Thereafter, my three years

at the best coeducational college in my part of the South were divided about equally between the academic and the social life. In the Woman's Building there were colored maids who cared for our rooms, and, for an occasional dime, they darned and mended for us.

II

I graduated at twenty, and, to the distress of my family and the town, went immediately to Richmond — in the summer time! — to work in the Bureau of Vocations for Women. In April I had seen a note about it in a magazine and had written to the founder. She was so touched at the desire for a career in a girl coming from farther South than Virginia that, after an exchange of letters, she offered me the secretaryship.

From nine to five for fifteen months I was at a desk in that little office, corresponding with and interviewing women who wanted to work — spinster graduates of the best Eastern colleges; childless wives; women with grown-up children; widows who needed money; and 'older girls' tired of staying at home who wanted to do something different, but were unwilling to invest either time or money in training because, secretly, they still hoped to marry.

My own determination to have a profession hardened into a rampant feminism for all God's female creatures. In the evenings I evaded the efforts of the charming F.F.V. in whose home I was a 'paying guest' to get me out with young people; I had wasted enough time at that sort of thing, so I sat in my room reading Conrad or Samuel Butler, and writing in *my* Notebook (1916–1917): —

Marriage should be an incident, not the *raison d'être* of either a man's or a woman's life. . . .

I hate that expression, 'marry and settle down.' It can't be done. Too many women have tried to do it, only to find themselves very much unsettled in middle life. . . .

Many men are feminists toward their daughters. Toward their wives it is quite another matter. . . .

It is hardly conceivable how utterly the average woman gives herself, her little ambitions, her very life, to one man, to rise or fall by him. If he be a success in his occupation, she will be a success in her social aspirations. If he fail, she will become a woman of small affairs. Always the man sets the stage and the woman adapts her rôle to it. . . .

The division of labor can no longer be made with sex the divisor. . . .

Yesterday, after a tirade of mine on feminism, the young man who has come to direct the new School of Social Work the Bureau has started asked me: 'But don't you think a woman who wants to make her profession home-keeping has a social right to do it?' I said, 'Ye-es,' doubtfully, never having thought of keeping one's own home as a real job. Now that I think it over, I don't believe a woman does have that right! It is too wasteful. If a woman has the home instinct and wants to develop it, she should manage a home for the children of women who want to do other work. . . .

No longer, with their modern education, have women the right to allow their emotional, their love life to mean all in all to them. What an inconsequential man he is who lives only for his family! So long as love-and-marriage fills a need in a man's or a woman's life without crowding out all else, it is right. But when it usurps too much, it should be cast aside. Love should be an ally to the intellectual life, an aid to achievement. It should n't consider life made for it. It was made for life. . . .

If Southern man has put woman on a pedestal, he has so arranged things that he can upset her at will. . . .

Women who wait for men to be able to support them before they marry are waiting to sell their love. . . .

So long as women are dependent upon men for support, so long will men rule most

feminine opinion. Economic independence of women and equal suffrage should come simultaneously. Maybe this is why I can't get excited about suffrage. It will be nice to have woman's mental equality with man's publicly recognized, but, as a Cause in itself, suffrage does n't interest me. . . .

It gives a man a deep-seated satisfaction, I suppose, to have a being in his home whose sole purpose is to satisfy his physical self. No wonder feminism makes such snail's progress! And what progress we see is only external, occupational. Here in the office we do not realize how many women, every day, are continuing to supply that desired physical comfort — nor how many who are not would like to! . . .

How cruel it is that women undesired by men for lifelong companions must live such sexually unsatisfied lives — that is, of course, moral women — while the women chosen a wives have to make sex so paramount. This is, of course, the crux of the wrong in the woman problem. Women must straighten it out by changing matrimonial laws and customs; but how?

III

The following September, having found the graduates of Vassar and Bryn Mawr, of Wellesley and Holyoke and Barnard, as wishy-washy in their vocational trends as the girls from Virginia finishing schools and the middle-aged ladies from the shabby old houses on Grace Street, I refused a scholarship which my employer had secured for me at Bryn Mawr, borrowed three hundred dollars, and left for New York.

There would be nothing wishy-washy about *my* plans. My future lay clear and shining before me. I would make no crazy quilt of my working life, tacking on a job here and a 'position' there to hold body and soul together until I had a husband — or had given up hope of one. An intelligent woman could have as consistent a career as an intelligent man, if she would go about it in the right way: lay down a design and make no digressions from it.

I wanted to become a writer. I would get a part-time job in New York that would take care of my bed and board. With the money I had borrowed, I would pay my tuition at the Pulitzer School of Journalism. Then I would go to work on a newspaper or magazine. Later, I would travel, write feature stories, short stories, novels. Then — oh, in fifteen or twenty years, perhaps — I might marry if I were sufficiently attracted. But marriage would be purely incidental. It would in no way interfere with my work, my career, my Self.

When I found the part-time job as Red Cross director in the Neighborhood House of the American Parish, which Mr. Norman Thomas then directed, my life was wholly my own. I did not have a personal tie of any sort to deflect me from my course. For, in spite of the matrimonial hell-fire I had preached on my brief visits home, my sisters were 'marrying and settling down' near my parents.

But unfortunately for that future famous writer, if not for me, there were living at the House and studying at Columbia two young men. All fall and winter we had what would now be termed a 'swell time' together, exploring the polyglot Upper East Side, standing at the Metropolitan, sitting on the kitchen table, after the evening club hour, listening to Mr. Thomas and his brother, Evan, hold informal forums on the war and the Kerensky régime, on India, on the New York City government, on anything and everything in which human well-being and human happiness were at stake.

In the early spring I realized I was wondering a bit too much whether one of the young men — the tall junior

from Savannah — would be at the House for dinner. I had been much attracted to him from the first. We spoke the same language. I felt myself slipping, and put on the brakes. Except for a greater intelligence, he was like many Southern men I had known. Certainly I would not come all the way to New York and let myself be turned from my purpose by a man who thought my feminism 'cute'!

But a little later, when the buds and birds were appearing in the trees of Morningside Park, I fell in love — with the other young man, the one of New England ancestry who was a sophomore at Columbia after a freshman year at Williams. Had I ever fallen completely in love before, I might have warded this off; but it took me by surprise. I knew nothing about it until one morning when I found myself *flying* up those interminable steps that connect Morningside Avenue with the Drive; found myself at the top, still talking blithely, with none of the shortness of breath that had been so painful on all former ascents — with the other young man, or alone.

It was overwhelming.

A few evenings later, when we sat on a bench watching the twilight make even the Harlem River romantic, I discovered that he was in love with me. We would marry, of course, some day. When two people felt as we did, they married. But marriage would not make a great difference to either of us. It could n't. We had too much to do. He was more than a year younger than I, and several years younger in social experience and background. That he was then and forever will be my superior and elder intellectually, I had no idea. He made no display of his remarkable mental powers, for he was unusually quiet.

That quietness, I think, attracted me as much as did his eyes and his smile. I had never known a quiet person. All my life I had been with garrulous people.

He listened, entranced, to my garrulous feminism. He had never known a Southern girl. And feminism as a personal religion was as interesting to him as Mr. Thomas's socialism. He took me as seriously as I took myself, agreed with me, believed in me.

IV

We decided a few weeks later to be married as soon as he had finished college. That would depend on the duration of the war. In spite of a prohibitive heart condition, he hoped to enlist. Meanwhile I would continue to support myself. I would give up only the travel part of my life plan. We could travel together, later. Surely marriage could not interfere with my writing. It would make me much better. We'd have children, too — five, maybe. Children would be easy. Women made too much fuss about having babies. Gypsy women had them by any convenient stream. As for the care of them — well, with our combined incomes we could hire a nurse, or they could be put in a day nursery.

I had no idea where there was a day nursery, but in my Bible, *Essays on the Woman Question*, day nurseries were spoken of as a matter of course.

In June my young man, awaiting action on his application to enlist, went to work in an airplane factory. I went South. My third sister wanted me for her maid of honor. I had no intention of accepting, and made this entry in my Notebook: —

March 1918. — A marriage is too personal to be public. Formal weddings, with crowds of curious people, are relics of barbarism.

But I wanted to put my young man's photograph on the dressing table among those of my youngest sister's suitors, and I wanted time to read and write.

It was fun for a while, but in the middle of August I began to be alarmed. None of my letters, with my recommendations and photograph enclosed in the best Bureau of Vocations tradition, had brought me even a hope of a job. I wrote to the professor who had taken the keenest interest in my work. He knew of no magazine openings, but he was moving his family to a farm near New York, and if I wanted to come and tutor the children a few hours a day and put the rest of my time on writing, he and his wife would be delighted to have me.

I accepted the offer and went to work on stories about Negroes — the last one of the group to be published in September of this year! Mr. Thomas's talk had opened my eyes, and for the first time, that summer, I had seen cotton-mill people as men, women, and children who worked in mills; poor whites as people who lived as tenants on farms; colored people as individuals with varitinted skins who worked in kitchens, hauled tobacco, and mended roads. And I wrote in my Notebook: —

> Not until I donned trousers [riding breeches for country wear] did I see the reason for wearing skirts. It is purely a matter of feminine convenience. . . .
>
> Decided contentment is fatal to creative work. It is not best for a woman to marry a man she both loves and reveres and to whom she feels inferior intellectually, because she will bury herself in him and let her own ambitions sicken and die. . . .
>
> I wonder whether children and adults would not be better off if they lived separately. Adults would be necessary as instructors, but as for sharing the same house intimately — when socialism rules, some system will have to be worked out whereby women can be free, as men are free. . . .
>
> When feminism comes into its own, the economic motive in marriage will be removed and the spiritual one, in-loveness, have its rightful place. . . .
>
> Here is the meaning of love: Before one falls in love, one thinks he can love many persons, each of a different nature. When he finds one person who has a mood for each of his own, he discovers that he can love that person only. It takes two to make a real love. A one-sided passion or affection is not love. Love is built on sympathetic understanding. Unless one person returns the love proffered by another as proof that such sympathetic qualities do exist, there is no love. Love between a man and a woman is the fulfillment of the sex instinct *added to* friendship. . . .
>
> Men become indifferent to wives they have married in youth more than wives to husbands because men are out in the world where their ideas and ideals are constantly changing. Women form theirs at marriage, and in the cloisters of home rarely change them. It is not a matter of innate sexual differences, but of environment. When, under a socialistic government, women go out to work, something will have to be done to make less rigid the prevailing marriage laws.

In June a job with the Red Cross Home Service in New York fell into my lap, and I did not look for work on a magazine. Was I, too, making a crazy quilt? I persuaded myself that I was not. My encompassing design was still intact. So long as I continued to write, it made no difference what I did from nine to five to earn my living. I still held my future in my hands — or thought I did.

V

In February my young man came down from Williams for a week-end, and, in the gloom of a Y.W.C.A. boarding-house parlor, we decided to be married in the summer — a decision due as much, I imagine, to our mutual

pleasure in separate readings of Mrs. Carleton Parker's *An American Idyll*, then appearing in the *Atlantic*, as to our own romance. We were in love as the Parkers had been in love. There was no reason why we should not be together when we could be. We wanted a ceremony as quiet as possible, anyway, whenever we had it.

So one day toward the end of July, 1919, I left the Red Cross office for the City Hall and the Little Church Around the Corner. But when we admitted to the pleasant-faced young curate that we had not 'acquainted our parents with our intention to marry,' he was ready, regretfully, to turn us away. Then on the would-be groom's vest he espied a new and glittering key. 'Oh! You're a Phi Beta Kappa! Then I am sure you know what you are doing.' So he married us, quietly and beautifully, in a most civilized way, with only the incurious janitor and the parish clerk as witnesses.

We went around to Fifth Avenue, had a soda, and separated. My husband had to get back to Paterson, where he was organizing for the Amalgamated Textile Workers, and I to the West Side settlement where I was boarding. The following Saturday we met again, however, and set off for a week's camping in the wild heart of the Catskill woods.

I am afraid I was disillusioned both about life in the open — it poured rain every night into the pup-tent we had brought for shelter — and about the consummation of love. What I remember when I think about it is the pleasure of being with my young man steadily for a week, and the relief I felt when we stepped into the old Ford that was to carry us back to civilization. In my Notebook, immediately after my return to the comfort and loneliness of my settlement room, I made three jottings: —

The marital relation, shorn of all its sentimentalities, is much too simple and natural to have caused all the commotion it has.

Except in regard to children, — and in the Ideal State not even then, — marriage should have nothing to do with economics. It is n't the close physical tie that kills love, but the economic one. One could vow truthfully, perhaps, to love another all his life if he did not have the daily, monotonous discussion of the price of meat and bread and shoe strings. Romance and economics have been enemies ever, and marriage is not the crucible in which they can be blended.

Marriage cannot and should not assume the same place in every person's life. It is as though you said everyone must have the same attitude toward religion. To too many women marriage is a vocation, a religion. To others it need be nothing more than a pleasant and very personal relationship which fills the need for love and leaves one free for a larger outside life.

VI

Every day, for sixteen months, as I went up and down tenement stairs in Hell's Kitchen, collecting biographical material to fill Red Cross case records, I was a part of one *Street Scene* after another, but their import drifted over my head. Feminism was still obscuring life for me. I was theorizing still, finding nothing that I could not fit into my Notebook, under 'Women' and 'Marriage': —

To-day I talked with a large-eyed, too made-up young woman, who has been married a year and a half and is pregnant for the first time, about another woman, my Case, who was married in September and confined in January. My Case, said this young woman, was no longer her friend. She would n't speak to her. As I felt my way down those dark, garlic-scented stairs I thought: 'How much more righteous is my Mrs. R—— ! She loved the man she married. She loved him before she married him, and she loves him now,

though he has deserted her. And the other woman — well, maybe she loves her husband, too, but it is at the price of three rooms and three meals a day.' . . .

The marriage ritual should be left to the individuals concerned. The State might say that there must be a legal agreement between the man and the woman, but the details of it should be left to the participants. It is silly to have one ritual for rich and poor, feminist and stick-in-the-house, couples who do not want children and couples who do. Various suggestions as to the wording of the agreements might be laid out in the City Hall from which a couple could pick and choose and adapt to their own needs. It would lessen divorce, and make what divorce proceedings there were more easily managed. . . .

Men and women were meant to supplement each other in everything, though it is generally assumed that they should act as complements in the sexual act alone. They play better if they play together, they work better if they work together. An office full of women, or one full of men, is a deadly place, full of petty quarrels and backbiting.

In June, after my husband's graduation, — with a consciously incorrect formality, but a formality which we felt in keeping with the dignity of our secret enterprise, — we announced our marriage ourselves on neatly engraved cards.

My family, aware of my feelings about 'barbaric weddings,' accepted our method for what it was — an intellectual gesture, an avowal of the place marriage should have in the life of a true feminist. If my parents smiled at my confusing the ceremony of marriage with its business, it was behind their hands. But to my husband's family, at the time, it was merely an *affaire du cœur*, with the usual doubts as to its durability. Fortunately, I was then too high in the clouds to give an instant's attention to what people on earth thought. Blithely we visited my husband's family, blithely went off to an island in the Fulton Chain for three months of solitary bliss.

In September we parted. My husband went to work in a New England textile mill and I went to Louisiana to teach in a college for Negroes — that departure from the Southern norm being the hardest thing *my* family had to bear! I wanted to learn to know the 'new Negro' as I had always known the old, and there was no other source of information.

VII

The following year my husband borrowed enough money to cover his tuition and living expenses, and studied at Columbia for his master's degree. I returned to New York and kept our two-room-and-gas-plate apartment; I learned to brew a stew and to scrub a floor, to make pie crust and turn a shirt collar — and I wrote systematically for the *World To-morrow*, the *New Republic*, the *Freeman*, and a few newspapers, and had casual essays and stories in the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* and less well-known magazines, all of which gave me more prestige than pennies. When my conscience hurt because we were not living entirely up to my fifty-fifty ideal, my husband soothed me by pointing out that without my enthusiastic if unskilled labor he would be paying more for his own room and board than we were spending together. I had never thought of housework in terms of economics. It had been just something uninteresting married women did. I felt better, and got out my Notebook: —

Marriage should mean nothing more to two people than the completion of love. It should be the freest relationship in the world. I do not mean that there should not be some sort of ceremony, a giving of each to each, but its only motive should be

the fulfillment of love or the begetting of children, with economics entirely omitted.

Children should be a joint care. For a month preceding birth and for two months afterwards, the man should care for the woman and the child financially, as the woman does physically. After that they should share equally in the physical and financial care. If the woman wants to make her job the care of the child, then the man should care for both financially — No, that would n't work. An educated woman would not want to live on a nursemaid's wages and we should be right back where we were, with the man supporting the woman. The only solution is for the maternally-minded woman to make a profession of child care, and care for many children as well as for her own. . . .

There are two types of women — Female and Feminine, corresponding roughly to He-man and Man. For every Feminine woman there are a hundred Female ones. Female women are all much alike. They like to do the same things. They dress alike, talk alike. Their faces wear the same make-up and expressions. The Feminine woman has something above and beyond her sex. To begin with, a slight distinction in dress, and, finally, a humanity which she shares with the Man who is over and above the mere He-man type. Only Feminine women have any notion what feminism means. . . .

Feminism cannot be exactly defined. It is a feeling. It is the spirit of the individual, a sort of self-consciousness unmixed with sex. It is the desire to live for the expression of one's personality, whether it be in the effort to free a people, as it was in Breshkovskaia, or in the *conscious profession* of rearing one's own little brood of children. It may come through writing, doctoring, painting, preaching — it is of no matter, so long as the spirit is there to be an Individual rather than just a — female. . . .

Last night saw Henry Miller and Blanche Bates in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, an anti-feminist play. Mrs. Fair leaves her home for a temporary career — lecturing — and returns to find her son wedded to a 'working girl,' her adolescent daughter in a chorus-girl crowd, and her husband living with another woman. (None of these calamities would befall a home-keeping wife, of course!) So Mrs. Fair thrashes out the whole feminist question with Mr. Fair, and, after an inner struggle, goes back to his arms. He promises to find an outlet for her social energies that will allow her to stay at home — and the question is left unanswered for the other Mrs. Fairs of this world.

The only way to answer it for them, as I see it, is by some sort of legal arrangement for the care of children and the severing of marriage ties less tedious than divorce. Then, and then only, can a woman come as nearly as she can come to the freedom a man has. She will have, at least, the freedom of deciding whether self-expression through human or merely female lines shall be her lot. Then if love for her man is not stronger than love for her work, love for the man should go. There is no way for a woman to have both except in isolated cases. It is a shame.

I have still a few friends in downtown New York, women who are living the feminist life. They have never married, or, having married, have no children. But I dislike to visit them, because to do so I have to pass that little brick house on West Eleventh Street.

Life was simple then — easy to reduce to words, to write down in a book. To look back on the Me who lived there is as though I looked back on a previous embodiment. Actually, I was twenty-six and had been married three years. Emotionally, I was about twelve and had not been married at all — in the sense that I am married now.

(This autobiography will be concluded next month with an account of what marriage did to the author's feminist convictions)

THE LEAN YEARS

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

To workers in settlements, as to others in daily contact with wage earners, are first revealed the signs of the times affecting their security. As the periods of depression come over us, there is no sudden avalanche, but a creeping daily change — shortening hours of work, an increasing number of dismissals, wage cuts, and the uneasiness which none can comprehend unless they have learned to recognize and share it. It permeates a neighborhood like a thickening fog of anxiety and fear.

Increasingly in the winter of 1928–1929, months before the stock-market crash, we were made aware of the foreboding among our neighbors. In the kindergarten one morning, when the little ones were sitting around the table drinking their milk, I said, 'What do you think you are going to be when you grow up?' There was no very active response, and to prod them I said, 'When I was a little girl I thought I should like to be a carpenter — the shavings are so curly and the carpenters who came to our house were such nice folks.' Whereupon a four-year-old who sat there, his head in his hand, a sober expression on his little face, answered, 'Miss Wald, the carpenter that lives in our house ain't got any work.'

The nurses' daily records are delicate barometers of conditions. This was brought home to me once as I watched our statistician sticking her pins in the map that shows the current cases of pneumonia, and observed an increasing number of blue pins in the Syrian quarter. Inquiring into this, I was told that the children of the kimono workers then on strike were probably getting less milk and good nourishment, and hence their resistance was lowered.

Signs of the gathering storm multiplied. Within a brief period a succession of individuals came to ask for work, and that stimulated us to further inquiry. In January 1928, we discussed this with our intimate circle. In February 1929, eight months before the 'boom' collapsed, we summoned our colleagues to a meeting, just as, on the first declaration of war in August 1914, we called a group to come together in solemn conference.

There was general agreement that times were increasingly hard in the neighborhoods where small wage earners lived, with mounting numbers of men and women 'laid off.' But at that time the public was absorbed in 'the greatest period of prosperity the world has ever seen,' and the storm signals were unheeded.

As troubles grew, we realized that in respect to the disaster to individuals and to the community these desperate years were to prove even more serious for American workers than the war. Families were broken by war and homes knew terrible griefs — the sac-

rifice of youth, the lost anchors of safety and security. But all these disasters also befall the people when there is no work, no family income, when youth is sacrificed because its hopes, its dignity, its ambitions, crumble away, and there is no sense of common cause, of a goal to be attained, to glorify the sacrifice. Homes were swept away during the war. Pitiful they were, those fallen roofs and broken walls that I saw in France. But, though less tragic to the onlooker, such depression as we have been experiencing has meant the devastation of homes without number, simple and luxurious, built up with high hope and with confidence in the ability of the breadwinner to support the family and to help the children to a higher estate.

II

Since 1893, my first acquaintance with the Henry Street neighborhood, there have been repeated periods of depression and consequent unemployment. That first unforgettable year plunged us into abysses of need and helplessness never dreamed of by young crusaders. In the early morning, before we had time to put the kettle on, people began their tramp up our five flights, and the procession continued after our nursing rounds were ended till the last minute of the night before we sank into fatigued sleep. They came begging us to help them find work, or at least to give them a ticket entitling them to a few days of the 'made work' which was being provided as a relief measure.

The help for the unemployed that year was not, of course, so well organized or so effective as the united efforts of the better-trained workers in the present period. And it was tragic then to see the battle between the desperate need of the situation and the dear traditions of so many of our neighbors — more frequently met with forty years ago than now.

A sensitive tailor who lived near us and who was devoted to his home and to his wife, the daughter of a rabbi of distinction in the old country, was out of work for many months. There was, of course, a large family, and the usual accompaniment of illness. But even under this burden of pressing need the man finally did not feel that he could continue to keep the 'made work' which was the family's sole dependence, because it meant labor on the Sabbath, and that was a desecration. He looked worn and anxious as he told of this decision. But in the midst of our troubled conference his face brightened and he said, 'We know, with all our trials, that the Lord has not forsaken us, for we are going to have another baby.' And he was further assured that the Lord was on his side when, exerting myself to find some solution for that desperate household, I introduced him to an employer in Passaic, New Jersey, who offered a job and demanded no religious sacrifice to hold it.

The House on Henry Street has seen five major depressions in its forty years — 1893, 1907, 1914, 1921, and the years since 1929. No depression has touched in magnitude the situation of to-day, which must be described, not as critical, but as desperate. During different crises I have served on committees appointed to work out measures of protection against future disasters. The forces have never been so well organized as they are to-day to avoid waste motions, to mobilize resources, to prevent overlapping. But those who have been closest to the chief sufferers know best how inadequate have been even these heroic efforts to meet the most elementary need. And perhaps veterans of experience realize with special clarity the

price that must be paid for a break of such magnitude in our economic and social life.

As one sums up the effects of unemployment on the individual and the community, it seems to me that the loss of the dignity of man is the first and most tragic. With this is bound up the loss of home, of ties, of position, the humiliation of the long bread lines, the appeal to relief agencies, the overwhelming sense of failure.

Next I should put, as a result of loss of home, a further break in housing standards, with families herding together for shelter rather than for a home. From that comes loss of family unity, of self-respect, of ambition and pride.

Under the strain of prolonged unemployment, irritations and loss of personality are inevitable even among the heroic.

The people most troubled are often marked by an inexplicable patience, or, it may be, apathy. Perhaps because of lack of leadership, the little groups that have assembled to protest against delay in relief or methods of relief have had little to contribute. If there is willingness to discuss with them the difficulty of satisfactory relief methods with available resources, their protest melts away. This was illustrated in the attitude of Washington authorities toward the 'armies' which demanded relief through the bonus payment in two successive winters — a menace to public health and public dignity, a tragic and absurd display of armed brutality one year, and the next (1933) the remnant of the 'army' well ordered and immediately responsive to considerate treatment.

Finally, this prolonged period of unemployment has forced upon young people the conviction that society, which helped rear and educate them, has no place for them.

III

The most obvious antisocial effect of unemployment is the breaking up of the family. Social workers long familiar with the vicissitudes of those whose margin between income and expenditure is narrow are impressed by the passionate desire, even from unexpected sources, to cling together that family life may be maintained, that the household may go on. Here is one instance to illustrate: —

A neighbor, a teamster with good wages, was a man of questionable habits until he married a girl of exemplary character. When their baby came, no one who owns a shooting lodge in Scotland or a villa in Florida could feel more pride and satisfaction than this young couple evidenced in moving into an apartment with a bathroom. The room was not only a modern convenience to them, but a long step forward in standard of living and self-respect. The housekeeping was immaculate, but special care was lavished on the bathroom, and no visitor departed without being shown its glories. In the winter of 1930–1931, there was no work for the teamster, and, hoping against hope, we lent the young people rent each month for three months. But recovery did not come, and they were forced to move to cheaper rooms, of course with unkept halls and unkempt janitor. Quickly came the next step down — the demoralization of overcrowding under the necessity of sharing with another couple the rent of the miserable little place. The whole level, not only of housing, but of cleanliness, recreation, personal pride, manners, slumped — as in the days of the Terror in France, when so many heads went under the guillotine, and no tomorrow seemed likely or worth anyone's living for.

During that same winter we knew of many instances of three families herded into one apartment. In one such household there were in three rooms seven children and five adults, among them two pregnant women.

And yet our neighbors never hesitate to share their meagre quarters when need arises. The day after a young mother came home from the hospital with her first-born, the nurse called to teach her how to give the baby its bath. To her amazement, she found two newborn babies and a second mother, a young girl who was a stranger to her. This girl had occupied the bed next to the nurse's patient in the ward, and had confided to her that she had no home and no friends to whom she could go when she left the hospital. Her neighbor in the ward therefore invited her to share her tiny tenement quarters. 'I can't do much for her,' she said apologetically to the nurse, 'but I can put a roof over her head.' The husband gave up his half of the family bed to the stranger and slept on a narrow couch, and the extra baby slept in the kitchen in the carriage proudly provided for the child of the house. But there was only good will shown to the guest, and a determination to 'make out the best we can.' I am glad to add a cheering footnote to this story. The husband, so long out of work, has at last obtained a good job, and the young girl also secured employment and has been able to go her way.

When we first lived in a neighborhood of small wage earners, to see on the sidewalk the furniture of a family dispossessed for nonpayment of rent was an everyday affair. Gradually the welfare agencies freed one neighborhood after another from that humiliating evidence of inadequate and tardy relief. It is a matter of pride in the Settlement that there was only one such instance in the past winter in our neighborhood, and that was through an unforseeable slip in procedure. But during the continued depression this problem has grown beyond the power of the relief agencies in some sections, and it is now beyond us. The frequent sight of the belongings of the shattered household could, without great stretch of imagination, be compared with the ruined homes we saw in the occupied territory of France. But in this emergency, as in so many others, coöperation is forthcoming from the neighbors whenever possible.

Mrs. D. went to the hospital to be delivered of her first child. In her absence the 'dispossess' was served. Her husband disappeared, taking most of the household goods with him. This, let me hasten to add, was not an example of the 'shiftless poor.' The wife had taken a four-year commercial course after graduating from a Chicago high school; the husband was a licensed teacher. Desperate would have been the plight of the young mother when she returned from the hospital had it not been for a neighbor who opened her door to Mrs. D. and the baby. The neighbor herself was receiving relief, but she shared what she had with the deserted, homeless wife and child. The nurse secured such supplementary help as she could for the household. The most delicate consideration is being shown Mrs. D. by her hostess. But we hope the kind neighbor will soon be relieved of this burden, which she ought not to bear; the initiative will not come from her.

The folk feeling, always at first limited to immediate kith and kin, is widened through sympathy, and the recent years have brought forth, as does every time of stress and strain, not only quick sympathy, but immediate sharing. No ceremonial or convention waits upon the act. Compas-

sion is a basic element when people are thrown together, and too much cannot be said of the simplicity with which our neighbors give and take.

It is at the opposite social pole that one sometimes finds those who frankly refuse to be involved in other people's troubles. At a dinner party in the second winter of the depression I found myself sitting beside a man who told me that he did not care to hear stories of need, that he never read the appeals which came to his bank or to him personally, that he was deaf to their urgency. And when examples of the help of the needy to one another were cited, he complacently retorted that this was inevitable 'because they see it around them all the time.' He seemed to pride himself on his deafness, and to be all unaware of the death of the spirit within him.

Under the strain of unemployment and the anxiety and hardship it brings into the home, the wage earner's rebellion against his predicament or his boredom with the long, empty days not infrequently expresses itself in outbursts of temper. In one such home, the ambulance doctor, summoned by our nurse, diagnosed the mother's illness as 'starvation complicated by follicular tonsillitis.' And the kindly young physician added, 'If I have to make many more diagnoses like this I'll be a chicken-hearted fool.' The husband, a skilled artisan, had been with the same firm for nine years. Then his employers failed, and for nearly a year he had had no job except a few weeks of 'work relief' at a third of his former wage rate. In apologizing to the nurse for rudeness to her and to his family, the man said, 'I don't mind being hungry myself, but it's hard to see the wife and kids without enough to eat. And sometimes you get mad and holler just because you feel so bad.'

IV

These trying days have been a challenge to the settlements to keep life as balanced as possible, particularly for young people who, having sometimes been educated at great sacrifice, find themselves unwanted. Home conditions have gone beyond reasoning, and they are often reproved for not finding work, with barbed reminders of what others have done. Henry Street has participated in and initiated measures to serve the people, particularly youth, in danger of quagmires from which it might be impossible to bring release. The dances, the music, the club meetings, the gayeties, have never been so strenuously pursued as during these lean years.

One evening, a hot August night, when the children of the neighborhood were playing games and singing in the street, I stopped to talk with three girls walking arm in arm. Young and at the romantic age, it seemed there must be something better for them to do than to walk up and down this hot and crowded street, where children and garbage cans on the sidewalk made even a stroll difficult. I knew there was a dance on the roof of our Playhouse to which ten cents would admit them. To these young girls of dance age I said, 'Why are n't you at the party to-night?' In chorus they answered, 'We're out of work. We have n't got ten cents.' There was a committee meeting at eight-thirty the next morning, and the price of the dances was adjusted to conform to the means of those who most needed the pleasure.

Because of urgent pressure for the most primitive needs of the people, food and shelter, the essentials of recreation are in danger of being overlooked or even considered indecorous when family cupboards are bare of bread. One truly anxious

friend questioned the time and money, however reasonable in amount, allocated to pleasure and recreation in the Settlement budget. But she readily withdrew her objections when the plight of the unemployed boys and girls was described. Few people who have brought up their young under comfortable circumstances have failed to see the importance of a wholesome atmosphere for youth, but they have not always realized that the same rules of control and protection they know to be essential apply to those who live in congested rooms, who hear the doleful tales of their kinsfolk and neighbors, and who may not have even the cheapest movie as a release.

The human side of unemployment as seen by social workers is perhaps best expressed in the studies, the source book of materials, and the coördinated statements by the settlements. Helen Hall's research and writing as chairman of the Unemployment Committee of the National Federation of Settlements illustrate our desire for reliable facts and our unwillingness to allow the human interests involved to be eliminated.[1]

One cannot yet reckon the final cost of this depression. The nurses' records show that it takes an increasingly long time these days for children to recover from what would not have been considered serious illness in happier times. Convincing arguments as to the future values of a healthy childhood, familiar to those interested in child protection and culture, become nightmares when we think of the harvest ahead, when these real victims of depression try to build their adult health and strength on the poor preparation of these years. One cannot estimate the loss by mortality statistics. The sick and feeble do not always die. One is reminded of Dr. Osler's famous observation, 'People seldom die of the diseases they have.' Malnutrition, bad housing, anxiety, and the other evils of depression, are fraught with consequences that cannot be appraised.

One of the most dramatic phases of the depression as it affects youth is the large number of boys, and some girls, too, who have gone 'on the loose,' tramping back and forth across the continent, riding freights, 'hitch-hiking,' and often living in hobo jungles. We were horrified by the reports of the 'wild children' of Russia, but they were starving little ones without parents, without any spot that they could call home. When I was in Russia at the time, I was told that the children had heard as if from the winds and the birds of the air, certainly from no known human agency, that there was food in Moscow. From various hamlets they met on the public roads, and when they reached Moscow they were said to number 100,000. Our young wanderers are older. They have homes and relatives known to them. But though the old impulse of youth to roam must be recognized, the greater number set forth not because of lack of ties, as did the young Russians, nor of *Wanderlust*, but because of the poverty of their homes, their inability to find work in their own communities, and the futile discussions of 'what to do' on the street corners.

V

The problem of the large family with a small and irregular income is not, of course, reserved for periods of depression. Sometimes the personality of the wage earner, sometimes the nature of his occupation, causes sharp and not infrequent ups and downs in the family fortune, and a general

[1] Miss Hall's articles, 'English Dole and American Charity' and 'Miners Must Eat,' were published in the *Atlantic* for May and August this year.—EDITOR

slump only serves to accentuate this difficulty. 'Ah, yes,' sighed a Scotch acquaintance, 'Robbie is a grand roofer, but he's more out o' work nor in.'

The resident in charge of the relief office at Henry Street reported the usual pleas varied one morning by the appearance of an Oriental-looking man who pressed for attention: 'No work — no work in my trade.'

'What is your occupation?'

'Lady, I am a professional mourner.'

'But people die as usual.'

'Yes, lady, but they do not mourn — they just bury them.'

Though the mothers feel the brunt of unemployment and the real sacrifice of giving up even pennies and nickels to the children, they have a protective instinct which enables them to comprehend the price youth may pay if entirely deprived of natural outlets for fun and comradeship. In the face of dire need, it is oftentimes startling to find how deeply embedded in the mothers is the urge to save the young from hardship or from discredit with their comrades.

A mother in the last month of her pregnancy slept on the floor, that her two little children might occupy the only bed in the house. Another mother dragged home a packing box she found on the street and helped her young son make of it a chair to use at table. 'He's got to learn manners,' she explained. Another mother removed the outer cretonne covering from a mattress supplied her by the Red Cross, and turned it into curtains to hang at the two windows, 'so home will seem nicer to my girl.'

VI

Relief has been given in the past three years on a hitherto unknown scale, but, despite the many millions contributed by individuals, municipal, state, and national leaders realize with increasing clarity that large-scale unemployment and the relief of its victims constitute a public responsibility and one that cannot be met alone by private effort, however zealous. In this country, this necessitates a changed attitude, expressed in legislation and in new administrative machinery. We have already launched many important undertakings to this end. Perhaps it is only in time of peril and despair that we summon the courage to push ourselves forward along such new and difficult roads of social pioneering. Certainly we have had in recent experience the goad to drive us forward, however untried the way. Overwhelming need has called forth heroic response, showing itself not only in the abandonment of old traditions and long-held convictions, but in a willingness to experiment with untried and even radical legislative and administrative procedure.

The public has not been left in ignorance. Admirably formulated publicity has made clear the need, and leaders in social work have detailed the methods used to meet it in reports, in interviews, in public hearings, before Congressional and legislative committees, and in statements to officials who allocate public funds. The importance of social workers gains unwonted recognition through the continuing evidence of their intelligent devotion. Walter Lippmann, that clear thinker and unimpassioned interpreter of the events of the day, said to the National Conference of Social Work (1932): —

'Among all who have had to deal with this great crisis, among statesmen and business men, among reformers and economists, your record is the clearest. You have the least to regret. You have had to administer relief on a scale which was utterly unforeseen.

You have been provided with resources that were rarely adequate. The patience and the courage, the resourcefulness and the single-mindedness with which you are carrying on are beyond all praise. When the history of these times comes to be written it will be said of the social workers of America that they did their duty without flinching and that they deserved well of their country.'

The army of people engaged in relief measures, working harder than it is safe for anyone to work, have not only helped shape and carry forward emergency administration, but have coördinated the various welfare agencies, knitting together the often overlapping efforts of a big city. One of the best demonstrations of this type of vital activity is in the Welfare Council of New York City, under the expert leadership of William Hodson.

Naturally the more imponderable needs have been most easily understood by those who live close to the low-waged workers of a city. Wage earners with the least margin to build up reserves of their own are also those having least assurance of the continuity of their employment. They are the first to fall by the wayside.

A man who has worked and supported his family does not take his first dismissal as a doom. He has always been on good terms with his boss and his foreman, and he feels sure that he will get work again soon. But, after an actual experience, unemployment is to him a constant threat and terror. Inadequate as it is under any scheme now put forward, unemployment insurance offers a measure of protection against this vast indignity that even in good times threatens millions of the wage earners of the Machine Age. Perhaps only such assurance of some degree of security could free from fear men like the skilled furniture finisher, whose story, though I have told it before, bears retelling, I think.

The man had had no steady work for more than two years, but his wife had succeeded in getting part-time factory work. Except for the husband's occasional odd jobs, this small wage was the sole family support. One of our nurses was called in to see the wife. The diagnosis was 'pregnancy complicated by underfeeding.' The nurse suspected that the parents were giving to the two children most of what food they had, and were slowly starving themselves. The husband, who was over six feet tall, weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. The nurse urged the wife to give up her job and apply for aid. This the woman refused to do. 'We want work. I've got to keep my job till labor pains begin.'

Before she went home that night, the nurse purchased the suburban papers and found to her delight a Long Island firm's advertisement for a furniture finisher. She telephoned the employer and he promised to interview the man if he came to the office at eight the next morning. The nurse went back to see the anxious man, told him the good news, and gave him carfare. But the next morning she was disappointed to find him waiting at her office, already half an hour late for the possible job. 'You'll never get it now!' she exclaimed. 'I could n't help it,' he replied dully. 'After you left, my wife's pains began. I had no money to get a doctor, so I went for a policeman and he got an ambulance. The ambulance surgeon delivered her. But the baby died and he took my wife back to the hospital. I could n't leave the children or the dead baby. During the night I made a little coffin with some nice wood I had. But I don't know what to do next. . . .'

The nurse accompanied him to the

morgue. 'He had the look of Lazarus,' she said.

It seems incredible that, with so much threatened that means life and happiness, there should have been so little organized protest. Down in the hearts of American men and women there has been, I think, faith in America. Despite the suffering, disappointment, and uncertainty, there has been an unshakable belief that in time we shall find our way out. That the revolution we are passing through should have been so far so nearly bloodless is due in large measure to an awakened sense of responsibility in the community and to the knowledge that the burden has not fallen on the wage earner alone. As usual, there have been valorous instances of people who have accepted the loss of much that once seemed to them important by reappraisals of what really counts for happiness. And indeed the horizon is brighter, and hope of better days is built upon sound plans which, if carried through, will preserve the dignity and self-respect of our people.

VII

It was a disheartening experience, in preparing this article, to go back to the report of the unemployment committee appointed by Mayor John Purroy Mitchell, in December 1914, of which I was a member. On the basis of the experience gained in that terrible winter, the committee in its final report, submitted in 1917, stated its conviction that unemployment is a problem calling for constant study and attention, and for a permanent organization to lead the community in forestalling and mitigating its effects. The committee outlined eight major factors in a community attack on the problem: fact finding; stabilization of seasonal industries; adequate public employment service; public works planned ahead to take up the slack when private industry sags; unemployment insurance; vocational guidance and training; relief; and emergency employment. There is something almost prophetic in a sentence from the foreword to the report, written by Henry Bruère, who, as Chamberlain in the Mitchell administration, took the initiative in setting up the committee. Mr. Bruère observed, 'Always industrial crises find American communities unprepared to deal with the crucial social problems which they develop.'

Even as the report was submitted we began to feel the stir and lift of better times, and this valuable contribution was left to gather dust in the files. The report was reprinted and given wide circulation in 1921. But it was only in the fourth winter of the next depression that some of the recommendations of fifteen years before were embodied in legislation and in administrative machinery, notably the new state and federal relief agencies, the recently enacted Wagner-Lewis public employment office measure, the provision for vast public works under the National Recovery Act, the improved gathering and dissemination of statistics of employment and unemployment under Frances Perkins, the new Secretary of Labor, who brings special training and fitness to her important post. Further, there is to be noted the steady movement toward unemployment relief through public funds rather than through private philanthropy.

Most people now realize that there is no single remedy for unemployment. There is widespread conviction that measures to correct our failures must be many and coördinated.

In addition to efforts already under way, there must be, first, security of

home — and this implies housing that will meet the requirements of reasonable standards of living, on the basis of which a decent home can be built. Mothers and fathers, too, should have training for parenthood. We should make more general the farseeing provisions for child health that have been stated and restated. Recreation suited to different ages is essentially practical, and we must not omit cultural opportunities, that life may be enriched and that all may share in the music, the drama, the libraries, the athletic contests, which have been recognized in other ages, as well as in our own, as part of the provision for right living.

We need intelligent vocational guidance and training, to avoid as far as possible the round peg in the square hole, and to give a variety of skills and greater adaptability. Widows' pensions, so vigorously demanded by social workers, and established in the obligations of many states and cities, should be expanded and increased, and will be when their economy of money and childhood is more clearly understood. Old-age pensions and workmen's compensation for industrial accident and disease, so long features in European life, have entered into the American scheme of community responsibility. Unemployment insurance, now stirring the public mind, is the logical next step toward a measure of protection against a hazard for which the individual is not responsible and before which he is helpless. A shortened work day or work week, fortified by minimum wage laws, will help raise the general level of employment. Legislative standards on these matters have matured. From the old fear of 'socialism' we have progressed to a sense of the obligation of a democracy to uphold its people.

Effort is to-day being directed toward the stabilization of industry and the elimination of cutthroat competition. There is reason to hope that this year's serious and often solemn searchings will in the end prevent a recurrence of this depression experience. The part played in the present situation by war debts, armaments, and tariffs is recognized and strengthens the conviction that people and problems are interrelated the world over.

There is no one panacea to bring about a saner and more balanced security. The intent of the people in the settlements may seem bewildered, scattered, and, indeed, irrelevant. And yet the pressing message to which the community is now ready to listen does have a part in the movement toward a better-ordered society. What is urged on the basis of knowledge and experience has weight in furthering a reasonable provision for days when business and industry slow down, for old age, when life ceases to function strenuously; and preparations for right living are as essential as the stirring of conscience which, in the last quarter of a century, has brought about our gains in the direction of widows' pensions, old-age pensions, preventive medicine, vocational guidance, the establishment of the visiting nurse to serve and to educate. The millennium is not yet in sight, but the success that has been achieved is a challenge to every right-minded person to become interested, to study, to understand, and to participate. Those who are despondent lest our vigilance be weakened can stiffen their courage by a backward look over the way we have come.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

THE currents of Chance lately washed me up on the shores of a little-visited European country which I soon found to be in some respects perhaps the most interesting in the world, at the moment. I can be more at ease in writing about it if I give it the thin disguise of a pseudonym, so let me call it Amenia. It deserves this name not only because it is a very beautiful land, but also because its inhabitants are so uncommonly amiable and gracious to strangers; I find that they have an international reputation throughout all Europe for this trait. They will take no offense, I am sure, at my masking their country under a fanciful name, for I am merely following an old-fashioned convention which had its root in delicacy, like the convention that governs the British House of Commons, where one member may pretty well say what he likes about another member, provided he do not name him.

What made Amenia so interesting to me, as a visitor fresh from America, can be summed up in a sentence. From our point of view, nearly everything in Amenia is wrong, and yet the country manages to get on remarkably well. By every rule of the game, Amenia ought not to get on at all, but it somehow does. Its politics are frightfully wrong, its economics are wrong, its views of a proper constitution of human society are practically all wrong; yet there the wretched country is, impenitently racking along, quite as if its fundamental theories of collective human life were as sound as ours.

I submit that to a student of civilization this is an interesting state of things, and doubly so at the moment. For example, Amenia is solvent, as I hear few countries are; certainly those I see and read about seem mostly busted. The *publice egestas, privatim opulentia*, which Sallust puts into the mouth of Cato as evidence of a nation's decline, is visible everywhere. I notice in a London paper to-day the statement that our own national debt now amounts to twenty-two and a quarter billion dollars; also that Britain's national debt is eleven times as much as it was in 1913. My notion is that it would take a bit of scratching to get that amount of money together in either country. Amenia has only a trifle of debt, which worries nobody, and which she could clean up on short notice without overstraining herself. Amenia, moreover, pays as she goes. Amidst the general fiscal dilapidation of the last four years, Amenia has balanced her budget each year. I was told that in the good days when our bankers were dusting money around Europe all so freely, some of them urged a loan on Amenia, but the government said no, much obliged, they thought they would try to

squeeze along on their own. Again, business in Amenia is very fair — nothing startling, but probably up to Sam Weller's standard of normality — while in other countries it is apparently slack. Again, Amenia seems to have no unwieldy labor surplus. Everyone able to work has some sort of job which perhaps will not make his everlasting fortune, but which manages to keep him going; and in this respect, too, other countries are not so well off, according to all I hear.

In drawing comparisons between Amenia and other countries, however, I have not the least idea of advertising Amenia as a happy hunting ground for American visitors, and making it out so attractive that everyone will wish to go there. Not at all. On the contrary, I think that for many reasons the average run of our tourists would do better elsewhere; Amenia, I should say, is probably not quite their kind of thing. Still less would I suggest that we ought to copy Amenia's ways and views and ideals. Amenia did not impress me in this stark fashion, either as bait for the vagrant impulse to 'go places and do things,' or as an institutional model. It impressed me only as an incentive to a study of absolutes. What I saw there turned my mind back on itself, and made me reëxamine a number of matters which we tend to put down as absolute; absolutely Good, absolutely Bad, absolutely True or False, absolutely Right or Wrong. What my conclusions were, or whether I came to any, is of no importance. The only thing I wish to dwell on is the sheer pleasure of being in a situation that moves one strongly to review the *chose jugée*, to reopen questions that mere use-and-wont has led us to regard as definitively closed, and let one's consciousness play over them freely. There are few exercises more exhilarating than this, and Amenia is one of the few spots left in a highly uninteresting world that stimulate one to pursue it.

II

I shall put down my impressions at haphazard as they occur to me, with no special care for arrangement. In the first place, I found that there is a great deal of illiteracy in Amenia; and by the way, I was led to this discovery by the conspicuous and delightful absence of roadside advertising signs. I was told that the Amenians are 50 per cent illiterate; some put it higher. Having no passion for statistics, I did not take the trouble to look up the official figures; it was enough for my purposes to know that most of the people I saw about me were unable to read or write.

In our view, this is of course wrong. It is an absolute of our social faith that illiteracy is Bad. This is one of the very few points, indeed I think the only one, at which Mr. Jefferson succeeded in striking his belief deeply into the American consciousness. He put literacy as a condition of good citizenship, and the people accepted his view; which was in itself, perhaps, an indication that the matter would stand a little sifting. No one now, I imagine, has any doubt that general literacy is a Good-in-Itself — that is to say, an absolute. This belief is a republican heirloom, passed on in complete integrity, and unexamined, from the casket of eighteenth-century political theory to its present place in Columbia's shining crown.

Just so. I noticed, however, that the capital of Amenia is remarkable for its bookstores; it has relatively more and better bookstores, I believe, than any city in the world. In fact, the only commercial exhibits there that strike a stranger's eye are the bookstores and jewelry stores; the rest are

unimpressive. Leaving aside all questions of comparative quality, I tried to estimate how many bookstores New York would have in the same ratio, first, to its actual population, and second, to its proportion of literacy; but the figures were so incredibly fantastic that I did not think it worth while even to make a note of them.

These premises seemed to warrant the inference that Amenia has a small but serious reading public; one that owns its books and reads them, and that in general may be thought to regard a book as an instrument of culture rather than as a stopgap for idle time. This inference is borne out by a French authority, who says that Amenia has *une petite élite extrêmement brillante et cultivée.* My mind then went back to the immense masses of garbage shot daily from the press of more literate lands, and I wondered just what the net gain — understand me clearly, the *net* gain — of a general and indiscriminate literacy really is. Our republicanism assumes that there is a net gain, and so indeed there may be, but just what is it? With all our devotion to 'research,' I do not think that our institutions of learning have ever entertained this question; yet I submit that it is worth attention.

In the eighteenth century, before Western society had been penetrated by the minor commonplaces of republicanism, Bishop Butler — almost a contemporary of Mr. Jefferson — remarked that the great majority of people are far more handy at passing things through their minds than they are at thinking about them; and therefore, considering the kind of thing they usually read, very little of their time is more idly spent than the time spent in reading. This fact is more noticeable now by far than it was in Bishop Butler's day; and when set off against Amenia's condition, it is bound to make one wonder what, precisely, this particular absolute of our republicanism amounts to. What, precisely, would the civilization of Amenia gain by a more general spread of literacy? What, precisely, would ours lose by a shrinkage of literacy to Amenia's level? Does the indiscriminate spread of literacy encounter an unsuspected moral equivalent of Gresham's law, that 'bad money drives out good'? Does it encounter a moral equivalent of the law of diminishing returns?

The whole question is rather a pretty one, and as far as I know, our doctrinaire republicanism has hitherto had no better answer for it than the 'one plain argument' which Lord Peter applies to the doubts of his brothers, in the *Tale of a Tub;* and this, while in a sense perhaps effective, is hardly satisfactory.

III

One cannot go to and fro among the Amenians for any length of time without perceiving that their theory of business is wrong. Their idea is that supply should follow demand, and that the purchaser should seek the vendor; whereas the Right Idea, as we all know, is that supply should precede demand, and that the vendor should hound and bedevil the purchaser with all kinds of importunities, in order to keep demand going at its maximum speed. Thus the ideal development of a nation's business is a joyous game of what in our youthful days we used to call 'outrunning the constable'; and hence, to an American eye, nothing is more unnatural and shocking than the stringency with which Amenia's business is kept down to the level of solid requirement. Hardly anything is done

deliberately to increase consumption. The Amenians have only the vaguest and most uncertain notion of 'creating a market,' or of splitting up purchasing power among a dozen or more competing varieties of what is actually the same thing. Yet, as I said, somehow or other business manages to do very well under these conditions, and it is perhaps equally remarkable that the visiting stranger who comes here quite unaccustomed to these peculiar ideas of business soon finds that he too is doing very well, even though he sees the line pretty sharply drawn between amenities, comforts, and conveniences, on the one hand, and mere gadgets on the other. Perhaps his contentment tends to show that human beings are highly adaptable and very easily corrupted. I argue nothing from it, but offer the fact merely as an object of interesting speculation.

The Amenians have not even learned the art of sophisticating their products. Their excellent staples, such as flour, olive oil, wine, come to you pretty much, one might say, as the Lord made them. Nor have these interesting people learned to sophisticate their workmanship. Amenia reckons its money in écus or *escudos* (pronounced *scoots*), worth at the moment about four cents apiece. You can buy an excellent suit of clothes, custom-made of domestic wool, for five or six hundred scoots, and the workmanship will be as good as the fabric; that suit will stand hard wear, and thrive on it. Shoes, too, that one buys handmade for something like two hundred scoots, show no sign of the familiar devices to 'make people shoe-conscious,' and thereby increase consumption; and the same may be said for the workmanship put into everything one uses, as far as my observation goes.

These practices seem to spring from the root idea that things should be made to use rather than to sell; a distinction first drawn in literature by Canning, I believe, in the rhymed fable of Hodge's razor. Moreover, the Amenians do not appear to believe that the 'pursuit of happiness' contemplated by Mr. Jefferson's great document means only the accumulation and use of purchasable things. Yet, in spite of this handicap, not only does business manage to drag on, but also most of the Amenians whom I saw seemed a great deal happier than under the circumstances they should be.

For example, I spent three weeks at one of Amenia's principal health resorts, which is in a most beautiful mountainous region, with no settlement of any size near by. I never saw a place where one was thrown more heavily on one's own resources. One could not buy anything more interesting than postage stamps. One could take delightful walks, and enjoy the air, birds, trees, and flowers, but there was no golf, tennis, squash, ping-pong, cinema, radio, or gramophone; the hotel had only an utterly impracticable billiard table and a decrepit upright piano of French make, much out of tune. There was not even the usual job lot of abandoned books lying about the lobby; not a book on the premises save what one brought for oneself.

The guests were a good cross-section of Amenian society. The four learned professions were there, some royal blood and hereditary high life, some *arriviste* or Brummagem high life, some industry and trade. The average age of the company ran unusually young, and on that account I was all the more curious to see what they would do with themselves. I soon remarked that no one was at all afraid of being left alone with his own thoughts; and this, if not absolutely Bad, is seriously irregular,

for if a person is alone and thinking, he is not doing anything to increase consumption. There was no great 'get-together' movement organized to insure one against the chance of a moment's solitude. No one seemed in such desperate need of company; on the contrary, the guests kept contentedly each one to himself pretty much all day, except for casual meetings. There was a very pleasant cordiality all round; if someone came along, well and good, but if not, well and good. No one was bored; with nothing whatever to 'do,' and no apparatus to help fight off boredom, everybody seemed quite unreasonably and perversely happy. Again, in the evenings I remarked how the whole company showed itself capable of immense enthusiasm over the simplest parlor games, peasant dances, peasant songs. Royalty, high life, and all grades of bourgeois rollicked through boisterous and exhausting dances with bursts of uproarious laughter, and seemed to be having the best time in the world, up to half-past ten or so, when all hands went quietly to bed.

St. John's Eve came on while I was there, and the thing to do on St. John's Eve, apparently, is to make brush bonfires of eucalyptus, rosemary, and other aromatic twigs, and leap across them through the flames. It seems a very moderate sort of diversion; I do not know what the significance of it is, nor could anyone tell me. However, everybody went in for it with immense energy and gusto, and got no end of fun out of it, though some of the ladies singed their legs a bit, and only missed setting their skirts afire by the closest kind of shave.

Three weeks of this sort of thing is bound to set one's mind going over the assumption which, though tacit, amounts to an absolute — that happiness is built up of purchasable things. These people were not poor, yet they were not only capable of being happy as lords without a dollar's worth of apparatus to help them, but also they did not appear to care whether they had any apparatus or not. The sum of their activities for three whole weeks did not increase consumption, or assist the development of mass-demand, to the amount of a punched nickel; yet they were quite happy. I could not help recalling the contrasting observation of de Stendhal, on a visit to the United States, where there is such an immense amount of the apparatus of happiness available everywhere, that 'the springs of happiness seem to be dried up in this people,' and the amazing statement of Edison, eighty years old, when a reporter asked him what human happiness consisted in, 'I am not acquainted with anyone who is happy.' Perhaps the visitor to Amenia might be a little put to it to say offhand precisely what human happiness does consist in, but the question is forced on him by such incidents as the ones I have just cited.

Indirectly, too, it is forced on him by observation of the instinct for the *ne quid nimis*, the instinct for the level of real requirement, that he sees coming out everywhere. In the matter of transportation, for instance, Amenia's railways are cheap, safe, clean, and good, but that is all one can say, and all one is supposed to say; they do not pretend to lure you into taking them merely for the fun of the thing. The same is true of the motor roads; they are excellent, plenty good enough for anybody who has to use them, but they are not a standing temptation to the canine love of joy-riding. I remember once, when my charming friend Cassandre was standing up stoutly for France, she said there was great hope that the French would remain a

civilized people, for they had not yet put down any cement roads; when a nation begins to lay cement roads, she said, it is gone, past any hope of reform or redemption. There would seem to be something in this from the Amenian point of view, which regards a road primarily as a thing of use rather than of pleasure. I took a two-hour walk between four and six o'clock of a beautiful afternoon, on a main road out of one of Amenia's largest towns — her fourth in population, I believe — and in that time I saw only one motor vehicle, a truck.

In three months, during which I covered Amenia pretty thoroughly from end to end, I did not see a single tractor, reaper, or binder. I saw grain being reaped with sickles — only twice did I see scythes in use — and threshed with flails. I saw irrigation carried on in pre-Mosaic fashion by boy power on vertical treading wheels, and by donkey power on horizontal pumps. By all accepted rules, these practices are wrong and bad, yet really — really, now — just how dogmatic may one be about erecting their wrongness into an absolute? They got results — there is no question about that — and as to their effect on the sum of human happiness, it is difficult, very difficult indeed, to assure oneself one way or the other. On the evidence available, I am by no means sure that the net sum of happiness in Amenia would be increased by further mechanization of these processes. It might be; I am simply not sure. On the evidence attested by Edison and de Stendhal, I am not sure that the net sum of happiness in the United States would be reduced by demechanization to the level of Amenia. Again, it might be, but I am not sure; I can only say that I found the question a very powerful solvent of dogmatism, and as such I recommend it.

IV

Amenia's population is most improperly distributed, for two thirds of it is rural. Agriculture is the country's chief industry, and it is carried on mostly by small independent holdings. In urban growth, Amenia is far behind other European countries. One notes with surprise and disapproval that the huge industrial proletarian agglomerations which are perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of true prosperity — though William Cobbett gruffly called them *Hell-holes* — do not exist. Amenia does relatively little in the manufacturing way, and hardly any processing. Almost one might think that the Physiocrats had come to life there, and were spreading their detestable doctrine of the *produit net*. It is here, perhaps, that one sees Amenia's most egregious departure from the Right Way. Surely by this time Amenia should have learned that the chief end of man in his collective capacity is to industrialize himself as completely as possible, remove the land from competition with industry in the labor market in order to force down wages by creating a standing labor surplus, and then go in for a strong policy of economic nationalism; that is to say, a policy of selling everything one can to everybody, and not buying anything from anybody.

Amenia is well off for natural resources, especially in minerals and water power, but there is unanimous testimony that the Amenians are extremely lackadaisical about exploiting them; and if anything can be absolutely Wrong, this is. The Right Way with natural resources is to turn them over wholesale to private enterprise, to be looted as rapidly and thoroughly as possible. All precedents point to this as of the essence of prosperity. Yet it would appear that the Amenians are

merely pecking at their minerals, and realizing on only about 8 per cent of their available hydroelectric power. A Scots engineer who has been twenty years in Amenia told me that a couple of foreign prospectors had struck gold there lately, but nobody seemed to be properly worked up about it. The general sentiment was that the gold would stay put; it would not run away, and there was no occasion to get into a great sweat over digging it out. There seemed to be enough gold around already to go on with, so why not let it lie awhile? This Scotsman told me that the Amenians had always taken this easy attitude towards 'development,' and hence they still have pretty nearly everything that nature gave them to start with.

This may be put down to lack of enterprise, and properly so in a sense, no doubt; it depends on what one's notion of enterprise is. But there is a little more to it than that, I think. It may be, in part at least, the outcome of a sense of moderation, for the Amenian struck me as being by nature the most consistently temperate person I ever saw. Once led to look for this trait, I kept an eye out for it continually, and saw it exhibited everywhere, whether in small matters or great. To take one instance, rather unimportant in itself, but bearing on a question that has lately been a good deal discussed in the United States, a wine merchant who took me over his property showed me certain casks to which his workpeople were free to resort at any time, for as much as they cared to drink; and he told me that in the whole history of the firm, which ran considerably over a hundred years, there had never been a tipsy person on the premises.

With its colonial resources Amenia follows the same easy policy as with its domestic resources. Though one of the smallest countries of Europe, its colonial holdings are enormous, exceeded only by those of England and France. One is rather surprised by the fact that whereas about fifty-five million of the earth's people speak French, about seventy million speak Amenian; and the Amenian tongue is perhaps the most widely diffused language in the world, except our own. Amenia's colonies are very rich; a really capable and energetic administration, such as the English or French or old Leopold's Belgians or we ourselves know how to furnish, could get simply no end of profit out of them.

Yet Amenia bears the white man's burden very lightly. It gets some return out of its colonies, but nothing like what it might get. A young and progressive Amenian told me sadly that the colonies had for years been 'virtually abandoned.' Amenian colonial policy does not, in our expressive phrase, crowd the mourners. It seems to be not unlike the policy of 'salutary neglect' which farsighted Englishmen advocated in the days of Pitt. It neither exploits the native peoples in an economic way, nor does it essay to moralize either their private convictions and habits or their social customs and practices; it does not tell them what they should eat or drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed. Hence the colonies are contented under Amenian rule, I am told, and are not all the time raising disturbances and insurrections. 'The Amenians don't try to civilize their colonies,' an Englishman said to me, with a touch of irony in his tone; 'consequently they've still got them. We bossed ours around and tried to make them do our way, and so we lost them.'

All this again may be put down to mere shiftlessness, but once more I suggest that the innate sense of moderation may account for something; and perhaps the extraordinary spirit of

tolerance and courtesy, for which, as I have said, the Amenians are internationally noted, also accounts for something. If one gets a moderate yield out of one's colonies, well, enough is enough, and why jeopardize peace and good feeling by squeezing them? Meanwhile, if the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone, why bother him about it? Why not look the other way and let him bow? If he would rather go naked than wear Amenian textiles, it is bad for business, no doubt, but why force him all at once to accept a strictly cash-registral evaluation of life and its amenities, even though it be orthodox? Why not break the glad news to him a little gently and give it a reasonable time to sink in? If a widow sets out with pomp and ceremony to burn herself alive on her late husband's funeral pyre, why not conclude that there is probably something in it from her point of view, and let it go at that?

V

Amenia's government is a simonpure military despotism; it governs by general orders. Yet up to date it has been extremely disinterested, able, and efficient; the best and cheapest government, I should say, that is to be found anywhere. Doubtless it will not remain so, for that would be contrary to all human experience with any kind of government, but such is its record at the moment. It went through the motions of submitting itself to a popular mandate the other day, and was approved by a large majority. I do not know how far this election was 'on the level,' or how sincere the government was minded to be about abiding by it. One's general knowledge of government makes one skeptical; Herbert Spencer cites with approval the generalization that 'wherever government is, there is villainy,' and it seems to be, on the whole, a sound one. Nevertheless, for all I actually know or have heard, this election may have been honestly undertaken and scrupulously conducted.

I suppose the sight of a military dictatorship should have set me thinking of Spartacus, Masaniello, Jack Cade, Daniel Shays, the Whiskey Boys, and all the other great liberators, until I was ready to turn my back on Amenia in disgust. What it did instead, however, was to set me thinking about some of the absolutes of eighteenth-century political theory, and wondering what basis they have in actual human experience. Representative government; the parliamentary system; universal suffrage; 'checks and balances'; a responsible executive — Amenia has thrown all these overboard, and yet is governed well and cheaply. The question is not whether other countries would do well to throw them overboard, but whether the quality of government is as much a matter of systems and institutions as we think it is. Rival systems are now everywhere competing for the world's attention to the color of their several shirts — well, just what is the necessary and inevitable effect of *any* system upon the quality of government?

America had great students of government in its early days; it is a pity that they are now so much more read about than read. One of them was William Penn. The sight of Amenia's contribution to the great current rivalry of systems brought to my mind this paragraph from the preface which Penn wrote for Pennsylvania's original 'frame of government': —

> When all is said, there is hardly any frame of government so ill designed by its first founders that in good hands would not do well enough; and story tells us the best, in ill ones, can do nothing that is great or good. . . . Governments, like clocks, go

from the motion men give them; and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men than men upon governments.

Against its background of competing systems, moreover, Amenia's autocracy suggests what is no doubt the most pressing public question of our time, namely: whether eighteenth-century republican doctrine has not put upon the mass-man a burden greater than he can bear. Heretofore the question has not been so much with the mass-man's actual capacity as with the advisability, for purely collateral reasons, of letting him have anything like a free hand in shaping social and political institutions. The rapid spread of republicanism, however, has given us of the present day an uncommonly good chance to appraise the type of social ideal towards which the enfranchised mass-man chooses to move. Therefore, quite aside from all considerations of sincerity, integrity, and good will, the question now is whether the mass-man is able, or will ever be able, to direct the development of society in accordance with his own ultimate best interest. Has he the force of intellect to perceive clearly what that interest is, and the force of character to pursue it steadfastly? Do his present performances encourage the belief that he will ever have them? Has republican doctrine, in short, any basis either in actual experience or in reasonable hope?

We have, too, an uncommonly good chance to observe the kind of leadership which at present succeeds in imposing itself on the mass-man's allegiance, and to remark its conformity to a historical type. At almost every turn of the world's affairs nowadays, one is reminded of the French revolutionist's saying, 'I *must* follow the mob, because I lead them.' An anonymous book called *An Englishman in Paris* was published in this country about sixty years ago; and let me say in parenthesis that the strongest possible pressure should be put on its publishers to reissue it, for it is in all respects a model of what a volume of memoirs ought to be. The author says he saw two days of the revolution that ousted the July Monarchy, and never again did he open a book purporting to deal with any of the French revolutionary movements of the nineteenth century; it was enough for him to know that they were invariably led by men in want of five or ten thousand a year. The same movements might have taken place under other leaders, no doubt, but if so, those leaders would have been men who were equally in want of five or ten thousand a year. He goes on to give it as his firm belief that if Louis Napoléon had not been as poor as he was, there would have been no Second Empire; that if the Orléans family had not been as rich as they were, there would have been no Third Republic; that if the Second Empire had lasted a year longer, white-hot republican spirits like Gambetta and Émile Ollivier would have been found contentedly holding jobs under it; and he cites the saying of a witty and experienced friend, that 'political opinion in France is based on the fact that the louis d'or is worth seven times as much as the three-franc écu.'

Finally, aside from the light it throws on the possible unsoundness of republican doctrine and the possibly dubious character of republican mass-leadership, Amenia's condition makes one wonder whether political nationalism has not gone over the margin of diminishing returns. Economic nationalism seems clearly to have done so; may not its political counterpart have done so too? Amenia is small and isolated, and it is possible for a one-man government to maintain political na-

tionalism there at something like reasonable expense. Elsewhere, however, people are uneasy about the rapidly growing cost of Stateism, centralization, and bureaucracy, and well they may be; in the United States, for example, people are extremely uneasy about it, and with reason. Is it not possible that political nationalism, like a business which is economically overgrown, has begun to cost more than it takes in? Or, to cite the comparison attributed to Lincoln, has it become like the tugboat that had a four-foot boiler and a six-foot whistle? When the whistle blew, the boat stopped running. Is political nationalism any longer commercially practicable (if I may so put it) over an area of much more than township size? It is an interesting question and a serious one; one which, from present appearances, the larger and more highly integrated political units will soon be obliged by circumstances to entertain.

VI

Probably Amenia will not long remain as I found it, for there are the beginnings of a lively onset towards 'development' and 'progress.' I heard these words often; they seemed to mean a closer approach to the condition of other nations. Well, improvement is always possible, and the study of other people's ways is always useful. 'They measuring themselves by themselves,' the Apostle says, 'and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise.' One energetic young Amenian assured me that 'we shall be a civilized country in ten years.'

A visiting stranger may not presume to offer advice to his hosts, but he may perhaps be permitted to observe in a general way that when one is examining other countries one is likely to find that the most valuable testimony they bear to the nature of true civilization is often of a negative kind; and that this is particularly true of civilization's higher and finer concerns. A stranger, too, may without impropriety, I think, venture in all gratitude to express the hope that the 'civilized' Amenia of ten years hence will be in all respects as charming and captivating to the cultivated spirit, as interesting and thought-provoking, as the Amenia which I have had the good fortune to visit.

CHRISTMAS AT THE RANCH

BY HILDA ROSE

FORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
February 27

THERE is not time enough to answer all the letters that come and all the questions people ask. I will try to answer them in this diary. We are on the north side of Peace River in a bend, on what would be called a peninsula if this were a lake or a sea. It is quite a large piece of land, being about six miles wide across the narrowest part. Follow the river west from Fort Vermilion until it swings south — we are in that bend.

The river flows north and eventually empties into the Great Slave Lake. There are fish in the Peace River, as in nearly all the rivers and lakes in here; but hunting and fishing in this wilderness are not pleasant unless one establishes camps where one may take a little comfort at the end of a strenuous day's sport. In summer the poisonous flies make life miserable, and in winter the cold is intense most of the time. Moose are usually shot along the river in the summer when they come down to drink.

To live alone in a wilderness needs a special attitude of mind. The heart must beat in sympathy with all creation. This faculty belongs to childhood and is lost to many, especially to the sophisticated of our cities; often those who come out here to make homes leave because they cannot stand it. Therefore it is not to be wondered at if my diary shows a childish mind, a love for all animals and a love for Nature. These things make a populated world, and in such a world there is no loneliness.

They told me no woman could stand it longer than six years. I have been here almost seven years and I expect to end my days here. Some day the country will undoubtedly be opened to settlement and neighbors will come in, but even if they should not I should still be happy here. One reason is that the boy loves it: the good hunting and fishing make it an ideal place for a boy.

Before the depression, people sent me books and papers, but now very little comes and we know hardly anything of what goes on in the world; books and magazines are luxuries now. As for my diary, songs are more condensed than prose and far more expressive. When pressed for time I write the song that sings in my head at the moment. When I take up my pen it is a perpetual surprise to me to see what it writes.

I open the door and look out. Winter is out there — silent, cold, and lifeless. It is growing dark in the cabin and I have lit the 'butter-bitch.' The dusk comes down silently and before one realizes it the night is here.

When I first lamented that it was hard to sit in the dark without a light, — my one pleasure denied me, to read and write, — Daddy fixed up what our great-grandmothers called a 'bitch.' He took a piece of cloth about five

inches square and placed a button in the centre of it, a small, heavy coat button. He gathered the cloth up over the button and wound thread around it until there was a stem about an inch and a half long. Next he melted a shallow cup of butter, as we have no lard; bear grease would be good and is what we shall use this winter. The stem is the wick. He set it upright in the cup of melted butter and it makes a lovely light. It is not very smoky and is fine to read and write by.

If a stranger should step into our cabin to-night he would see me go out to a large box and take from it a handful of frozen slices of bread. He would wonder why I keep my bread out in the frozen air, and perhaps think it could not taste very good. I used to wonder why the women in this country froze up their entire bakings and always had boxes of bread standing out in the cold. I wonder no more, and will always freeze the bread whenever the weather permits, for then it stays 'new bread' as if it came right out of the oven, and we are all very fond of new bread. If it is thawed out in the oven it comes warm to the table. It is easier thawed out if it is sliced before freezing and scattered loosely in a box. I slice one loaf and scatter the slices in the box, then go in and slice another loaf, each loaf freezing before the next one is put in.

In the winter we cut up all our meat into small pieces, so that they are about right to go into my roaster, and then freeze them up. It is handy to bring in what we need for the day, but it would be hard if it had to be sawed off from the whole frozen carcass each day. In the fall all the roosters are dressed and frozen up also, thus making room for the hens in the henhouse. Every day I go and feed my hens and give them warm water to drink. It pays to fuss with them and try to make them comfortable through the winter, for if you do not the cold kills them and you soon have no hens.

'And the sheep know the shepherd's voice.' When I enter the barnyard the sheep come to meet me. It is good to see them in their thick woolly coats. They at least are warm. I say, 'Come, nannies, come, nannies,' and they follow me to the fence and I give them a couple of bundles of green oat hay where the cows cannot take it from them. The lambs come to me and look up in my face and bleat for it in the dearest way. Though out of the world, we have a world of our own. And the inhabitants of our world are all dear to us. All are good.

Karl says he has been watching the rabbits coming to the garden in the moonlight from all directions; in twos and threes and singly they came. When about a hundred or so were there, Peter (the dog) saw them. He walked slowly toward them and drove the whole herd before him like a flock of diminutive sheep, past the well house and down into the willows. Then he came back sedately and lay down to watch the garden.

February 28

We are on the tail end of the coldest weather now, and every day the sun appears to be higher in the sky. In December he appeared only a little above the horizon and set again in the middle of the afternoon. Once again there is a row of tomato cans filled with earth, and the tiny tomato plants are struggling to reach the sunshine strained through the frosted windows. In the middle of the day the sun is warm enough to thaw the ice a little on the windows.

The dogs are howling at the coyotes across the river on the bluffs. The coyotes seem to prefer the bluffs and seldom come around to bother us here.

We keep too many dogs for them. To-night is very cold for the end of February; it will be more than forty below by morning. Karl made the hens a fire in their stove and said he would fill the stove up with chunks of wood so it would keep warm all night. The hens are beginning to lay some — two eggs to-day.

April 19

Even though the stomach be empty, the wild animal seeks shelter from the fury of the elements; when the storm abates he goes forth in search of food. So does man. Shelter comes first, then food, and last clothing. I grew up under a mortgage and I know. In later years it hung over me — debt, always debt. One is a slave to it in childhood and in its relentless grasp through life.

Once when I was a child the minister of our church spoke in a sermon of 'the station in life in which God has seen fit to place you.' It stuck in my mind, for I was rebellious in those days and would not accept his dogma. From those days come thoughts that have shaped my whole life, for they lie deep in the subconscious mind. Now I accept life as it comes and know I cannot change it. It is interesting to go back to those days and think once more the thoughts I had then, for there is the key to what drove me into this wilderness home.

When very young I read this in a paper: 'You are free to walk the streets hunting a job till your shoes are worn out; free to live in a tenement till you die.' It made a deep impression on my mind and I never forgot it, nor my horror of tenements. I used to ride on the elevated in Chicago and look down into drab tenements full of cheerless-looking people living in poverty and dirt. Never would I live in a tenement, nor did I want always to have to work for others. I wanted a home and children, and it was poverty that drove me away step by step until at last I could go no farther. In here I stand a better chance to live through the depression than people in many settled communities farther south.

Spring is here, and I have walked and walked on the hillsides until my legs are wobbly. Spring is here, and that is happiness enough. How musical are the little frogs in the slough to-night!

May 10

I wish every poor hungry mortal could have baked potatoes and clotted cream to-night. Clotted cream is as good as butter on potatoes.

A tall trapper was with us last night. To-day he went with the boy to help him cut out the trail to the Fort. It is a bush road and there are fifteen miles for us to keep clear. There was a big wind last week and it was lucky for the boy that the tall trapper offered to help him cut and lift fallen trees out of the trail. He came through it on his horse and said it was the worst mess he had ever seen in this country.

This is the life for a boy when he is growing fast — long rides, plenty of hard work to strengthen the muscles, and good companions. He learns much on the trail not found in books, yet essential to the making of a man.

He learns, but his mind is not crowded with unassimilated facts. He enjoys what he learns, though sometimes the lessons are hard, for experience is often a rough teacher. I am not a believer in drudgery and too long hours for anyone, old or young. Each soul has something it wants to do and should have the leisure to do it. We are not work animals, though some people think so. An old man said to me once, 'I have worked hard all my life and never had a day off to go fishing.' He died without ever having that pleasure.

Boy is back, tired and hungry. The

fallen trees were many, and there was much in the way of brush and poles across the trail that he cleared off alone, as the tall trapper went on to the Fort after helping him with the big logs. He will sleep well to-night, my tired boy, after the big supper he ate. Best of all, the trail is clear, so we may go to the Fort without stopping to cut out the road. The mail should be down soon — the river is free of ice.

May 12

Daddy came and called me. Though I stood quite close to him, he did not see me until I spoke. He said, 'In that faded dress you are like the partridge, so near the color of the landscape the hunter does not see her.' Karl brought me five partridges last night when he came home with the cows. They are numerous in the willows by the river, and so good. The meat is white, and nicer than chicken creamed and spread on toast.

Said Karl to Daddy to-day, one man talking to another: 'Mother is a little woman full of fears. She is afraid of wolves and bears and of being lost in the bush. I'd sure hate to be nervous and afraid of everything.'

Here in the cabin, I cook and bake and sew and talk to the little woman who lives in the looking-glass while Daddy sleeps in his chair. He sleeps more and more as the years go by, and my eyes grow poorer. I slip Daddy's glasses off his nose as soon as he is asleep, for I cannot thread a needle or read without them. It is good to grow old this way. Soon younger hands will do what I cannot do.

> One by one our duties end,
> One by one the lights go out.

July 4

In the garden every day there is something unfolding, some new delight. Several people tucked flower seeds into their letters last winter, and in the spring I put them all in a cup and stirred them with my finger. The wee path winding through the garden has a single row of this mixture. Many flowers are unknown to me, and it is thrilling to walk out in the early morning and wonder at their strange loveliness and sweet perfume. When the sun has retired behind a glorious sunset in the north, that sweet old grandmothers' favorite, the night-blooming stock, beautifies the garden with its dewy, fragrant flowers.

July 21

A boy is like a colt. To see the boy go off on his pony with a wave of his arm to me and 'I'll be back when you see me,' reminds me of a colt that has never been bridled. Karl does not know the life boys of his age live in city flats and apartments. We had a city boy here one summer whose joy was pathetic to see. As he rode with Karl I was reminded of a song in the Bible: —

> Who loosened the bonds of the mustang?
> The shouts of the driver he does not hear.
> He explores the mountains.

That boy, the same age as Karl, is back in the States now going to high school. He hates to go to school and seems to forget nearly all he learns as soon as he is through a book. He will always remember what he learned the two months he roamed the wilderness with Boy.

His life seemed to be all movies to hear him tell it. The stories he told were pretty raw and full of bloodshed and fighting. The movies are something Karl is spared, and also the speed of the outside world, nerve-racking and death-dealing.

> Who stops his ears against the hearing of bloodshed,
> And closes his eyes against looking on evil —
> He shall dwell on the heights.

August 7

Bears are so common in here they excite no curiosity. When going to the Fort with Karl, I saw three bears standing in a slough drinking, a mother bear and two half-grown cubs. This afternoon I was really nervous, for I was all alone and had not told anyone where I was going as I should have done. I slipped away down to the river to pick a pail of wild raspberries for supper. When I looked up from my picking, there stood a big bear helping himself to the luscious fruit not more than twenty feet away.

I am really afraid of bears and I hurried away in great haste, and not till I was safely home did I realize that the bear had no intention of eating me. It could be diagnosed as real panic, the state I was in as I fled — foolish woman that I am! It must be on account of hearing bear stories as a child, especially that awful story in the Bible telling how the bears ate up all those boys. My Bible history had pictures of them.

September 18

Daddy loves the hill where he will one day sleep with me beside him. It is the hill behind the cabin that has sheltered us for seven winters. The heart of me will be gone when Daddy goes. We often walk on the hill when the boy is away visiting of a Sunday. Hand in hand, it is sweet to walk so when we never know how soon we must part for a little while, only a little while, I hope.

The farm looks pretty from the top of the hill, and we love it. Sometimes Daddy walks there alone and comes in singing, —

> I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
> To watch the scenes below.

That is our song; it belongs to us. Winter nights we play many songs on the phonograph and always it is the last song.

To-day has been clear and cold, but no snow underfoot yet. Once more I went up on the hill, perhaps for the last time this year. 'T was a day to draw the heart. Music sang in my head and I wrote down the words.

> Hilda Rose, Hilda Rose,
> Where did you come from?
> Where are you going?
> You stand in the sunlight
> Where breezes are blowing.
>
> I am going to sing
> Of two graves on a hill,
> Where blizzards will blow
> From the North full of snow.

October 9

The days have been full of work preparing for the long winter ahead. The nights are now cold with blasts straight from the North Pole.

This has been another red-letter day in life's calendar. A family from the United States landed on our river bend at midnight. They came in a scow they had made themselves, and had drifted with the current looking for a good place to make a home.

The mother sat in the prow playing a flash light on the bank, for they thought they had gone far enough north and decided to land where the bank was low and grassy. They drifted into this river bend and their journey was ended. In a short while there was a blazing fire on the beach, moose meat was on frying and potatoes boiling for supper. The prayers of unseen thousands must have guided them. The longed-for neighbors have come.

This morning when Boy and I went down to the river after water they crowded around me asking questions, and then more questions. They talked only of food. They wanted to know what could be grown here and whether there would be plenty to eat. Their

grubstake appeared to be adequate, and we have plenty of potatoes and other vegetables.

It made me happy to think that this Crusoe life is ended, but I fear the newcomers will soon feel the intense cold here. A tent is not a warm place when the ground is frozen and covered with snow — I know from most bitter experience. The man looked strong, and the mother, a tall, slender woman, seemed in good health. There are four young girls and a boy the same age as Karl.

They shot two moose on the way, and we gave them potatoes and vegetables, so they are well fixed for food.

October 12

We let the new people use our team and wagon, and they have moved on to their homestead, set up their tent, and begun work on a cabin to shelter them through the winter. The logs are handy and it will soon go up. How happy I am to have neighbors! The years have been long alone.

October 19

A tent is no place to live in at this time of the year, and the new settlers found it out when their feet grew cold. One by one they came to us until now we are all living in the cabin, though it has but one room and was already pretty well filled up with the essentials of living on a farm. 'Where there is room in the heart there is room in the house' is a very old saying, and true.

It appears that the father lost his job and they read 'The Stump Farm' in the *Atlantic* and decided to pioneer in the Far North. They should have started earlier, for the time is short to prepare for the cold now almost upon us. To-day we are making comforters from material bought 'outside.' With so many hands it does not take long to finish a comforter. Karl is the happiest boy alive with a lad of his own age to play with. To-day they went hunting for partridges, each with a twenty-two rifle. Shells for the shotgun cost too much. Karl used to be lonely and run away to the Indians once in a while, and though it never hurt him it used to worry me. We are very glad that a white boy will live so close.

They all love the phonograph and play and play, especially the funny pieces and jazz. How light-hearted people from the outside are, and how easily they laugh! They laugh over nothing for the very joy of laughing. Life has been too serious for me. The human voice is sweet, and when I play the phonograph it is usually songs, for we are hungry for folks and it seems as if they were present when they sing for us.

It is enjoyable to have help with the cooking and the dishes for a while, and when I realize they will settle near us it seems too good to be true. Of course they will not be very close, but if they have ponies to ride we shall see them frequently. It will bring new interests into my life, and perhaps more settlers will come — they speak of a brother with a large family. Thus a community grows, once a start is made, until there are schools and clubs and social life. It cannot come too fast for me.

November 4

My neighbors are gone for a little while. The father has rented a log cabin at the Fort and moved his family there. It was best to do so, for he was getting along slowly with his building, not being used to the cold. He was a clerk in a store that shut down with the coming of hard times, and is not used to outdoor work.

To tackle a homestead in here with small resources and no experience will take plenty of grit, for hardships come to all. Theirs will not be like mine, for

we had more experience and we have Daddy, without whom we could never have made it. He seems to know what to do in every emergency, having pioneered in several States, moving steadily westward and then north.

He often says, 'Mother, you do not know what real hardship is.' It is true. We have many things his mother never had, and we have always had plenty of wood. Not to have wood is a real hardship in a cold country. His mother burned straw all of one winter in Dakota, and one year she burned corn. No, I do not suppose I know what real hardship is.

These new people ought to do well, as the man is strong and in his prime and used to hard work. They had a farm before they drifted to the city, so they know what farm work is. In the spring they expect to go out and bring in an outfit and start farming, for they have a little money saved up. Their place is about six miles from our homestead, and that much nearer the Fort. The girls are strong and healthy. Two are through school and two are still in high school. They expect to go out to school next year and regard this year as a vacation. One expects to become a teacher and the other one wants to be a secretary in a business office some day.

The two older girls are married, but their husbands are working and did not come along. They will come later if the family likes the winters here.

November 7

The windows are frozen. It gives the cabin a dim, frosty look and reminds me that Christmas will soon be here. I cleaned the cupboard this morning and dusted everything and put on clean white shelf paper. Then I polished the cookstove. It is a new stove, a gift from an *Atlantic* reader, and is a treasure. It has all the modern dampers and is a good baker. My old stove was an old army range that had gone through the last Indian war in Montana and had not a single damper. I love my new stove.

We are marooned — shut away in this wilderness. Yet I would rather be here than out where I should have to see the misery and the hopeless eyes of the aged who had been living on carefully invested savings and have lost all. Some of them write to me.

December 26

A very cold Christmas, but in the cabin is cheerful warmth and in our hearts the same. Yesterday was Christmas Day, and it brought a Christmas guest who is even now sleeping as only a tired boy can. Karl has one arm thrown across the boy's chest as if to make sure even in sleep that it is a real boy come to be a brother to him at last — the brother he has longed for so long.

Yesterday afternoon (it was already dark, for our winter days are short) there came a soft knock at the door of the cabin. I was drowsing in my chair and Daddy was sleeping, while Karl was looking at his new book in the twilight. We never dreamed a human being could be out on such a cold day. My thoughts were on the Christmases of other days and my mind in tune with these thoughts, so I did not leave my chair by the fire, for the knock did not seem real, only an echo from the past. I merely said, 'Come in, Christmas Guest,' never expecting there could be anyone really at the door. It might be the wind or one of the dogs, although it seemed to be a real knock, too, though very, very soft.

The door opened at my invitation, and there stood a boy not much older than Karl. He came in and shut the door behind him quickly and asked, 'May I stay?' 'Why, of course you

may stay. You are the Christmas Guest I was wishing would come,' and I poked up the fire and gave him a rocking-chair close to the stove, for he was thinly clad and had no overcoat. He had walked from a farm not far from the Fort, where he had worked through the fall but where he was no longer needed. He had come north hoping to take up a homestead, and then found himself stranded in here. Someone had told him he might try our place for a job, as there was only Karl to do all the work and we might be glad to have him to help.

He is one of a large family who decided to pull out and earn his own living. He is a high-school graduate and appears to be from refined people and has very pleasing manners and a musical voice. His parents live on a farm in Manitoba and he left home early in the spring, picking up a few days' work here and there until he finally landed at our door. He seems too good to be true — a treasure Santa Claus has brought to Karl.

His hair is auburn, but very dark, and when summer comes he will have as many freckles as Karl always gets, for Karl's hair is inclined to red where the sun shines on it, and both boys have the same red and white complexion. Joe is five years older than Karl, so he will be a real help to him. I told Joe he could stay as long as he wished and was happy with us, and I would try to do for him the same as for Karl. Another boy to care for and a few more socks to mend are nothing compared to the joy he brings for Karl.

January 1

The boys are fast asleep and I have put Daddy to bed. We had a birthday party to-night and were quite excited over it. Joe happened to say during the week after Christmas that he had a birthday coming on New Year's Day. Then he said it was his first birthday away from home and told us how his mother always trimmed his birthday cake for him with candy and nuts saved over from Christmas. This would be the first time he had not had a walnut cake to celebrate his birthday. I could see the lad was quite homesick, but I did not know how I could get a walnut cake way out here in the wilderness.

Then Karl said to me a little later when Joe had gone out, 'Mother, in that funny papier-mâché pumpkin that came for your birthday there is a hollow place and I looked in and there are about a cupful of candies, little wee ones, and maybe about half a dozen walnuts. I thought you knew and were saving them for something special.' So when the two boys were doing the evening chores I hurriedly made a three-layer cake, as I had plenty of eggs packed in the cellar in a box of oats. I frosted the cake and trimmed it with the walnut meats that seemed a gift from God to this lonely homesick boy. Then I spaced the tiny candies on the soft frosting, lit my biggest candle, and called the boys to supper. It was very dark outside and storming.

They came in, and the look on Joe's face! He turned away, and the tears he wiped hastily on his sleeve, for it took him so completely by surprise. It loosened up the gates and he talked and talked, telling us of his home, his mother, and the kids, one little sister only six years old. For gifts he received a tie and *The Stump Farm*, on the flyleaf of which I wrote a birthday greeting, and then we all signed our names. His mother misses him, I know, and so do his father and the kids, for the longer he stays here the more we love that boy.

(*To be continued*)

PRELUDE TO LOVE

BY OGDEN W. HEATH

I

THE corridor seemed strangely quiet. The usual evening bustle and clatter of voices and footsteps, of nurses and internes hurrying by, of visitors coming and going or walking slowly beside some convalescent patient, all were hushed. There were long intervals during which no one passed at all.

But Neal, lying in his narrow bed, continued to stare hopefully toward the open doorway. Each time his keen invalid's ears caught the sound of an approaching step his heart jumped. But each time he knew deep within him that it was not Gay. He would know her step instantly among a million. A clock began striking the hour. Its loudness startled him at first because he knew it was several blocks away. Mechanically he counted eight strokes. She won't come now, he thought, especially with all this snow.

The overheated hospital atmosphere became suddenly so oppressive to him that he felt nearly suffocated. He looked toward the window. It was wide open, yet no breath of air reached him. He stared at the large flakes falling steadily out there, to glisten for a moment like moths as they passed through a beam of light, and then vanish into the night. Even the sea sound of the city was miraculously hushed to a murmur, so that he imagined he could hear the whisper of the flakes. But for once they brought him no comfort.

Why had n't Gay come this afternoon as she promised? She must know how much it would mean to me this last day, he thought. But what does she care? I can't take her out and give her a good time like the others. No, that's not fair; she's proved often enough that she does care — a little, anyway. But I would n't blame her if she did n't. What can I offer her? Nothing . . . but myself — helpless, no good to anyone. But after the operation I shan't be so helpless . . . if it's a success. But it must be, it must be. . . .

The door of Mrs. Daley's room across the way opened a little. There was a loud blare from the radio inside. 'Since my sweetie went away . . . Wah, wah-wah, wah-wah . . .' The intricate harmonizings of a male quartette filled the corridor. Neal winced for the man in the next room. He would not last through the night, they had said. She might turn the damnable thing off for a few hours at least. The door was shut suddenly and the noise ceased. Does *he* know he is dying? What kind of thoughts does a dying person have? Neal found himself listening for something. Yes, there it was still, that curious little sound which had come to him at quiet moments during the day from the other side of the wall and which had so puzzled him until it had finally struck him that it could be but one thing —

hiccoughs. Perhaps he too was lying in there now staring at the snow and trying unsuccessfully to lose himself. . . .

Listlessly Neal turned from the window to glance at the book on the small table beside the bed. At last he picked it up, and opening to his place, which was marked by a letter from Gay, he began to read. He had reached the bottom of the page before he realized that nothing of its sense had penetrated to his consciousness. Instead of Proust's meandering sentences he saw Gay rocking back and forth and singing to herself, as blithely unself-conscious as a child: —

'Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse
open sleigh! . . .'

As the words kept running through his head he let the book fall on his chest, and, turning again to the window, gave himself up to the memories that rose in rapid succession: the way she stood that day at the beach with the sun on her face and squinted up at him with the funny little smile curling up out of one corner of her mouth . . . the sound of her laughter, a low, husky, deprecating gurgle when he teased her, and the impudent wrinkling of her snub nose and toss of her head, with a flapping of her short hair round her ears . . . her trick of staying till the last moment and then going off with a single brief waggle of her fingers, and leaving behind in her hurry her gloves, purse, handkerchief. . . . Neal heard himself laughing. I'll ask her next time she comes, he thought. What will she say? How will she look? He recalled how she would sometimes sink into a long silence in the midst of a conversation, and how, with a slow, absorbed, dreamy stare, she would turn to him when he sought, though always in vain, to enter that fathomless world of her silence, and he marveled anew at her rare capacity for yielding herself wholly to each present moment. . . .

II

A light tapping at the door broke in upon his reverie. He looked and saw a familiar silhouette standing framed just within the doorway. 'It's me,' it said, incredibly bringing his dream to life. Something in him leaped with sudden eagerness to meet the slight figure as it came slowly into the room to stop close by the bed.

'You *did* come,' he heard himself say, still only half convinced of her presence. Her snow-wet cheeks glistened, and her eyes were dancing gloriously. Gratefully he breathed in the smell of the fur and the snow. For a long moment they just stared, all their sensibilities opened wide to the magical flow that was passing back and forth between them. 'In all this snow, too.' Leisurely she took off her coat and threw it over the back of a chair. She moved in an aura of delicious, fragrant coolness, the fresh fragrance of outdoors.

'Don't you love the snow? I wanted to stay out and walk and feel it on my face.'

'I've been lying here wishing I could do just that.'

'So fluffy and soft . . . I wanted to lie down and roll in it as I did when I was small, and make snowballs and throw them at people — only I was afraid they might think I was queer. . . . Are you laughing at me?'

'Certainly not. Go on. Please talk more.'

'If it had been anyone else I would n't have come in at all.'

'Too bad you did. I was having such a good time here all by myself.'

'I did walk round the block once. And I'm only going to stay a minute.' She pulled off her gloves and laid them

beside the purse on the bureau. 'Then I'm going out to walk some more.'

'Good,' he grinned.

She wrinkled her nose and gave his arm a little push. 'Pig.'

They burst out laughing together. And his delight in her grew beyond all measuring as he recognized the low gurgle he had been hearing in imagination such a short time before. Should he ask her now?

'I'm so glad I know you,' he said. 'You do play so nice.'

She went to get her handkerchief from her purse and made several little dabs at her nose. 'Have I got a red nose?'

'A little. Why, have you got a cold?'

'It's nothing. Just a sniffle. Mamma did n't want me to go out to-night. But I told you I'd come, so I came anyway.'

'But suppose it makes your cold worse. Maybe you should n't have.'

'What a nice bouquet!' She bent to smell the roses in the small vase on the table. 'Sweetheart roses. I should have brought you some flowers.'

'Is that what they are called? That makes it even more romantic. They were sent to me by a girl down the corridor.'

Gay made a face at him, and, taking the vase, set it down on the floor out of sight. Her playful pretense of jealousy enchanted Neal.

'I have n't even seen her yet, but we're old friends already. This morning after breakfast her nurse brought me a note from her. I sent back an answer and we've been exchanging notes all day, each one more friendly, till the last one, a little while ago when she sent me the flowers, sounded as if we had known each other for years. She's had her appendix out and expects to get up in a day or so. They say she's very pretty; all the internes are crazy about her.'

As he paused she lifted the vase back to its place on the table and began rearranging the flowers with what struck him as rather too elaborate carefulness. 'Can you see them all right?' she said. Then she went and sat in the chair in the farthest corner of the room.

'Don't sit way over there. Come here and sit on the bed.'

But she stayed still where she was. The flowers stood directly in his line of vision, so he could not see her face. He became conscious of a vague disappointment growing at the back of his mind, and of regret for something in his dream which was missing now in the reality of her actual presence. What's the matter with me? he thought. Just a few minutes ago I was longing to see her, and now she's here the thrill is gone already. Feeling somehow guilty, he tried to push his disappointment away. 'Well, then, move the flowers,' he said; 'I can't see you.' But why was it, when he was alone it always seemed so easy, and then as soon as they were together something got between them?

'What difference does it make?' she said.

She was only pretending, of course. But that cold curtness beneath the surface lightness of her tone? This was carrying the game a bit too far. Another blare of the radio drew his attention. He looked in time to see the back of a man going into Mrs. Daley's room. The door closed behind him. A shrill feminine voice sounded faintly from inside. Neal grasped eagerly at the diversion. He forced a laugh. 'She's on a rampage to-night. That's her husband who just went in. Usually he's here by seven, but he's over an hour late to-night. She's so jealous she calls him up at all hours to make sure he's where he tells her he's going to be.'

'How do you know all that?'

Yes, there was an unmistakable note of constraint in her voice. Neal went on hurriedly, saying whatever first came into his head. And all the while he was painfully aware of the swift fading of that precious thing which had just been there flowing between them.

I must hear her laugh again, he thought. 'Why, you can't help but hear, she hollers so loud. Besides, everyone knows all about everyone else in a hospital. Everybody gossips, when they're not too busy boasting about their doctors or their own ailments. It's funny, but there's something in the air that makes people let down the bars and throw off most of the conventional restraints that rule them outside. For most people, after the first short period of pain is past, it's just one grand holiday. Nothing to do all day but talk and eat, and talk some more. Everyone seems so much more sex-conscious, too. The most sedate females get out their thinnest and fanciest negligees — much too fancy to waste on a mere husband at home — and parade up and down before total strangers, or else sit up in bed and flirt brazenly with people they would n't be seen with on the street. Even the worst grouches and snobs become quite amiable. I suppose the enforced idleness, together with the unfamiliar nearness of death . . .' Overcome all at once by a sense of the hollowness of his words and hopelessly scattered by her continued aloofness, he let his sentence dribble away unfinished into the silence. His mind was drained dry.

III

Suddenly she got up, pulled the chair close to the bed, and sat down again, settling back into its depths with her body curled sideways. He looked at her curiously and she smiled, a strange, intimate, lazy smile which reassured him and filled him with gratitude. She crossed her legs and began absently twirling round her forefinger a curl at the back of her head. A shock of wonder passed through him as he stared at the slowly bobbing tip of her shoe. To be able to stand up and sit down, to cross one's legs and to lie back at ease in a chair, all so easily, without a single conscious effort of will! And shall I be able to do all that too after the operation? he thought incredulously.

'What are you thinking of?'

Her voice came to him from far away. But how could he tell her, who lived in a world in which to be able to do these things was not a miracle, in which the body could be taken for granted? How make her understand?

She leaned forward abruptly to stare at him intently. 'Are you nervous about the operation, Neal?'

'No, I'm looking forward to it.'

Their eyes met for a long moment.

'Oh, Neal,' she murmured in a naked voice which revealed her secret hopes and fears more clearly than any words.

I'll ask her now. This was the moment. To hear her say 'Yes,' to feel her close — something to hold on to when they covered his face with that mask to-morrow. It *must* be a success.

With a little impulsive gesture she reached out and touched his hand with the tips of her fingers. 'Say it, Neal. What is it you were going to say?'

She knows. No need to ask her. You're adorable, he was saying inwardly; you have the loveliest eyes I ever looked into. But that would sound too much like a line. . . . He wanted to shout, to sing, to laugh long and loud, to describe to her in detail all that was happening inside him. But why could n't he?

'*Please.* Tell me what you were going to say then.'

Well, and why not? Surely it will be a success. But suppose it was n't. He could not bear to see this light go out of her eyes little by little, and know he was becoming a burden to her, unwanted. . . . 'Here comes Mrs. Daley's husband out again. You can get a good look at him.' Why did I say that?

'Oh, forget Mrs. Daley and her husband! You *must* tell me, Neal.'

'He generally spends more time with the nurse at the desk than with his wife. Did you notice her when you came in? She's a dizzy thing.'

The light faded from her eyes. She sat back in her chair again. 'I don't wonder his wife bawls him out all the time. I would n't trust him out of my sight two minutes. But that's just like a man. They're all the same —they fall for any dizzy thing who takes the trouble to flatter their vanity. When you get up you'll do it too, I suppose.'

The brittle flippancy of her words bewildered him. 'Why do you say that? It's because of what I told you about that girl.'

'Oh, I would n't blame you, no matter what you did. You certainly deserve a good time after all this.'

'But that is n't my idea of a good time. Promiscuous friendships don't interest me.'

'That's what you say now. But just wait. It's only human nature. After all, you're no different from other men.'

His vanity reared at the direct challenge to his deeply cherished sense of individuality. 'You're a very wise young lady, are n't you?' he began. Then, after a moment, 'But surely you don't think I take her seriously, or she me?'

'How do I know? You might. But I don't see how men can be so simple as to be taken in by such tricks.'

This was too ridiculous. Sounds of life flowing in the street below, the irritable snarl of an automobile horn, the clanging of a street-car bell, the shrill of a policeman's whistle, cut across the heavy silence to penetrate the outer precincts of his consciousness. 'Are n't you being rather hard on someone you've never even seen?' he said at last. 'There are the notes over there. Read them if you like. You talk as if you thought . . .'

'I'm not at all interested in hearing about your affairs with other women.'

Stinging, bitter words rushed to his lips, but he checked them. Slow, he thought; be careful what you say now or you may break something that can't be repaired again. But deep down he knew that something was already irreparably broken. So she was like this, too. Then this lovely image which had been taking shape in him all this long while was, after all, only an illusion fashioned out of his own longings. Certainly this was not the Gay of the swift sympathies and wide tolerance he thought he knew so well.

IV

They stared at each other as strangers. Her eyes and lips were smiling, but it was a smile he had never seen before on her face, a surface smile, faintly mocking and alert to parry and thrust. Within the lonely, innermost, elusive core of him he recoiled from her. Finally he gave a short, hard laugh and looked away toward the door. Presently Mr. Tomkins came shuffling along in his faded brown bathrobe. He smiled and waved. Neal responded mechanically. Mr. Tomkins hesitated as if about to come in, then went on. Neal heard the scrape of a chair and out of the corner of his eye saw Gay go to the bureau. But he would not let himself turn to her.

Stubbornly he shut himself off from her, assuring himself he did n't care what she did. Then he heard the click of the catch on her purse. There was a sharp finality to the sound that made him go tight all over. Could she be going, really going? In a flash he saw what a vast aching emptiness her going would leave in him.

'That was n't fair, Gay, and you know it,' he said quietly.

She lifted her head defiantly. 'Well, maybe it was n't. But a person who is really in love has eyes for nobody but the one he loves. He just is n't interested in anyone else.'

'That sounds very nice and romantic, but it just is n't so. A man in love is even more susceptible, in some ways, than one who is n't.'

'I don't believe it.'

'Nevertheless it's a fact. Besides, no one person can be all in all to another, no matter how much the two may be in love. People are too complex.'

She shook her head emphatically. 'A person who is really in love simply can't see anyone but the one he loves.'

'That's your opinion. But it's mine that a man can have a genuine love for two or even more women at the same time.' She was staring at him in a way which puzzled and disturbed him. 'But of course it all comes down to what you mean by love. There are so many different kinds . . . Oh, I can't explain what I mean. . . .'

Gay walked slowly over to stand near the foot of the bed. Little by little his thoughts began to clear. He spoke slowly, and in his self-absorbed search for just the right word his awareness of her began to fade again. 'But there's always something more in us that's left over, something that can only be satisfied by some other person or maybe several persons. Perhaps for a time, while the first glow of love is on you . . . But that's bound to wear off sooner or later.'

'I know love can't last forever,' Gay interrupted. 'But when it came to an end I would go away.'

Good, he thought, she's sensible again. Lulled by her words into a relaxed complacency, he began to strut. 'Life never stands still. Life is growth and decay, a perpetual ebb and flow of desire . . .' But the shell of his complacency was shattered in an instant when, looking up, he saw that her eyes were misty. He floundered, groping ineffectually to free himself from the web of words. 'Oh, why are we wasting our time like this? Why do we go on looking solemn and pretending we're interested in all these pompous generalities? All generalities are false.' Yes, even this one, he added inwardly.

With an aching acuteness he watched the precious minutes sliding by swiftly and irretrievably into eternity. Soon Miss Wiggen would be coming to say it was time to go. But was n't there some way, some word that would make her understand? 'It's an insatiable curiosity, a . . . a sense of mystery. . . . But these are only words. You have to *feel* it. Oh, how can so many people go through life and not feel the mystery of things?' Her chin went up again. Worse and worse. He was only getting in deeper all the time. 'Don't misunderstand me. Please, Gay . . . '

'I don't. I know what you mean, all right. Better than you do yourself, I think.'

'Do you ever have the feeling, when you're talking to someone, trying to get across to him and make him understand something that means a lot to you, that the other person does n't understand at all and never will, no matter how long you talk? Have you ever felt the treachery, the utter inadequacy of words — the futility of even trying to express what you

mean in words that must in the very nature of things mean something different to everyone? What do you mean by the word "love," for instance? I doubt if you could tell me. I know I could n't tell you what I mean. After all, it's merely a convenient symbol we use to sum up all the thousands of little emotional experiences of a certain sort that have chanced to come to us from the day we were born. So even for ourselves its meaning changes almost every time we use it. It's so easy to misunderstand even the simplest things; even things said with the kindest intentions in the world have a way of hurting someone without our knowing anything about it.'

'Do you know, I think you're not very frank.'

Exasperated, Neal flung out in hot arrogance, 'Who ever said I was? Of course I'm not frank, if by being frank you mean blurting out whatever you think, regardless of everyone. A person who is always frank is either a barbarian or a fool. What we need in this world is less frankness and more hypocrisy.' There you go, showing off again, protested an inner voice. You know you don't mean that. Well, but in a way I do.

'Then I'm either a barbarian or a fool. I can't pretend. And I won't try.'

All at once Neal felt very tired and heavy with defeat. It's no good — I can't reach her. Better not to talk at all; words only drive it away. But must it be so always? He said, 'Sometimes I'm tempted to close up tight and not even try to meet people except on the surface. The trouble is, you're all feeling — and I'm top-heavy on the mental side, I guess. Here we are talking to each other in different languages and getting nowhere. . . . Oh, what's the use?'

'If that's the way you feel, I think it's too bad.'

They stayed silent for some time, avoiding each other's eyes.

'We *are* very different,' she said at last. 'It really is silly for us to go on; we never seem to understand each other.' She paused. He knew she was waiting for him to deny it. But he found it impossible to say a word. 'I guess I might as well go now.'

If she goes now, it's the end, he told himself. He stared at her curiously, with a cold detachment. There was a hurt look in her eyes and an odd, set expression round her mouth. She dropped her eyes before his pitiless gaze. Do you know you're not at all pretty like that?

Suddenly she was over by the bureau, standing with her back to him, her head bent forward.

Damn! She was crying. Had he really said that, or did he just imagine he said it? He stared at her back while she cried silently, his only feeling a rather shocked astonishment at his indifference. The far-off muffled moan of foghorns on the river came drifting forlornly through the falling snow to mingle with the gloom in his soul. We're lost in a fog too, he thought. But she's right. It *was* silly to hope they could ever meet in any lasting understanding. Why not let it end now before they got in any deeper?

V

'Excuse me,' broke in a voice from the doorway. It was Miss Wiggen. 'I'll just close this for a minute.'

'Why? . . .'

But the door was already shut and they were alone again. Then suddenly he knew.

'The man next door must have died,' he said, 'and they're going to take him out now. She's very professional. She does n't want me to know for fear it will upset me.' His

voice somehow did not sound as unconcerned as he had hoped.

Gay turned about to stare at him, her eyes big with awe. The sight of her tears melted Neal in an instant. He stretched out a hand.

'Come here, Gay,' he said in a strange, peremptory voice, straining toward her with all the strength of his being. There was an intolerable ache in his throat. He felt as if he were going to choke. He felt he could not bear to see her like that another second. What torture to be unable to get up and go to her!

She came and stood just beyond his reach, her hands clasped over her breast. Then abruptly she took his hand and held it between both of hers. 'Does it upset you, Neal?'

'No. But it gives me a queer feeling.' They stared at each other, listening. She feels it too, he thought. Vague noises came to them from the next room — people talking, feet and chairs scuffling. But no longer that sound of hiccoughing. When had that ceased? While they were arguing, absorbed in their petty quarrel, a man had died on the other side of that wall. Something had left that body in there which just a few minutes ago had been a human being, like her and himself, and gone — where? Perhaps it had passed between them as they wrangled. The chimes came booming through the night. A sound of laughter reached them through the wall.

'I don't see how they can be so callous,' said Gay in a hushed, indignant voice.

'They see so much of it, the mystery does n't touch them.'

She came then of her own accord and sat on the edge of the bed, still holding his hand between hers. The light shone on her face and hair, and her crystal beads sparkled iridescently. In the back of his consciousness he noted the shape and color of their shadows on her throat. Each shadow had a small hole of light in it which it puzzled him for a moment to account for. The gleaming ivory-pink smoothness of her skin, so soft, so firm. . . . The pulse throbbing at the lower edge of the sh dow caught his eye. At sight of that mysterious token of the life force coursing in her veins it came to him with a shock how completely his happiness was bound up in this fragile flesh, and he shuddered. . . . That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. . . .

Gay disengaged one of her hands. She smiled dimly as their eyes met.

'Forgive me, Gay. I'm a stupid pig. Kick me, will you?'

She lifted his hand and brushed the back of it lightly with her lips. Her eyes glowed with a tenderness such as Neal had never seen before.

'Sometimes you make me feel so old,' she said. 'You're such a baby, Neal.'

And Neal became aware of something utterly new welling up within him, like a spring in a desert, to moisten with its fertile flow the arid sands of his soul.

'I guess maybe you're right,' he said.

THE NEW OFFENSIVE ON CAPITOL HILL

Embattled Veterans. III

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

I

If the war veterans are to be saved from public scorn because a few are greedy, is it not the American Legion's job to save them? I asked that, hopefully, at the end of my last article, but since I posed the question the Legion has answered through its convention. The answer is a simple and direct 'No.'

In the months from June to October, it appeared to those who did not look below the surface that the powers of the Legion were about to take in hand the abuses of extravagant veteran legislation and work with the President for economy. National Commander Louis A. Johnson made speech after speech through the summer and burst into print in the Hearst newspapers supporting the President and deploring past activities of the Legion in demanding exorbitant benefits from Congress. It was the Legion's first official admission of guilt. 'We of the Legion,' he announced, among other things, 'do not say for one second that we were altogether without blame in the overburdening of the World War Veterans Act with benefits which made it so topheavy that it was certain to destroy itself sooner or later.'

This statement and others in the same vein deceived even that part of the press which, for a year or more, had heaped condemnation upon the Legion for its greed. Editorials appeared welcoming the 'change of heart.' In his speeches and articles, Mr. Johnson explained a 'new' programme which, he said, would be brought before the convention in October. It had been approved by the National Executive Committee. It asked for: —

1. A governmental policy of equal treatment for veterans and dependents of all wars.

2. A permanent classification and fixed determination of benefits for all classes of veterans and their dependents of all wars, past and future, upon which both the government and its defenders may rely.

3. A governmental policy of entirely adequate provisions in periods of normal economic conditions for all veterans with war-service-connected disabilities, without regard to their financial status or other means of support.

4. A governmental policy recognizing that all incapacitated veterans who are without means of support are charges and wards of the Federal Government and not of state and local government or of public charity.

This programme, its author proclaimed, would put an end to uncertainty and establish a permanent basis for dealing with all veterans forever. And, truly, to the uninstructed citizen it looked sound and

economical. It appeared, at first glance, to leave 'presumptive disabilities' — that is, diseases which develop after a war but are 'presumed' to have been caused by the war — where the President put them. It seemed to make no demands about frankly peace-incurred ailments except for men without means of support. It allowed for reductions in benefits in time of depression. Even the demand for federal rather than local care of the needy sounded like a reasonable plea.

A careful analysis showed, however, that the programme would actually restore many of the 'benefits' which the President's Economy Act removed. If veterans and dependents of all wars were treated alike, as Point No. 1 demanded, then World War veterans could receive Spanish War veteran benefits, which include old-age pensions at sixty-two (fifty-five if partly disabled) and presumptive pensions for all dependents, as well as pensions for widows of veterans dead from any cause. Point No. 4 might bring back almost *in toto* the absurd allowances for peace disabilities.

Nevertheless, Commander Johnson's plan was adroitly worded. It deceived many people. 'Such a programme,' said the *New York Times*, apparently without reading it carefully, 'would be at once politic and right. Commander Johnson's words must strike an echoing chord in the hearts of many Legionnaires.'

They struck no chord, however, in the heart of the great, quiet steam roller which in the end decides Legion policy. For at the very moment that Commander Johnson was proclaiming the soundness of his plan the National Rehabilitation Committee was quietly at work upon another which the Legion would actually pass.

The first draft of the Rehabilitation Committee's programme was simpler and franker, more easily understood by the rank-and-file Legionnaire. It made no grand statements about government policies. It indulged in no generalizations about 'adequate provisions' or 'normal economic conditions.' It restored most of the old benefits without the slightest attempt at deception. It demanded: —

1. That no war veteran disabled in line of duty shall suffer any reduction in war benefits he received prior to the economy law.

2. That the Federal Government hospitalize veterans who require hospital treatment but are not able to pay for it.

3. That the service-connection rating properly granted veterans under laws before the Economy Law be perpetuated.

4. That benefits for dependents of veterans be not tampered with.

This programme called for no interpretation. It was decided upon at a 'regional conference' of the Rehabilitation Committee and passed on quietly to the forty-eight state headquarters to be brought up at state conventions. So, during the summer, while Commander Johnson prepared and issued his 'battle order' calling on every Legionnaire to support the President in his efforts for national recovery, the Legion state conventions passed, without a dissenting voice, a schedule of demands which, if passed by Congress, would destroy the President's first step toward governmental economy.

II

Commander Johnson's speeches and writings made such a stir that no one noticed the activities of the Rehabilitation Committee. They were printed, to be sure, in the back pages of the newspapers, but those who read them thought that the papers must be

mistaken or that Mr. Johnson's programme had superseded the other. If this was not precisely what was intended, it might as well have been. For while the Johnson programme was no less extravagant, in fact, than the other, it had a better sound and was subject to several interpretations. Moreover, his constant pronouncements of Legion loyalty to the President and to the N.R.A. led the average citizen to believe that what he asked for must be reasonable.

The American public does not readily grasp a paradox as complete as that presented by Commander Johnson. That a man running for political office may say one thing and intend another is commonly accepted, but that any man will flatly contradict himself in one breath, so to speak, is hard to credit. So the average American, reading or listening over the radio to Commander Johnson's spectacular utterances of loyalty, and skimming over or not bothering at all with his technical programme, assumed that the programme must be as 'all right' as the pledges.

At the same time, in the camps opposed to the veteran lobby, it was generally thought that the Legion might break loose and condemn Commander Johnson for his statements. There was talk of a 'right wing' and a 'left wing' — the right being Johnson's — which might come to blows at the convention.

These rumors had no justification. The Legion never breaks loose. It has no wings. What dissension occurs is between individuals or between posts and departments. The Legion is the most perfectly disciplined organization of its kind in the world. It is run, not from the bottom according to its constitution, but from the top. It has not, in fact, a representative government, but a dictatorship.

What the convention will do is decided months in advance by the National Executive Committee working in harmony with the lobby which dictates to Congress and with the Rehabilitation Committee which guides the administration of veteran affairs in Washington. By the time the convention meets, each delegate is ready (often pledged) to vote for the resolutions decided upon by the Executive Committee. In this way it is possible for the business of the convention to be finished quickly, leaving the way clear for the entertainment of distinguished guests, for memorial services, parades, band contests, banquets, and street festivities; for driving imitation French trains down the main thoroughfares of the unhappy city which is acting as host, for drinking, for galloping horses into the lobbies of hotels, for driving automobiles through their corridors, for dropping paper bags full of water on passers-by, and other exercises with which the ex-heroes (average age forty) celebrate their ex-heroism.

While the city is dazzled by these exploits, the committees, locked in private rooms, work hard. The committees on resolutions, finance, Americanization, national defense, foreign relations, legislation, child welfare, get little chance to 'whoop it up.' Their work ensures a smooth-running machine on the floor of the convention, and all arguments which have arisen there in the past have been so hooted, booed, and catcalled as delaying progress that nowadays none arise. When a resolution comes out of committee, it is passed by the steam roller according to plans made months before.

A member of the American Veterans Association (opposed to the Legion lobby) recently asked one of the delegates, who he knew was privately against the new programme, why he

did not get up on the floor and say so.

'In the middle of the convention?' asked the delegate with a shocked expression.

'But of course! Why not?'

The delegate shrugged. 'It would be useless,' he said. 'I should be shouted down. It would only delay things.'

So Legionnaires who dissent from the stand taken by their superiors, unable to be heard, must resign from the Legion unless they are willing to go on paying dues for the purpose of putting through resolutions contrary to their beliefs.

No, there were no wings in the convention which met in Chicago in October. There was no split evident on the floor. Commander Johnson was applauded to the echo. His programme disappeared, as it was seemingly intended to do, and the other programme, which (somewhat amplified) had passed the state conventions, went through without a dissenting vote.

III

When the American Legion came to Chicago in October, the city was ready for it. Flags, banners, electric signs, hung from every building. Traffic rules were suspended, police were cautioned against molesting the 'boys,' and timid citizens retired into the suburbs. Schools were closed for the parade, and business offices suspended work.

Two hundred and fifty thousand visitors descended on the city. Of these, some twelve hundred were delegates, allowed to vote in the convention. The others came for the fun. They came from the remotest parts of the country. For a year they had thought about it, planned for it, saved for it. On October 2 they arrived, and railroad men, accustomed for a long time to large influxes of visitors, were hard put to it to take care of the trains and unload their passengers. Their problem was especially complicated because in the midst of all this turmoil a special train was to arrive, heavily guarded, bearing the convention's most important guest.

A last-minute decision on Sunday, October 1, had sent the President of the United States to Chicago. For weeks he had been urged and cajoled by Commander Johnson and other potentates in the Legion to open the Chicago session. Why this pressure was brought must remain forever obscure. Whether the Commander and his staff hoped that, confronted with the powerful body of the convention, Mr. Roosevelt would become conciliatory, admit the harshness of the Economy Act, and promise the restoration of benefits, or whether these officials wished to show the country that even the President could not dominate them, is a question about which one man's guess is as good as another's. Sponsors of the 'right and left wing' rumors suggested that Mr. Johnson wanted the steadying influence of the President to prevent a stampede for the bonus.

The President's closest friends are said to have advised him against accepting the invitation. They seemed to believe that, despite the Commander's many pledges of loyalty, Mr. Roosevelt would be entering enemy territory. For a time he refused, not, apparently, because of this advice, but because of the pressure of work. Then, on the day before the opening, he accepted. 'The President's action,' said the *Chicago Tribune*, 'is regarded as an answer to a challenge. . . . The invitation to attend the convention sent to the President by Legion Commander Louis A. Johnson was supple-

mented by several other messages . . . some of which put the matter more in the light of a dare.' Perhaps it was the character of these messages which determined the President's final acceptance.

At any rate, he arrived in the midst of the excitement with an extra large detachment of secret-service men. While the contents of innumerable waste-paper baskets descended, as a mark of esteem, upon his head, he drove through the streets to the convention hall and met with an ovation from the delegates. He appeared on the platform wearing a Legion cap, was introduced simply, 'Comrades, the President of the United States,' and addressed the convention as 'fellow members of the American Legion.'

A tense silence filled the room as he entered on his half-humorous introduction. Delegates sat in pleasant suspense watching his smile, anticipating a reconciliation which would make their pledges of loyalty sound more plausible. They waited in vain. The President was friendly. He explained patiently the problems of government in economic stringency. He praised the Legion's attitude toward the administration of National Recovery. But he retracted no word of the principles laid down in the Economy Act. In bold and simple language he reaffirmed them. He was the only Legionnaire present who dared dissent from the prearrangements of the convention.

'The first principle,' he said, 'following inevitably from the obligation of citizens to bear arms is that the government has a responsibility for and toward those who suffered injury or contracted disease while serving in its defense.

'The second principle is that no person, because he wore a uniform, must thereafter be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens. The fact of wearing a uniform does not mean that he can demand and receive from his government a benefit which no other citizen receives. It does not mean that because a person served in the defense of his country, performed a basic obligation of citizenship, he should receive a pension from his government because of a disability incurred after his service had terminated, and not connected with that service.'

This was clear enough for the ordinary understanding. It was more specific than any of his hearers had expected. But the President was not content to leave it there. 'There are many veterans of our wars,' he went on, 'to whom disability or sickness unconnected with war service has come. . . . If the individual affected can afford to pay for his own treatment, he cannot call on any form of government for aid. If he has not the wherewithal to take care of himself, it is first of all the duty of his community to take care of him, and next the duty of his state. Only if under these circumstances his own community and his own state are unable, after reasonable effort, to care for him, then, and then only, should the Federal Government offer him hospitalization and care.'

This statement left no doubt that the President could not sanction either programme of the Legion. It seemed especially directed at the Johnson plan, which advocated that 'all incapacitated veterans who are without means of support are charges and wards of the Federal Government and not of state and local government.' Yet no sooner had the President finished speaking than Commander Johnson gave out the following statement: 'President Roosevelt is not only in step with the Legion on rehabilitation, but in some respects is even ahead of us.'

The President withdrew from the convention amid applause. Renewed pledges of loyalty were offered. Three days later the delegates to the convention unanimously passed a liberalized version of the Rehabilitation Committee's programme precisely as the Executive Committee had planned. Not a murmur sounded. As far as the convention was concerned, the President of the United States, hailed repeatedly as the Legion's 'Commander-in-chief,' might never have spoken.

IV

The four-point programme as it finally passed had, as I say, grown in scope. Since a clear understanding of its provisions is essential to any understanding of the pension problem, I will analyze it briefly. It provides: —

1. That no war veteran disabled in line of duty suffer any reduction of those benefits granted such veterans in the World War Veterans Act as in effect prior to March 20, 1933.

This point is intended to restore certain pensions to actual war cases which were reduced through the President's simplification of the rating schedule. By this simplification, cases of low disability have been reduced, high-rated cases increased. It would also restore the 15 per cent cut in retirement pay to emergency officers, a pension which should never have been allowed at all. It would restore, altogether, about $40,000,000 a year saved by the Economy Act.

2. That hospitalization under Federal Government auspices be afforded all veterans not dishonorably discharged who require hospital treatment and who are not able to reasonably pay for their own treatment.

This means veterans disabled from any cause. The only difference between this demand and the law of 1924 is that it requires evidence of 'reasonable' need. It flatly opposes the President's principle that men suffering from non-service-connected ailments should be locally cared for. It would restore from $10,000,000 up, depending on how liberally it was interpreted — money saved by the Economy Act.

3. That perpetuation of service connection for all veterans properly granted such service connection under laws in existence prior to March 20, 1933, be recommended as an item of Legion policy.

This means pensions to all presumptive cases and the nullification of decisions on these cases by the special reviewing boards established by the President. It would restore about $40,000,000 a year saved by the Economy Act and subsequent regulations.

4. That the benefits provided for dependents of veterans as established in the World War Veterans Act be resumed and maintained as the government's policy, and that in no event shall widows and dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without government protection.

This would open the door to pensions for dependents of World War veterans dead from any cause at any time, a new cost of about $100,000,000 a year.

V

Prominent among the Legionnaires at Chicago was the Honorable Wright Patman, Representative in Congress from the state of Texas. For two years Mr. Patman has sponsored a curious scheme for economic recovery of his own devising. It is to prepay to the veterans of the World War the full value of their adjusted service (bonus) certificates, due in 1945. The recovery aspect of this plan derives from the

supposition that to put into immediate circulation some two and a half billion dollars (in fiat money) would end the depression.

Mr. Patman had found it difficult to convince his fellow Congressmen. For many hours they had listened to him, eager to discover reason in his argument, and once, spurred on by a bonus 'army' surrounding the Capitol, they had yielded, only to be defeated by a wiser Senate. But many of the veterans had gone on listening. The bonus army had come to Washington largely at his invitation; they had departed on the ruder invitation of President Hoover; but Mr. Patman had remained their hero. It was only in the last six months that his plan seemed to be losing favor with the veterans themselves. In planning this year's convention, the steam roller of the Legion decided to suppress the demand for prepayment of the bonus.

This was a blow to Legionnaire Patman. But after conferring with the Legislative Committee he decided for the moment to relinquish his scheme, and was even persuaded to write for the *American Legion Monthly* an article retracting some of his former urgency. After that he was not heard from again until, in Chicago, he met with the Legion's Committee on Legislation. This committee must not be confused with the National Legislative Committee. The Committee on Legislation is an amateur body. It lays out a general programme for the professional legislative committee (the lobby) to follow. Mr. Patman remained closeted with this committee for a long time.

As a result of their deliberations it appeared that, while there would be no chance of passing a prepayment bill in Congress, — and, in any case, the steam roller had decided to apply the soft pedal to such proposals, — nevertheless the bonus regulations as they stood could be altered to the benefit of four million World War veterans without greatly inconveniencing the government. When the bonus measure first became law, in 1924, holders of certificates were allowed to borrow against them limited sums at current rates of interest. In 1931, the limit was set at 50 per cent of the full value (payable in 1945), and, later, the interest was reduced to 3½ per cent. Mr. Patman's conferees now proposed to wipe out all interest, at a cost to the government of almost $100,000,000 a year. If Congress should agree to this, the total cost would be about a billion dollars. This arrangement would not materially help the depression as Mr. Patman wished, but it was better than nothing, he thought, and could, he believed, be put through Congress.

The proposal then became a resolution, which was adopted unanimously by the convention.

VI

In addition to the modified bonus demand and the four-point programme, the closing session of the convention passed a number of minor resolutions. For example, it asked for an increase in the army, navy, and militia. It suggested new restrictions against immigration. It went on record as usual against the recognition of Soviet Russia. It resolved against inflation. Having done these things, it adjourned.

In Chicago on the night of October 5 there was no sign of the suffering caused by the war which ended fourteen years ago. Looking at the Legionnaires, no one would have suspected that some three hundred and fifty thousand World War veterans were drawing pensions for various disabilities; that three and a half million

veterans of the World War had been so impoverished by it that the government had had to make them a present of more than $500 apiece, with a promise of $500 more payable twelve years hence. All such ugly memories of the war seemed to have vanished.

The songs were not dirges. They were not greatly concerned with shot and shell or deeds of heroism, but seemed rather to centre around cafés, *estaminets*, *vin blanc*, and a lady from Armentières. The overseas reminiscences told and retold were largely merry ones. The Legionnaires were robust, healthy, and cheerful — not at all the sort of men one would suspect of wanting to be pampered and coddled. Yet for years the government *has* coddled them. Will they, eventually, resent it? Will they, sometime, ask to stand on their own feet and earn their own full livings, instead of letting the rest of the people contribute to their support? Will they, finally, take possession of the steam roller which they have never controlled and demand to put their hands on its lever and throw it into reverse before it flattens out the economic structure of the government which they have served?

These questions naturally occur to the citizen who understands the true values of citizenship. But we must remember that the mass of veterans have acquired a false sense of civic values. Before the war they were never properly instructed at home or in school that it is a citizen's obligation to bear arms. Since the war they have been told by the leaders of their veteran organizations (who ought to know better), not that military service was an obligation, but that it was a favor which the citizen conferred upon his government. This was an easier and a pleasanter doctrine, and, when rewards followed, it became still easier. The job of the President and of those who understand true citizenship is to undo fourteen years of this intensive false instruction.

In thus misleading veterans of the World War, Legion officials have had a plausible and powerful argument. While the soldiers were training or fighting and being paid thirty dollars a month (exclusive of living expenses), men who stayed at home grew prosperous on huge profits from the manufacture of war machinery. The government, under the pressure of immediate need, paid exorbitant sums to manufacturers of weapons, clothing, and food, to contractors and builders of barracks, depots, and docks. These manufacturers and builders in turn paid fantastic wages. Thus civilian workers were getting as much as twenty times the pay of a private in the army.

At the same time, certain industries — such as the railroads, which were taken over by the government — lost money and were later reimbursed by the government. So, when the bands stopped playing and patriotism faded and the soldiers returned to commercial pursuits, they were more and more impressed by these inequalities. If they did not see them, Legion leaders and Congressmen went to great effort and expense to point them out.

What the Legion does not explain is that only by virtue of such inequalities does patriotism exist; that sacrifice is a primary and inescapable part of patriotism. If a soldier were paid twenty dollars a day (like the civilian worker), could he take credit to himself for fighting for his country? The Legion, to be logical, should instruct its members either that bearing arms is a profitable undertaking like civilian business and labor, or else that it is a patriotic duty to be entered upon

without thought of money compensation. These two things cannot be combined. Anyone who says in the same breath that a man is a hero and that he must be highly paid for his heroism makes himself ridiculous.

A third possible course for the Legion (and one which it has actually entered upon faint-heartedly) would be to concentrate all its effort upon writing into our fundamental law a provision for drafting industry and labor in time of national emergency. If the Legion would give up bonuses and pensions and turn its lobby toward such legislation, the chances are that the inequalities of the next war would be greatly reduced.

Abroad, where war is looked upon as a grim necessity, men who fought for four years under conditions which for us lasted only a few months do not dream of asking for large compensation. To do so would be as absurd, they believe, as to ask for remuneration because they did their part in saving or protecting their families from an earthquake. Frenchmen whose children were killed before their eyes, whose homes were burned, whose fields were destroyed, have received only one fortieth per casualty of what our government has paid to its ex-soldiers. To them the fact that in the end they saved their nation was compensation enough.

But to go back a moment to the argument about civilian labor. I should like sometime to interrupt some singing group at a Legion convention and ask each veteran: 'Would you rather have stayed at home and earned twenty dollars a day building barracks?' The answer from overseas men would, I am sure, be 'No,' plus a certain amount of abusive language hurled at me for asking such a question. Some of the cripples would probably be the first to answer.

VII

The question now is, What of the future? When Congress convenes in January, will it destroy the President's economy programme as applied to veterans?

Certainly the attempt will be made. Congressmen have already approached the lobby with offers of benefits — so true is this, in fact, that the so-called 'conservative element' in the Legion has objected publicly. While the Legion was trying, in Chicago, to 'resell itself to the American people,' such a public objection was wise.

But, if the Legion programme is to be put through, someone in the House or the Senate must start the ball rolling. Undoubtedly the man who will do this has already been picked, privately, by the lobby; the bill is, as I write, being prepared for him. Unless present plans are changed, the bill will be introduced in the House. It will be a bill amending the Economy Act (Public No. 2) to provide for the new Legion programme. At the same time, very likely, another bill will be introduced repealing Public No. 2. The Legion will either publicly repudiate this bill or ignore it.

The temper of Congress will depend upon the power of the presidential veto, which, in turn, will depend upon the temper of the people. If the popularity of the President is high in January (and this will depend largely on national recovery), the Senate and the House will not dare override his veto. They may not even dare pass a bill which they know he will veto.

The demand for waiving interest on bonus loans will probably receive the approval of both houses. Legislators will believe that this is a convenient way to silence the demand for prepayment. If the President vetoes the bill, they will express pained surprise,

and they may override his veto, since no mention of the bonus has been made in the economy programme.

If, on the other hand, the President is unpopular in January, Congress will be eager to win back the power it lost in March. In that event it will, as a matter of principle, demand the repeal of the Economy Act, and it will probably sanction extravagant new benefits for ex-soldiers.

There is a third factor which may enter into the discussion, if not in January, certainly later. With the repeal of prohibition and an upturn in business, prosperity may appear on the horizon. The Economy Act will then be talked of as an emergency measure for which the emergency has passed.

The Legion lobby is ready for any and all of these contingencies. The Chicago convention is regarded by all Legionnaires as a great success. The press called it 'conservative.' Commander Johnson's smoke screen was effective, not only in confusing the general public, but in blinding the Legionnaires themselves to what was actually happening. Legion members believe that, since the Legion is solidly behind the President for the N.R.A., therefore the President will make concessions on the small point of his principles of citizenship. Certain rebellious posts are glad that the convention did not ask for prepayment of the bonus.

So, though the Legion membership is smaller this year, it is more unified, better organized, better disciplined since the convention. It is ready to respond quickly to an order for barrages, and at the first sign of dispute over the new bills Senators and Congressmen will be inundated with telegrams. Whether the Legion wins or loses its battle will depend on how many counter-telegrams the steadfast believers in the President's economy measures can muster, for telegrams sent to Washington carry great weight. Last March, supporters of the President sent three telegrams to the Legion's one. In June, the Legion made a considerably better showing than its opponents, and as a result the veterans were granted large concessions. On important issues a Legion barrage will sometimes number a hundred thousand telegrams. The careful organization of the Legion distributes these fairly evenly among the legislators. They are sent to those favorable to the Legion cause as well as those opposed to it, for frequently a favorable Senator or Representative will read his telegrams aloud in the session. In June, just before the passage of the Independent Offices Bill, Senators Hatfield and Cutting took up hours of the Senate's time and pages of the *Congressional Record* with quotations from letters and telegrams from the boys back home. So the barrage on the Legion's own men in both houses is expedient.

If the Legion programme goes through in Congress, a new version of the old Rankin Bill may be expected shortly to follow. The Rankin Bill, it will be recalled, offered pensions to every widow of a World War veteran regardless of the cause of the husband's death. An interesting speculation on the future of such legislation is opened by the fact that seven widows of the War of 1812 are still drawing pensions. The youngest of these ladies is Mrs. Arminia Anderson, born in 1859. The date of her marriage to Robert Anderson is not stated in the records, but if she was married at sixteen, in 1875, her husband must have been at least seventy-nine, and the war had then been over for sixty-one years. There were some 300,000 veterans of the War of 1812. With 4,000,000 World War

veterans, we may therefore expect twelve times as many of these belated love matches in 1979, and perhaps twelve times as many surviving widows drawing pensions in 2037. From the Civil War there are now living 27,000 veterans and 127,000 widows. So we may assume that there will be at least 200,000 World War widows surviving in 1986, and, if a Rankin Bill passes, they will all be drawing pensions.

Perhaps, however, it is not too much to hope that by 1986 there will be a conclusive reform in pension legislation.

VIII

The President, I believe, may be counted upon to uphold his principles of citizenship and to oppose the demoralization of the veterans by their government. But no President can be expected to do this alone. It must be the people in the end (led, I hope, by right-thinking veterans) who will change and reform pension legislation. It *can* be done. It took thirteen years to persuade Congress that the people were against prohibition, and the fight was against a lobby almost as strong as that of the veterans. This fight will be longer and harder, and it cannot be left to the President and a few courageous legislators.

Already progress has been made. It was the sentiment of the people which made possible the Economy Act. It was the sentiment of the people which prevented prepayment of the bonus. Telegrams to Congress need not be confined to organized minorities. They will be sent, in the future, by citizens to whom increased taxation has become intolerable. They will be sent by veterans who do not want their service dishonored at the expense of a new generation.

Unhappily, the public may come in time to denounce the name of veteran. Already, in some communities, men can get jobs more easily, I am told, if they conceal the fact that they once fought for their country.

'For God and Country,' says the preamble to the Legion constitution, 'we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one-hundred-per-cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great war; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom, and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.'

But not by bankrupting the government. Not by opposing the President in a time of national emergency. Not by creating a special class of citizens who receive from the government benefits which no other citizens enjoy. Not by paying doles for patriotism which turn good honest soldiers into coddled mercenaries. Not by persuading good citizens that bearing arms for their country is doing the government a favor.

If the Legion persists in interpreting its preamble in this way, many a veteran will be justified in repeating the question put by Legionnaire Richard H. Gurley in a famous open letter to his commander: 'I, as a veteran and for twelve years a member of the American Legion . . . desire to ask you please to name and describe the "God and country" in whose "service" under these conditions you believe the American Legion to be.'

INTIMATION

Two talkers passed me on the quiet street,
Treading toward doomsday with unconscious feet,
And spoke in careless voices, friend to friend,
Words that sped echoing to time's last end:
'When all is said and done, you may be right.'
Idly they laughed, hearing no endless night
Sound in the echo, 'When all's said and done' —
O little phrase, dark with oblivion,
In whose small syllables the fires that burn
Through smouldering centuries of summer turn
To icy ash; fountains of fiery gold,
Spattered in winter skies, stream charred and cold
Down a dissolving firmament! How strange and small
These mortal words in which the heavens fall,
Flinging the starry garlands of the sky
Into abysses of eternity
Where is no earth, no moon, nor any sun
When all is said and done!

JEAN BATCHELOR

SEVEN JOBS AND FIVE HUSBANDS

BY DONALD F. ROSE

I

THESE are parlous times for parenthood. Significant statistics show that average Americans, following the example of government, are prescribing codes for the stork. College graduates, according to the figures, are failing to perpetuate themselves, having only one and five-eighths infants to the pair — which must eventually lead to a new problem of providing higher education for five eighths of a freshman. All this is very disturbing to the sort of people who enjoy being made miserable by vital statistics.

Yet these are largely speculative anxieties. Nobody really knows whether it is desirable for John and Jane Doe, just married with the connivance and blessing of their relatives and neighbors, to have two children or twenty-two. They don't know themselves. Nor does anybody know whether the world needs more or fewer inhabitants, whether the future will offer easy living or hard times to its inheritors, whether the surge of civilization is onward and upward or down and out. The spirit of prophecy must work with too many unknown quantities to provide good guidance for parents in these days of doubt.

A lot of present solicitude for newlyweds may prove, therefore, to be a waste of time, which might be misspent on other matters. Yet parents deserve society's sympathy. Particularly do those deserve it who invested in a family in the days when all investments seemed sound and sensible, and must carry on now that the bottom has fallen out of everything, including the baby's high chair, the small boy's savings bank, and the oldest son's Sunday trousers.

No doubt the problems of these parents have already been settled by Dr. Cornelius K. Crabbe or some other member of a university faculty who found he had nothing to do last summer and therefore spent it in writing a research report which nobody will read. Or else Miss Sophia Spynster, who conducts a syndicated women's page feature in sixteen newspapers, has given the answer in ten inches of type and a quotation from Confucius or the lesser prophets.

It is obvious, however, that the conclusions of these authorities are founded on a fine upstanding ignorance of what they are talking about. That is why I am moved and exercised, as father of a family of twelve, to contribute my mite to the misleading of others who have n't twelve children but who know as well as I do how much sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child. For the ignorance of parenthood increases as the square of the distance, until at last a man learns in middle age that he knows nothing about it and never did. With twelve children he may find it out sooner than that.

II

Six years ago, at a little luncheon in celebration of a Philadelphian's first visit to Chicago, one of those present stood up to put a personal question. 'Would you mind telling us, Mr. Rose,' she asked, 'whether you really have nine children?' The guest speaker modestly admitted it. Then came another question from Dick Hobelman, columnist for the Chicago *Daily News*. 'Would you mind telling us, Mr. Rose,' he said, 'whether you are working toward any definite objective?'

Heaven knows how many times the question has been put or implied since then. Meanwhile the family has increased to a round dozen. It is still a matter of public concern whether twelve are enough, or too many, or only the beginning of an ambitious effort to set a biological record.

Kind friends and curious critics seek for some fantastic philosophy which would account for seven boys and five girls in one family, all supported by one battered typewriter and a chronic case of writer's cramp. The correct answer is that there is n't any. If the minister who married us nearly twenty years ago had told me confidentially that there would some day be twelve Rosebuds on the family bush, I should have fallen backward into the baptismal font and asked for my money back. But he did n't know, and neither did I.

And everyone is aware nowadays that nobody seriously intends to have twelve children, so that my wife, poor wretch, and I are telling fully two thirds of the truth when we say that our twelve-cylinder family just sneaked up on us, without fair warning or advance notices. It is our story — and we stick to it — that about two years ago she sat down at last to look the situation over. 'Do you know, my dear,' she said, 'that we now have twelve children?' Counting them carefully, I discovered that we had. And we still have.

Recently the focus of friendly curiosity has shifted. It is obviously too late to question the wisdom of introducing twelve children into a single modest household. It may be too late to worry whether there will be any more. But the bystanding audience wants to know what we intend to do with these children, now that we have them.

It is an honest question and deserves an honest answer. Unfortunately I cannot think of one which solves the problem precisely and permanently. Yet I must face it, though I don't much like the looks of it. Sometimes it seems incredibly complicated, but at other times I can reduce it to deceitfully simple terms. There are seven boys involved, from three to seventeen years old. There are five girls, aged four to eighteen. It is part of my parental duty, they tell me, to find the boys seven jobs and the girls five husbands.

Of course no one puts it so bluntly, but that is the plain meaning when somebody wonders or worries how I am going to give these youngsters their rightful advantages in life, including good health and a mouthful of modern dentistry, college educations and social opportunities, technical training and an appetite and aptitude for civilized living. These things are supposed to help bright boys to get good jobs and nice girls to get good husbands. And these, by and large, are what boys and girls are looking for when they begin to get over their growing pains.

Is it really my duty to provide them? Perhaps it is, but I must first be sure that I am wise enough to do it to the real advantage of the boys and girls who are under my present management. Just between ourselves, I am none too sure that I am, not even with their mother's advice, assistance, and

encouragement. And that makes a pretty predicament for a conscientious father who wants to finish his job and go fishing.

III

I might feel pretty badly about it if I could believe that anybody else knows much more about it than I do. You, my fellow parents, may think you do. But let us reason together, forgetting for a while the awful dignities of our office, the adult authority with which we bluff our way through our domestic difficulties, the skin-deep assurance with which we conduct our family affairs. Let us consider our own experience, which taught us nearly everything we know, and learn thereby not to meddle too much with the futures of our infants.

Allow me to look backward about thirty years to the beginnings of a career in which I am intimately interested. I was a bright lad, they tell me, and started out at thirteen to climb a long ladder of scholarship toward no place in particular. But necessity knocked me off the ladder at the second round and put me to work for my living. Three or four years later somebody made up my mind that I should become a minister of the gospel. That settled everything nicely for several years of overdue schooling and special training, except that I stopped six weeks short of a bachelor's degree in theology and elected school-teaching instead.

Eleven years later a series of circumstances and accidents left me no longer a school-teacher. For three or four years afterward I called myself a business man, made a little money here and there, and wound up my affairs with a beautiful bankruptcy. Another series of accidents made me a free-lance writer, a newspaper man, an editor, and now a columnist on a leading American daily.

There is no sense to that story, except that it happens to be true. But it is not logical, and it was never predictable. My career might be compared with the route of a man who starts from Philadelphia to drive to Chicago and finds himself some time later in a one-way street in Singapore.

And that is one reason why I am not able or ready to tell my boys how to make their way in the world, nor ambitious to start them along the line of least resistance toward the wrong destination. I have n't the faintest idea what fate holds in store for them. And I am certain that I cannot fix it for them.

IV

Some of the neighbors want to know how I am going to give my seven boys a college education, not to mention their five sisters. I shall answer that when somebody proves to me that a college education, in itself, is worth what it costs in time and trouble and money. I know that many men send their sons to college, sometimes for no better reason than that they never went themselves. They think they must have missed something, because nearly all Americans nowadays believe in higher education more or less as they believe in a lot of other things which they never think about, such as groundhog day and the gold standard and the Einstein theory.

I, too, believe in education, but if my boy goes to college at my expense I want him to get what he is there for. He will have to show me, then, that he is fit for four years' exposure to the advantages, absurdities, trials, and temptations of higher education. I won't send him to college; I may let him go if he puts up a good fight and argument for it.

The last few years have exploded the theory that university training guarantees a boy or girl a good job.

Graduates of select girls' colleges are standing behind the counters of department stores, while smart girls with six months' business training are sitting at office desks and earning their keep. Boys with college degrees but no rich relatives or influential friends are competing on nearly equal terms with lads who skipped out of high school as soon as the law would let them.

One may argue that these are temporary conditions. So they are, but what will come after them? Not even the Washington brain trust can tell us. It is no parent's responsibility, then, to chart his children's careers for a future which he knows nothing about. The dice of destiny are loaded against his most careful judgment. He can only teach his boys to look after themselves, which is a day-to-day job with some thought for to-morrow. The day after to-morrow is too doubtful and far away to figure on, in a world which changes faster than a growing boy's taste in neckties.

So I am ready to admit that I am no better able to predict my family's future to-day than I could foretell the size of it twenty years ago. Dick Hobelman's question is still unanswerable. I do not know, even now, whether I am working toward any definite objective — except in so far as my wife and I have been working toward one, line upon line and precept upon precept, for nearly nineteen years.

When the first-born son was two years old, we had not yet made up our minds whether he should be a bishop or a bartender. We were too busy at the moment persuading him to eat his oatmeal with a spoon and to leave the cat's tail to the cat's own management. We have been equally busy ever since, and made more so by the boy's six brothers and five sisters. And some day all twelve may call us blessed because of it.

V

I have few arguments to offer in favor of a family of twelve, else it might appear that I was trying to persuade somebody else to follow my example. That is a man's own business, subject to the advice and consent of his partner in matrimony. Some large families, no doubt, should have been stopped short before they started.

But I like to believe that, granted a decent endowment of brains and bodily ability, the children of a large family have an edge on their little neighbors of lesser households when they begin to make their way in the world. They learn at home the most important lessons which can be taught in college or in the rough-and-tumble discipline of early adult experience. They learn them young, so that the teaching is rooted in character, tested by trial and error, and confirmed by habit. The lessons are elemental, but nobody goes far in the world without learning them, unless he has money with which to hire other men's brains and abilities to work for him. Even with money he will finally get no further than his own character, whether good or bad, can lead or drive him.

My son's capital and stock in trade consist of what he has under his hat. It includes a lot of inaccurate information, with plenty of room for more. College could fill some of the vacuum without materially improving the quality of the contents. Much more important to his future success are the aptitudes, appetites, interests, enthusiasms, social skills, and civilized habits he has picked up by seventeen years' experience of a strenuous family life.

He has learned thereby, I think, the essential elements of teamwork, self-discipline, and self-sufficiency. He has learned to look after himself, because nobody else has had time to fuss over

him. He has invented most of his amusements and defended them against keen competition. He has fought for his opinions and ideas, and taken lickings for them. He has toughened himself to take his share of hard knocks and barbed shafts, and found out that sharp corners and sensitive spots do not wear well in a crowded world.

And that is not all. Boys and girls in a large family pick up a lot of things easily and naturally which others must learn by bad teaching or painful experience. The big family crosses so many little bridges that its members are spared some of the long jumps from ignorance to knowledge. There is always a baby about the house. There are growing girls and their goings-on, and boys beginning to make dates with other boys' sisters. There is the cat who has kittens in public places, which is bound to cause talk in the best-regulated families. There is the burden of illness to be shared by many hearts and hands, and the Angel of Death whose wings are sometimes heard in the hush of night in every well-filled household.

Is there any other educational experience or social opportunity which can fit a full-grown girl so well for the momentous decisions which make her a woman, a wife, and a mother? She needs no book or spinster schoolteacher to instruct her in the simple mysteries of motherhood and babyhood. She has no needless illusions about boys, nor any twittering dread of their masculine magnificence. Her own brothers can cure her of girlish giddiness and gawkiness, and will be glad to do so. Her own daily companions will point out the pitfalls which she is trying not to see. Her many duties toward small brothers and sisters will teach her that married life is more than marshmallows.

She gets back at the boys by teaching them much which they never thank her for. In spite of themselves, the boys of a large family learn a few manners, a little responsibility, and a lot of sensible respect for the other sex. They may even be fond of their sisters in grudging fashion, and tremendously loyal to them in emergency. This training will lift a load of trouble from the strange women who will some day consent to marry them.

But a boy must break into matrimony as best he can and take the consequences. It is the girl who needs to know her way about before she goes anywhere. And I doubt very much whether anybody has ever succeeded in telling the 'facts of life' to a young person in half an hour of mutual embarrassment, with or without a physiological textbook or some pretty parable of the bees and flowers. No woman ever learns wisdom except by some sort of experience. A nice girl gets it under the kindliest auspices as a member of a large and lively family.

VI

One more argument in favor of the large family as an educational institution, whether one is preparing for a job or for an adventure in wedlock, is that its children learn more from each other than from their elders. To approve of this seems to deny the dignity of adulthood, the wisdom of age and experience. I am prepared to deny them both. Most middle-aged Americans are muddle-headed, stubborn, and already bewildered by the world they have invented for their children to live in. Their certainties are part knowledge and part prejudice, their opinions cannot keep pace with the events which challenge them. They prove it by trying to impress the pattern of the past on the citizens of the present and future.

Pity the poor child who must learn how to live from the words and deeds of those thirty years older than himself, who are beginning to look backward while he has no thought or need or opportunity which does not regard to-morrow. He must learn the lessons of the past, of course, but he will learn them with better grace when he is fit and ready, in body and spirit, for the real world which beats about him. His brothers and sisters, friends and playmates, belong to that world. He must learn to work and play with them, fight and keep the peace with them, meet and marry them. Surely he should learn these things in the company of his kind, under good guidance, but not too much of it.

If this were intended to be a debate on the advantages and disadvantages of the old-fashioned family, I could make a case for either side. I could certainly produce some financial figures which would chill any careless enthusiasm for the oversized family, unless it belonged to somebody else. And I am bound to admit that money makes good matrimonial bait and can help an ambitious boy to get what he wants in the world, but the admission is purely academic on my part.

On the other hand, too much money may discount and depreciate youth's most valuable assets. It can dwarf individuality and make courage of too little account in character. It oils the bearings and cushions the jolts of life, but it also puts grease on the grindstone of daily necessity, where boys and girls should sharpen their wits. It may deny the small girl her share in dishwashing and sweeping, which belong somewhere in every feminine education. It may spoil an able-bodied boy to make a loafer. It is a sorry substitute for the simple life and thrifty habits which make the best of all foundations for success in later years.

Nor need the lack of money, unless it means painful poverty, deny to boys and girls the stimulating experiences which discover their talents and awaken their ambitions. Public education, free libraries, museums, and galleries, the radio and the movies, the daily newspaper, and easy transportation are all part of the poor boy's schooling and cost nearly nothing. Even specialized training is available at bargain rates for those who want it badly enough to go after it. It will take the lad of moderate means longer to get it than the rich man's son, but that is not such a handicap as it seems. Knowledge is not enough to make a man; he must also be full-grown in mind and body if he is to use it to his own best advantage. Boys are often better off who cannot afford to finish their education too soon.

VII

We do not seem, after all, to have answered our main question. Where can we find seven jobs and five husbands for twelve young Americans, and how shall we go about it?

The real answer is too silly for words. It is simply that it is too late now to do anything about it, at least so far as the older children are concerned. Their character patterns are cut out already, their appetites and abilities are as much a part of them as their noses, kneecaps, and sympathetic nervous systems. They can still be schooled, disciplined, and taught to make the best of what they've got. But if a boy has n't some sense at seventeen he will still be stupid at sixty. If a girl can't 'pick 'em and hold 'em' at eighteen she is likely to be a foolish virgin at forty, or else too wise to clutter up her life with a second-rate husband.

Sometimes I wonder what accident or incident marks the spot in childhood

where the turn is taken toward success or failure or mere mediocrity. There is no scientific certainty about it, except that it happens much sooner than parents expect. Their incurable optimism or conceit supposes that desperate remedies at the onset of adult life may make up for all errors in early training or inheritance. That is why boys are so often sent to college because nobody can think what else to do with them. That is why girls are sometimes sent to finishing school to finish something that was never started. That is why we grow gray with worry over the younger generation just when it is about to be no longer young.

This may be called a counsel of despair, for it means that parents must be wisest when they are new to their job or when they are trying to find room for another baby in a family which already occupies all their time and energies. But innocence may be a better equipment for parenthood than too much taking thought. A little common sense and a lot of love may go a long way in the early years, which matter so much when a boy grows older and looks for a job or a girl wants a husband.

The ignorance of parents includes the merciful forgetfulness which hides the errors and inspirations of those early years. When our boys and girls grow up we are bound to admit that in more ways than one we made them what they are. But we do not remember how we did it.

I have played only an inconsiderable part in the education of this twelvefold family. I have made a few suggestions and given some spankings when spankings seemed due. In the case of the oldest boy I do recall an incident which now seems significant. That was when he was one year old. For ten nights running, his stubborn little individuality urged him to defy society at large by standing up in his crib at bedtime and howling his head off. For ten nights running, I sat beside his bed and knocked him down as often as he stood up. On the eleventh evening he suddenly saw the point, put his thumb in his mouth, and went smiling to sleep.

He is a nice lad now and does not seem to hold any hard feelings. Perhaps our mutual respect and esteem date from far back beyond his remembrance. And he landed his first job last summer and got away with it, if that means anything. I think it does.

BUILDING A SENTENCE

BY LORD DUNSANY

I

THERE will always be an interest taken in the technique of any art; and, so long as we do not try to make a mystery of it or exalt it above its humble place, that is as it should be. I mention its humble place by way of reminder; for there is a tendency nowadays, especially in dramatic critiques, to place technique above inspiration; and if this custom spreads we shall have the diamond cutters of Amsterdam valuing their tools more highly than the diamonds, with the result that, so long as they cut them in accordance with the rules of their craft, they will cease to care whether they cut diamond or glass, and then soon cease to know.

Having given this necessary warning, I will proceed to write about a technique myself, or rather a very humble branch of the technique of prose, the little matter of punctuation. Now, although technique is not a thing about which to prate mysteriously, as though it were itself the art, yet it is a thing that every worker must have ready to hand. The carpenter does not lend his tools to the gardener. But go through the little store of commas and semicolons, and here and there a colon, with which a writer of prose has to fashion his sentence, and you will find that several of his commas have been borrowed by the printer. They have been borrowed to decorate the shrines of certain sacred words, which no printer ever permits to be jostled by the propinquity of any common word, but rails them off upon either side with commas. How these words became sacred I do not know, and to inquire into the reason for the sacredness of any sacred thing is usually to get lost in the mists of the past. It is like holly and mistletoe in England, or cows in India: they merely are sacred, and you must leave it at that.

The most sacred words to printers are Perhaps, Of course, Too, Indeed, and Moreover. None of these words ever appears without its little shrine of commas, unless a full stop or colon chance to take the place of one of them. Most adverbs are also sacred, but not so sacred as the five great words I have mentioned. Now the ritual of the printer would be no more the concern of the writer than the Hindu's habit of decking his altars with marigolds, were it not for the fact that no sentence can have more than a certain number of commas. Three or four commas in a line become an eyesore, which means that the supply of them for each sentence is limited; so that when the printer takes a couple here and a couple there to decorate his sacred words, or protect them from vulgar contacts, he is borrowing from the author's little store. If the Hindu takes marigolds from my garden, then his ritual does concern me.

Here is a sentence of English prose punctuated as I would punctuate it:

'Moreover Jones, who, as indeed you probably know, is of course Welsh, is perhaps coming too, but unfortunately alone.' And that is about as many commas as, I think, the sentence will stand. But by the rules of the printers it would be printed thus: 'Moreover, Jones, who, as, indeed, you, probably, know, is, of course, Welsh, is, perhaps, coming, too, but, unfortunately, alone.'

II

Commas may also be likened to the timbers of a scaffolding from which to build a sentence; and, where anyone runs off with bits of it to put them to trivial uses, the building of the sentence must suffer.

The principal use of commas in this building seems to be, in my opinion, to mark off relative clauses, and clauses beginning with 'if' and 'though,' for which grammarians probably have a name, or indeed any clause that stands by itself; and the purpose of their use is clearness. For this reason I nearly always use commas in pairs. If two clauses, each contained by its pair of commas, come so close that only a word stands between them, that word will give to the eye, though not to the intellect, the appearance of being comma'd off; but the eye of the reader deserves a certain consideration, and this is an occasion in which the useful semicolon will often be found helpful. Here is the sort of sentence I mean: 'Smith, who lately arrived, and, though not so certainly, Robinson. . . .' The commas are there to surround those two clauses, but to the eye they appear to be designed to surround the word 'and.' It is a trifling matter, but the sentence looks better this way: 'Smith, who lately arrived; and, though not so certainly, Robinson. . . .'

Many will regard the semicolon as unnecessary here, and it is merely a matter of choice; but what cannot be doubted is that the semicolon is a great convenience, and most long sentences are the better for being divided by one at that point at which division is usually obvious; but, as many writers will mark it with only a comma, there is nothing to distinguish what may be called the watershed of the sentence from all the other little landmarks around it. The semicolon will be found to be particularly convenient if it be regarded as a kind of bigger and better comma. I know one newspaper in which you never saw semicolons at all, and I designed a little wreath of daisies, no larger than a dollar, to be laid on the grave of the last semicolon that had appeared in those columns; but I think my remark may have got round, for soon afterwards I saw semicolons once more, doing their useful work in that paper. Obviously the less one wastes one's commas as trimmings for words like 'indeed,' the less strain one has to put on one's semicolons.

For long I used to think that commas were wasted by being scattered amongst adjectives, wherever more than one adjective is used, but I did not like to go against what seemed universal custom; until one day I noticed that Swinburne, in his line,

> Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is,

uses not a single comma among all those adjectives. Then I saw that my opinion in this matter, instead of going against that of all other writers, had the support of one of the greatest of them, and I have never since wasted my commas where their use has always seemed to me to be unnecessary. I do not think any ambiguity can ever arise from not using commas there, though of course hyphens should be used in their proper places. People

who never use hyphens will think, when I write of 'a white thatched cottage,' that I mean that the thatch was white. Had I meant that, I should have written 'a white-thatched cottage.' And an odd thing that would be.

III

As regards the colon, I am inclined to accept what I take to be the general use of it; that is to say, when a self-supporting sentence, with a verb and noun of its own, has so close a connection with the sentence before it that they are separated by no full stop, then I think a colon is demanded. As for the invariable use of a colon before any remark in inverted commas, I see no objection to the custom: I think a comma does just as well, but it really does not matter; and, if I write commas and a printer prints colons, I leave them in the proofs just as he printed them. Sometimes he leaves some of my commas and puts in some of his colons: I leave them too, for the idol of consistency should not be overworshiped; and, where a thing does not matter, what is there to be consistent about? Lawrence of Arabia has expressed this view beautifully in a letter to his publisher which has been printed. He had given the English equivalent of certain Arabic words, but had several times spelt them differently. This had shocked his publisher, but Colonel Lawrence had stuck to his point. Now Colonel Lawrence was perfectly right. If there were an exact equivalent in English spelling of these Arabic words, he should have adhered to it; but spelling them differently each time shows us the truth that there is not an exact equivalent.

To return to colons and semicolons, there are men who have actually a hatred of one or the other. Either of these useful little things is an astonishing thing to detest, but the fact remains that people do detest them. There was once a publisher's reader who went right through a book of mine, taking out every single colon. By the time I had put them all back in the proofs I had little time or energy for other corrections; and the book suffers from that to this day. Obviously if you banish either one or the other from your sentences the structure of these sentences must be weakened, and still more so if the commas have been wasted in the manner that I have mentioned.

No suggestion that I have made about punctuation must be taken as being intended to be a rule that is binding for anyone, even myself. It is rather against the tyranny of rules that I am writing. For rules, that are such valuable guides to us, can be, when they are silly ones, more harmfully obstructive than any living man can be.

One other use the builder of a sentence can put punctuation to; and this is contrary to every rule: he can, in case of great necessity, use it to mark rhythm. I have used it this way myself, though I cannot remember where, in cases in which the mere sense would make it certain that the sentence would be read in a way that was devoid of all rhythm, and I have used a comma or semicolon so as to give the sentence a chance of being read rightly. Why rhythm should be as important as sense, or perhaps more so, I am unable to tell you, for these things lie too deep.

OUR IMPROMPTU DIPLOMACY

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CRITICISM of the foreign policy of the United States usually disregards the essential fact that the conduct of policy, from day to day, affects the relations between this and other countries as much as, if not even more than, the dramatized pronunciamentos of great statesmen and the publicized documentation of international conferences.

In the State Department offices in Washington, on the other side of the street from the White House, are assembled a number of bureaucrats who read messages and reports from all parts of the world and are required to formulate instant decisions to be cabled to ambassadors, ministers, and consuls, to commercial, naval, and military attachés, for more or less immediate action in some region outside the United States. These day-by-day decisions have the effect of precedents in the law court; they lay down a rule for conduct; and in time these precedents form a body which guides and often, but unfortunately not always, controls Secretaries of State and even Presidents in their conduct of policy.

These bureaucrats are now part of a permanent service which is continuous no matter how Presidents may change in the White House. Stanley Hornbeck, for instance, remains in the Far Eastern Division in the State Department no matter who may be Secretary of State or what may be his political complexion. Hardly known to the American people, perhaps even to members of Congress, this small, inadequately paid group of professionals constitutes as competent a staff for a foreign office as is to be found in England or France or Japan.

I

The difficulty is, however, that the State Department is not a foreign office. It is the office of the Secretary of State, who is not a responsible minister of government, but is in reality a secretary to the President, as are all our Cabinet officers. The President is not only the head of the government; he *is* the government. The result is that the conduct of our foreign policy is often taken out of the hands of the Secretary of State and is directly managed by the President. On occasion, Wilson and Hoover — and the same thing is now true of Roosevelt — set aside every precedent upon which our policy was based, and to which other countries had already accommodated their policies, because, functioning politically and without bureaucratic checks upon his personal volition and whim, the President commits himself and the country in situations which the trained diplomat would avoid altogether.

Unfortunately, the Secretary of State has no mandate from the American people. He is appointed to office by the President, and only the weight of his personal prestige or the President's confidence in him makes him of impor-

tance. John Hay, Elihu Root, and Charles E. Hughes were able to strengthen the significance and independence of the State Department because of their personal prestige, but Mr. Wilson never reposed any confidence in William Jennings Bryan and little in Robert Lansing. Mr. Roosevelt placed two of his closest personal friends, Raymond Moley and William C. Bullitt, in the department as subordinates to Cordell Hull, and for a time Mr. Moley was a more significant political personality than his chief. When the determination of policy moves across the street to the White House, the conduct of policy is likely to take on confusing aspects.

An excellent yet most unfortunate illustration of this confusion in conduct was the Hoover-Laval conversation on debts. The question continues to plague the relations between France and the United States as to what, exactly, Mr. Hoover did say to M. Laval and what they did agree upon. Conflicting versions undoubtedly accelerated French public opinion in support of France's repudiation of the last payment. Americans, on the other hand, insist that it made little difference what Mr. Hoover said to M. Laval, since debt cancellation is a question upon which Congress alone can pass final judgment.

Had Mr. Hoover not conversed privately with M. Laval, had the negotiations been handled orthodoxly by the bureaucrats of the State Department, this controversy might not have arisen to add venom to the estranged relations between the French and American peoples. For the bureaucrats would have seen to it that a record of the conversation was made. Had the representatives of the two countries reached a conclusion, each would have notified his own foreign office, and the cables on the subject, the inquiries and replies, together with some document such as an initialed memorandum or a protocol, would have constituted a record, duly numbered, filed, indexed, and available when needed.

Instead, there was only the recollection of two political officials — two men who knew they must stand before their constituencies for reëlection and who might or might not have had convenient memories, depending upon their integrity and the immediate requirements of political realism. In these days of wireless telephones and quick-wire cables and personal conversations, rigid bureaucracy has the advantage in the conduct of foreign policy, in that it impedes snap judgments and rapid-fire decisions when what is needed is slow and clear thinking in the interest, not of some immediate gain, but of the permanent improvement of our relations with other countries, while at the same time we preserve our rights and prestige.

It may be suggested that such an incident as the Hoover-Laval conversation might be avoided by a routine minuting of presidential conversations. That is easy in such a country as Japan, but not in the United States. It is a question of psychology. In Japan, for instance, if Mr. T. V. Soong were to visit the Premier, that official would probably discuss in advance with the Director of the Asiatic Division of the Japanese Foreign Office all questions pertinent to the visit. If it were suspected that a financial question would arise, a financial official would be called in. If the visit remained a mere formal, unproductive, social engagement, that would be noted in a minute circulated to interested parties. If, on the other hand, a transaction arose from the conversation, those directly charged with the particular business, as a permanent task, would be called in.

We do those things differently. Mr.

Soong goes to Hyde Park and talks to the President. If the President wants to do so, he speaks about it to whomsoever he chooses. The Secretary of State may or may not be informed; he may be called on the telephone immediately, or he may hear of it months later at a dinner party. He may learn of it from an assistant who is closer to the President than he is. He may hear of it incidentally from Mr. Jesse Jones of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation after a loan has been engineered. He may or may not pass it down the line to the bureaucrat in charge of the particular issues raised during the visit. That official may first hear of it when a dispatch comes from China concerning it. Or the President may send a memorandum to the State Department. It is up to him to do as he wishes.

I have been steadily inquiring, without any other motive than to gather data for this article, whether, while China was negotiating the $50,000,000 credit for wheat and cotton, the officials of the State Department, the Department of Agriculture, and the Department of Commerce, who from day to day deal with all the policies and decisions involved in such a credit, were consulted by the officials of the R. F. C. So far as I can learn, there was no consultation in advance, and — although it would be difficult to prove this without access to all documents in all departments — there was no enthusiasm for the proposition among those whose opinions should have been given due weight before it was accepted.

I mention this one example because I happen to have familiarized myself with its details, but similar incidents could be related without end if government records were available to prove the point. It is not important whether the case cited is beneficial or harmful to the United States; the procedure is confusing, and leads to errors in judgment and conduct which are not easily rectified. And Mr. Roosevelt is not the first President to act on his own in international relations, without recourse to the State Department. It will some day be interesting to compare European archives with our own to see how often Mr. Wilson kept his Secretary of State in the dark.

II

According to the theory of our government, the President is quite within his rights. He is the executive authority. He alone is responsible to the people for the administration of the government. The Secretary of State is his representative rather than the nation's. Thus, at London, Professor Moley conducted conversations, sent cables to the President, even reached a conclusion with regard to stabilization of currency, — *ad referendum*, be it noted, — independently not only of the Secretary of State, but of the entire American delegation to the conference. The fact that Professor Moley represented the President justified his conduct despite the actual presence of Mr. Hull in London.

In the old days only the State Department was interested in foreign affairs. Since the war, however, many governmental agencies have specific duties and interests in this field, and at times their purposes are at variance with policy as formally adhered to by the State Department. During the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover administrations, the Department of Commerce went far afield in the promotion of our foreign trade. Often officials of this department in the field found that the policy of the State Department interfered with trade promotion. They would appeal directly to Mr. Hoover, who while Secretary of Commerce, and

later as President, supported trade promotion against the State Department's duty of protecting rights, interests, and obligations. Recently, however, an agreement has been reached between the State and Commerce Departments determining the functions of each in the foreign field, precedence going to the State Department.

The R. F. C. to-day negotiates with China and Soviet Russia, and perhaps with other countries, to lend money to buy American goods without regard to the effect that such loans may have on national policy. The President now enjoys the right to organize a Foreign Bondholders Corporation which shall be charged with the task of negotiating for the amortization of foreign bonds held in this country. This corporation is to be appointed by the Federal Trade Commission and is to be subject to review only by Congress. It is true that neither the Corporation nor any of its subordinate bodies may represent itself as a 'government agency' in its negotiations with foreign governments, but what assurance can there be that foreign governments will not regard it as such? The State Department, which declines to become a collection agency, fearful undoubtedly of being accused of pursuing a dollar diplomacy, holds itself out of this picture, but it is impossible to believe that negotiations with South American and European governments for the settlement even of private debts can be conducted by a body proclaimed by the President without somehow affecting the general foreign policy of this country.

Mr. Roosevelt, before he was inaugurated, held with regard to debts that 'the most convenient and effective contacts can be made through existing agencies and constituted channels of diplomatic intercourse.' Those agencies are in the State Department — in the staff of specialists permanently stationed there and in the ambassadors and ministers in the field. To assist them are the experts attached to other governmental offices, also permanently employed bureaucrats. Yet at the London Conference, for instance, one noted the absence of some of the most able of these professionals and the presence of outsiders. If the government pays for the services of these men, why not utilize them on all occasions, as the British, French, and other governments do? The answer is that since Woodrow Wilson's failure at Versailles it has become necessary to placate Congress, members of which serve on delegations in the hope that they will be able to swing their colleagues in support of any agreement which may be reached. The members of Congress take along their own secretaries, experts, and advisers, who may or may not know what it is all about.

For instance, the Department of Commerce has a bureau which specializes in such an item as silver. This bureau employs Herbert M. Bratter, whose pamphlets on the subject, published by the government, are accepted as authoritative by those who are unselfishly interested in the subject. These publications are constantly being quoted as the final word. Mr. Bratter was not sent to London as the silver expert of the American delegation, nor was his opposite number in the State Department, Mr. Stuart Fuller, there for that purpose. Yet silver was an important item at the conference — one of the most important.

The conduct of foreign policy, to be effective, must be centralized and expert. There are those who suggest that we ought to stay away from conferences, and that we ought to avoid negotiations with European nations because they tend to outsmart our representatives. This sense of inferiority

is amusing when one considers that in all else we assume generally that we are more competent than anyone else. Actually, our difficulty lies in a general unwillingness to trust negotiations and the general conduct of policy to the bureaucratic experts who understand the business.

When Woodrow Wilson employed Colonel House's experts rather than the men in his own State Department to assist him at Paris, he set an example which other Presidents have followed on occasion. It is impossible in this country for the bureaucrat to rise to the highest offices in his own department. The most pleasant and interesting ambassadorial and ministerial jobs go to political appointees; membership on significant commissions goes to outsiders; the principal assistant secretaryships in the department itself go to outsiders. The principals of the American delegation to the London Conference, consisting of six men, included not a single name which had been associated with the conduct of our foreign policy before the inauguration of President Roosevelt. The executive officer had not been in the State Department prior to March 4, although he had served a short term in the Wilson administration. Perhaps the ubiquity of outsiders explains why our delegation differs from nearly all others in that no explanation appears in the official lists to show exactly what office in the government the various persons hold.

In the matter of the organization of the State Department, the fact that men do not rise to the top in it because the highest places are most often filled by outsiders naturally serves to discourage those who make a career of the conduct of our foreign policy. Furthermore, it is an expensive business to put untrained men into positions which require the most expert knowledge not only of foreign relations but of the technique of international intercourse. Although Professor Moley has resigned from an Assistant Secretaryship to go into journalism, it is interesting to consider what happened to the State Department when he and Mr. Bullitt were appointed to it by the President. I estimate that between $40,000 and $50,000 was taken from the slender budget of the State Department to make room for them and their staff. This was done in a year when every man in the department took a 15 per cent pay cut and when more than fifty men were let out of foreign service for the sake of economy.

In the instance of Professor Moley, it was undoubtedly the President's intention to use an Assistant Secretaryship as a peg, but Moley brought with him a staff who had to receive State Department appointments if their salaries were to be paid. To make room for them, several career men had to be let out of the department. Fortunately, this whole venture came to grief, but the process of utilizing the department's budget for political appointments continues to check the rise of the permanent staff. In a word, the men who keep the wheels of international relations greased and smooth and running find themselves blocked for promotion by political appointments to the Assistant Secretaryships.

The President is wholly within his rights in this matter of appointing politicians or the friends of politicians to be Assistant Secretary and Assistant to the Secretary. It takes a very strong Secretary to tell a very weak President that he will not have a nonpolitical, technical department loaded down with political individuals of doubtful merit. Rather does a Secretary wait for these folk to make fools of themselves, to learn that there is more labor than fame in the conduct of foreign policy

and that the newspapers find 'jumping' State Department officials legitimate sport. In time, most of the non-career men resign from ennui, or there is a political change and they go away. The cost of their presence is often reflected in the inability of the department to hold on to a career man, who, anticipating promotion in due course and not getting it because there is no room at the top, looks for some job that will pay for the education of his children.

III

The personnel of the State Department divides itself into officers in the foreign service and those who are permanently stationed in Washington. A more satisfactory distinction would be between career men and political appointees. There has, in recent years, been a constant increase in the utilization of career officers in the higher places, but it must be remembered that the increase is the more apparent because it is not many years since politicians regarded the State Department as free ground for their exploitation.

In the field, a list compiled during September showed that of fifty-five ambassadors and ministers thirty were career men, while only twenty-five were political appointees. Both Hoover and Roosevelt have recognized the value of the career man in actual transactions, but the 'plums,' nevertheless, still go to the politicians. The ambassadorial posts in Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and Sweden have been given to politicians for no good reason one can discover except that it has always been so.

To prevent political appointees from getting America into difficulties, an unusually competent counselor is stationed at the more important centres; the counselor really is in charge of the embassy. It makes very little difference, except socially, who the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's happens to be as long as Ray Atherton is the Counselor of the Embassy, but such a foreign service officer should be rising in rank, as he would in England or France or Japan, gaining a legation or an embassy in his own right. The twenty-five political appointees clog the wheels of promotion.

Furthermore, we have a system of losing good men after they have reached a legation because the higher offices are really within the province of presidential appointments and therefore are not promotions within the department. For instance, the present Undersecretary, William Phillips, retired from service in 1929; Sumner Welles, who won acclaim for the first phase of his handling of the Cuban situation, retired in 1922; John V. A. MacMurray, formerly our Minister to China and now to Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, retired in 1929. Whatever may be the public explanation for the retirement of competent foreign service officers, when one gets a close-up of the situation it is discovered that there is no work for them to do; no further promotions are possible after they have reached a certain station.

In other countries, service is continuous in the higher ranks until the age of retirement is reached. Often men have to be placed on reserve lists to await appointment to an actual post, but even while they are thus inactive they are consulted when questions arise with regard to which they have had special experience. This continuity of service is of particular importance for the very obvious reason that experience is not to be purchased, but is achieved by actual travail in a particular field. Under our system, experience is often neglected in the interest of political expediency.

For instance, when Mr. MacMurray retired from his post at Peking, he went to Johns Hopkins University and for several years was unavailable for government service. His British contemporary, Sir Miles Lampson, however, remained at his post in China, from which he is now retiring to become High Commissioner in Egypt. All of Mr. MacMurray's Japanese and French contemporaries are still in service, one of the Japanese, Mr. Shigemitsu, being the present Vice Minister for Foreign Affairs in Tokyo. Mr. MacMurray's return to the service of his government, like that of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Welles, is incidental to Mr. Roosevelt's election and is not a matter of service routine. Had the incoming President been another, it is quite likely that these gentlemen of exceptional gifts would still be unavailable in the field which can best absorb their talents and experience.

IV

Although the average American understands the value of experience and training and seniority in the army and navy, he assumes too often that the foreign service involves only the ability to drink tea and to wear striped trousers. But the foreign service involves more than the filing of dispatches and the presentation of notes. To it belongs, above all, the duty of representation. In time of peace it is the medium for friendly social intercourse, concerning itself with the amenities of foreign relationships. The foreign service officer has to have a knowledge of the routine of his own office and of all foreign offices as well; he must know the 'book of etiquette' of every country; he should have a working acquaintance with some language other than his own; his personal, social conduct should be such that he has direct access to the individuals whose decisions affect the course of international relationships.

Those gentle young men, carefully groomed, soft spoken, who accompanied Secretary Hull to London, — assisted by Ray Atherton, who seems always to be there, — did more to soften the force of President Roosevelt's message, which the British felt had torpedoed the conference, than all the other members of the commission combined. They know how to pour oil on troubled waters, even if they do not know how to get themselves elected to a state assembly.

Representation is a specialized talent. The ability to avoid irritants, to say strong things gently so that no personal antagonism arises from the conversation, the gift of being friendly without becoming familiar, the man-of-the-world air which acclimates a person in any group, the capacity to listen and to remember — few political water carriers enjoy these gifts. One need only travel across the Atlantic and the Pacific with career and non-career men to realize the really tremendous difference between them. On one such trip I listened to an argument between two Americans concerning a non-career man. A New York business man insisted that the gentleman in question was smart and would show the Europeans where they got off. A woman from California, however, made the very interesting point that we had no desire to show the Europeans where they got off — what we wanted to know was how we could all get on together.

And that is the crux of representation — to get on with the other fellows; to know how, and to be so constituted by temperament and training that it is possible to do it. Europeans and Asiatics never send representatives to Washington who cannot get on with Americans. They are most careful to

know our likes and dislikes, our characteristics, so that their representation will not be a failure. The story is told of a Japanese special envoy, who came to this country for a short time, that on going out to dinner on his first evening here he put on a hunting cap. His colleagues advised him to change to an opera hat. He had purchased the hunting cap because that was the fashion here some twenty years ago. He wanted to be just right.

The details of conduct are often laughed at by Americans who do not fulfill the adage, 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' In London some of the representatives declined to wear evening clothes because they did not like to change. It is difficult for Americans to understand the effect that clothes have upon politics; yet we should not like to see an admiral in shorts or General Pershing at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in a golf suit.

Quite apart from the duty of representation is the need for accurate and continuously current knowledge of international politics. A butcher might be sent to Poland or an insurance agent to Austria on the assumption that anyone will do in those small countries, yet upon Poland and Austria to-day hinges the fate of Europe. The future of Germany will be determined in Poland and Austria, and upon the course of the next year of German history depends the peace of Europe. For, if there is soon to be another European war, the struggle between Germany and Austria and Germany and Poland will be the beginning of it. And we do not desire a war in Europe because it may completely upset our own recovery programme.

I cite this, not to get off the subject of this paper, but to indicate how important it is to have even in small posts men who know, men who devote their lives to the single task of keeping themselves informed with regard to world economics and politics. There are a few outsiders like Henry Morgenthau who are always gazing at the picture, but the politician projected into diplomacy is often at a loss to understand what it is all about. His secretaries have to watch his every step to keep him out of mischief, and his counselor does all the work. Why not give the counselor the job in the first place?

V

By various acts of Congress and by executive orders the foreign service has been improved so that even minor consular officers in Central America no longer resemble O. Henry characters. But whereas the army and navy are organized on a wholly nonpolitical basis, many changes have still to be made to free the State Department from the cancer of party politics.

In the *Register of the State Department* appear two short paragraphs which are highly significant: —

> The President is charged under the Constitution with the responsibility of conducting the foreign relations of the United States.
>
> The Secretary of State is his adviser in such matters and acts as the agent through whom he issues his instructions to the Foreign Service which forms the field force through which the necessary contacts with foreign governments are established and maintained.

It becomes perfectly obvious from these excerpts that continuity of purpose and personnel is inherently difficult, since it is possible for the President to change everything at a moment's notice. Yet, whatever improvements are made must be within the structure of the American Constitution. It is not impossible to envisage an organization of the State Department which will eliminate the dangers of

whimsical activities on the part of the President, which will make available for continuous employment experienced and talented men, and at the same time reduce to a minimum the use of foreign representation for political preferment. Some steps can be taken by executive order, and it is likely that routines once inaugurated will become, by habit and precedent, permanent. Other matters will require the attention of Congress. A few constructive suggestions in this connection may be worth noting: —

1. The foreign relations of the United States, of whatever nature, should be concentrated in the State Department. When questions are raised which are the proper concern of other departments of the government, the officers of the other departments should act as advisers to the State Department, which alone should be charged with the task of negotiation. For instance, if the R. F. C. wants to lend money to a foreign country, or to an American banking group to be loaned to a foreign country, the R. F. C. should function through the State Department and not independently of it.

The President should voluntarily forgo his undoubted right to treat with foreign representatives directly. If, however, it is expedient for him to discuss questions directly with a head of a state, as Mr. Hoover did with Mr. MacDonald at Rapidan, the entire situation should, in advance, be considered by the experts of the State Department, who should, if at all possible, be present. For instance, it cannot be forgotten that Professor Moley and Mr. James Warburg, who had had no previous experience in international negotiations, were constantly called in when Mr. Roosevelt was discussing the agenda of the London Conference with cabinet officers of European and Asiatic countries. The names of experienced officers of the State Department do not appear in the published lists of those who were present at the White House meetings. Similar incidents, as has already been pointed out, occurred during Mr. Hoover's administration; these occurrences are not cited, therefore, in particular criticism of Mr. Roosevelt.

A protocol of such conversations should be made, for under our system the Presidents change comparatively often, but their work goes on. A yes or a no may become important after the President leaves office or even after he is dead. The lack of a record may plague the relations between two countries for many years to come. It is not too much to ask that a stenographer be called in to take down immediately the President's recollection of the conversation. The French are adepts at keeping dossiers, and to them the dossier is always right. The record of a conversation is likely to be more accurate than any man's memory five or ten years hence, or than hearsay and rumor, which are so often factors in these affairs when they are loosely managed.

2. Under our system, it is obvious that the Secretary of State is bound to be a political appointee, a member of the President's political party. It is also understandable that one assistant secretary might be of the same political party, to assist the President and the Secretary of State in the handling of Congress. Beyond that, all the administrative officers of the State Department should be career men, officers who have grown up in the work, who have been in the field and have seen service in Washington, and who know what makes the wheels go round in international intercourse.

In addition to ensuring a more efficient personnel, this provision would open positions into which a larger

number of career men could advance. It would make it more possible to continue capable men in service after they had ceased to be active in actual representation. It would eliminate to a very large extent the confusion which attended our representation at such a body as the London Conference.

3. The senior foreign service officer in a country should unqualifiedly be the senior American official there. I have witnessed quarrels between admirals, generals, judges of extraterritorial courts, consul-generals, as to who took precedence. President Coolidge, I believe, once issued an executive order on the subject because one such quarrel proved embarrassing not only to the Americans in a certain country, but to everybody else there.

Since representation is the business of the State Department, no other official of the government should be able to claim precedence or even the right to express an opinion independently of the foreign service official. This rule should be strictly adhered to. During the past sixteen years I have often witnessed instances of the chaotic conduct of policy when American officials abroad disagreed.

4. All posts of representation should be closed to other than career men except, possibly, a few very ornamental ones like the ambassadorships in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome. Even those posts should not be available for political preferment; but it sometimes does occur that for some special reason it is advisable to send a particular person to a foreign capital, as, for instance, when the British sent Lord Reading to Washington. Surely no South American or Asiatic posts, where immediate action may be necessary, should be open to other than career men.

It must be noted that most career men now start in the Foreign Service School in Washington, that many attend special language schools, and that all, by the time they reach high posts, have had a wide experience in the consular and diplomatic service. In this field specialized training is as essential to efficient service as it is in the army or navy. No person without such experience ought to be appointed to direct men who have had this training. No organization can be effectively managed if the top man is not himself familiar with the work to be done. Surely it is no advantage to the United States, even if it does add plums to political parties, to have manufacturers and merchants and retired publicists represent this country abroad.

Such improvements in the service as those suggested here would make it possible for the United States to be represented as competently as is any country. For better or for worse, our foreign relations grow more important each year. They grow more complicated. They enter into more fields of national and international economic and political life. The time has come to treat the service which handles them as seriously as the army and navy are treated. In some respects our representation abroad is even more important than the army and navy, for it functions all the time, in war and in peace, and if it functions successfully we may stay out of war and enjoy a more prosperous peace. The time has come to end the practice of regarding the State Department as an adjunct of political patronage.

TWIG OF THE FAMILY TREE

BY JAMES R. HAWORTH

I

SQUIRE 'Lisha Wheelwright came into the Big Sandy Valley up from Rockingham County in Old Virginia along about 1820, when he was a flop-eared boy, and he was king of that valley from the time he built his first cabin at the forks of Crum Creek until he died on the same spot at the grand old age of ninety-six.

In that three quarters of a century he had one wife and fourteen sons, he participated in an uncounted number of fist fights, he led the Wheelwright family to unchallenged victory through three major feuds and innumerable minor ones, he followed Morgan's cavalry through the Civil War, never took the Oath of Allegiance to the Union, and lived and died an Unreconstructed Rebel and an Uncompromising Democrat.

He was a hard man, and proud of the Wheelwright name. He was proud of his fourteen hard-fighting, hard-cussing boys, too. But there were two soft spots under his hard hide: he loved little children, and he never got over being mad at his wife for not producing a daughter.

You would n't think so to look at it now, what with the railroads and the coal mines and the one-horse towns cluttering up the landscape, but in the old days this valley was beautiful all the way from the mouth of the Big Sandy, at the Ohio River, up past the junction of Tug and Levisa forks, and on into Mingo County, on both the West Virginia and Kentucky sides. The first settlers came up from Virginia after the French and Indian War. They were good stock, even if they were powerful irregular in some of their habits. They were independent, and sometimes they were mighty quarrelsome. The strongest and the smartest survived. The others died off tolerable young. The thriftiest and the most enterprising ones got considerable tracts of land together, for this part of the country, and their sons and daughters lived well. Squire 'Lisha Wheelwright had a plantation of about fifteen hundred acres of good river bottom and hillside. He raised enough truck for his own needs and more, and he had cattle and sheep. He lived like a baron, which he really was, without the title.

He was n't any more a magistrate than I am, but everybody called him 'Squire 'Lisha' to keep him separated from the dozen or more other 'Lisha Wheelwrights in the valley. He lived in a pretty fine house later in life, with porches upstairs and down, and was accounted rich for those times and that place. Before the Civil War he had half a dozen slaves, and the slaves and the boys raised sheep and horses and crops, while the womenfolks spun and wove and kept things comfortable around the house. The only money that ever came into that part of the

country was for sorghum, hoop poles, logs, beeswax, and that kind of truck, which was shipped to Cincinnati on flatboats. There was a good deal of ginseng dug, too. The ginseng diggers constituted mostly the rough element of the community. Nobody had any money, much. They did n't need any.

Squire 'Lisha could get madder, and get mad faster, than anybody I ever heard of, and most of his descendants are that way, too. Hot-tempered. He would get mad at his wife sometimes, and threaten to chew her ears off, and if one of the boys would take up for his maw, he would threaten to whip the boy; but if anybody outside the family got into the argument, it was 'Katy-Bar-the-Door' for that misguided man. The whole Wheelwright connection would swarm down on him with Squire 'Lisha at its head.

He named all of his boys Bible names, and the same custom persists in the Wheelwright family to this day. The Wheelwrights were a regular clan, by instinct. They were all ready to fight at the drop of the hat for the family name. You know how it is in any remote country. The people stick together by families against other families; and the families on this creek stick together against the families on that creek; and the families on this side of the river stick together against the families on that side of the river. Just before, and during, and long after the Civil War, it was Republicans sticking together against Democrats, or Secessionists sticking together against Anti-Secessionists, and seeking to assassinate each other on election days. That is what raised up most of the feuds in this country — election-day fights.

Yes, Wayne County is clannish even now. In those days it was more clannish than all get out.

II

They tell a lot of stories about Squire 'Lisha, and how he would stick up for the Wheelwrights against the world and the Devil. They tell that one time he was passing by Uncle Sammy Marchant's house, and he saw a little feist dog clawing around in the road, so he gave the feist dog a little kick — offhand, so to speak. So Uncle Sammy, he came rushing out of his cabin with his rifle in his hand and he sung out, 'Leave that-there dog be!'

'Is he yore dog?' said 'Lisha.

'He is, and you leave him be,' Uncle Sammy yelled, and his beard was just a-quivering.

'If it'll make you mad,' responded 'Lisha, 'I'll kick him again.'

So they got to controverting and quarreling about the feist dog, and it came out in the argument that the little dog was sired by one of Runny Joe Scarberry's dogs out of one of Uncle Sammy's hound bitches, and Runny Joe, he was a third cousin, once removed, of Squire 'Lisha's. Well, when Squire 'Lisha, they tell on him, came to find out that Uncle Sammy's dog was a blood relation to a Wheelwright dog, as you might say, the old Squire, he dropped his temperature right off and apologized.

'I did n't aim to hurt yore dog none,' he said.

So then Uncle Sammy, he invited him into the cabin, and they both got drunk on Uncle Sammy's corn whiskey.

Anyhow, that's what they tell.

III

In the main, with all his quarrelsome qualities, Squire 'Lisha was good-hearted, and progressive. Right now you would call him a useful citizen. He took good care of his people, right up to the end of his life, and he

provided for all of his children in his will, without advantage to nobody. He got all of his sisters married off well, and he scared their husbands into treating them right.

But that one thing about not ever having a daughter bothered him all along. After the first five boys were born he kept hoping the next baby would be a daughter. And he would cuss and bullyrag around when they kept on coming sons. The old Squire was rough, and at first he was pleased and proud over having so many boys. But he got tired of so much unmitigated roughness around the place. He yearned for a little girl baby — somebody who would n't be cussing and chewing tobacco and drinking corn liquor and fighting all the time.

He finally got a daughter, but his manner of getting her was powerful irregular, although in keeping with Squire 'Lisha's character exactly.

He was going by the Johnson place one day, way over in Indian district, on a horse deal. Phan Johnson lived in a dirty little log hut on a scraggly patch of hill land, two ridges over from the Wheelwright place. Just like everybody else, Phan had a whole yardful of children and dogs. At night he had to stack the children up in the kitchen and in the attic and out in the smokehouse and everywhere.

Phan was out in front of his cabin when 'Lisha rode along, and he hollered 'Howdy' to 'Lisha, and 'Lisha paused by the place to pass the time of day. They swapped a few words, and 'Lisha told Phan the news of the valley, just as pleasant as you could wish for. 'Lisha was just about to tell his horse to 'giddup' when one of Phan's least little girls came running out from under the cabin where she had been playing in the dirt, but nevertheless mighty pretty, as 'Lisha could see in a glance.

It hit 'Lisha all of a sudden that it was n't right for him, a Wheelwright, not to have a little girl baby playing around, when such a low-down scamp as Phan Johnson could have such a pretty one as this little tike. It hit him all of a sudden, too, that the little one ought to have a better raising than she was getting, along with Phan's hound dogs, and his heart swelled up fit to bust with a quick sweep of affection for the little girl.

He said, as casual as his emotions would let him: 'That shore is a pretty young 'un of yourn.' His heart was warm, but his eyes were looking cold.

'Yessir,' said Phan, all tickled, and not noticing how cold 'Lisha's eyes looked, 'she is a pretty piece, and that's a fact.'

Phan was dirty and low-down, and poorer than Job's turkey, and a ginseng digger, and as ignorant as a hog, but he liked his children, just the same as anybody else. He was all the time moaning about not being able to do better by them.

'I've raised a parcel of children,' 'Lisha went on, 'but that young 'un,' he said, 'is prettier than all get out.'

'She's right pretty,' replied Phan. 'Her name's Trudy.'

'I'm gettin' a little on in years, myself,' 'Lisha said then, 'and I ain't got no children but boys. Maybe you would let me have little Trudy to raise.'

'Not as *I* know of!' Phan hollered.

Just like 'Lisha always did, he blew up worse than a keg of powder, and quicker. 'This here ain't no fitten place to raise a pretty child like that 'un,' he barked. 'And you ain't no fitten man to raise none, neither!'

'Who says I ain't?' Phan yelled. 'And maybe I can run you offen my place!'

Trouble was a-popping then, and there was n't any way to head it off.

'Lisha's eyes got colder. 'This-here place,' he said, 'is just the same as a hogpen,' he said. 'It ain't no fitten place for any young 'un. You look like a hog yoreself, and so does that lean woman o' yourn,' he said. 'I guess I'm just about going to take that babby home with me,' he said, 'whether or no,' he said, 'and keep her.'

'Git offen my land!' Phan yelled, and his beard was a-waving in the wind. 'Git offen my place, before I knock yore head off with this-here pole!'

Phan was a brave man, all right. 'Lisha Wheelwright had a reputation.

Well, the way those two got to jawing back and forth at each other was a sight. They cussed and hollered, and Phan ran into his cabin to get his rifle out. Old 'Lisha, they tell, he drew a bead on Phan as he was running into the cabin, but his conscience, or something, got the best of him and he let his rifle down. They tell that 'Lisha in his prime could shoot a sparrow through the eye with a rifle, from the hip.

Pretty soon here came Phan running out of the cabin with his rifle in his hand, and he ordered 'Lisha off the place again. 'Lisha was proud, and he never let anybody run him off of anything, so he stood his ground as cool as the next one.

The upshot was that they got to jawing and cussing again, and finally Phan, he called 'Lisha a hard name which reflected some on the Wheelwright family honor, so 'Lisha took a swipe at Phan with the butt of his rifle and knocked him as cold as four o'clock.

About that time little Trudy, who was the innocent cause of the fracas, she went scampering back into the cabin and 'Lisha must have figured he was going to get into a racket with the whole Johnson connection then and there, including the womenfolks, so he let his judgment get the upper hand of his temper, and he rode on home.

IV

When he got there, Aunt Molly — that's 'Lisha's wife and the mother of his fourteen sons — she saw right away he was moody, so she let him be. So 'Lisha, he got down the jug, and he started in drinking and drinking.

Pretty soon he muttered: 'Molly, them Johnsons is a low-down lot.'

So Aunt Molly, who had lived with him something like thirty-five years, she agreed with him that time and all the rest of the time, even if she did n't know what he was talking about. The more 'Lisha drank the sourer he got and the more he talked. So finally he up and told Aunt Molly the whole story about little Trudy, with all the trimmings.

After a while he rose up with fire in his eye, and he said: 'I'm a-going to get that babby,' he said. 'That babby is being raised like a shoat,' he said, 'in a hogpen,' he said, 'and I'm a-going to get her and bring her in here and give her a good raising if I have to kill every Johnson in this-here county,' he said.

And when he said that, Aunt Molly knew that trouble had started up again. She pleaded with him, and she tried to get the jug out of his hand, but 'Lisha, he started in to jawing at her about not producing a daughter for him, so she knew it was n't any use arguing any more.

The Johnson place was a good twelve miles over the hills, and here it was afternoon already. Aunt Molly had visions of 'Lisha riding up to Phan Johnson's cabin in the twilight and getting a load of buckshot under his ribs before he could raise a hand. She knew that would start up another

ten-year feud, and she was sick of feuds and fighting. She figured Phan Johnson would have come to, and would have barricaded his cabin against 'Lisha's return, and would have his rifle sticking out of a crack in the window waiting for him. Because in that place and in those times people served notice of trouble only once. Aunt Molly had had a lot of experience in what you might call frontier living.

She told 'Lisha all that, but he kept on getting stubborner and stubborner, and finally he set down his jug, took up his rifle and ammunition, and let go on horseback for Phan Johnson's cabin.

V

Aunt Molly, she sat down to try to figure out what to do.

She thought she would get some of the boys to ride after 'Lisha, and maybe knock him in the head and drag him back home before he got himself killed. But sending 'Lisha's boys to keep 'Lisha from getting into a fight was just like pouring kerosene oil on a fire to put it out, and Aunt Molly knew that better than anybody else.

She mighty near started out after 'Lisha herself, but she knew that would n't do a particle of good, and then she looked over the least children that was left around the house still to be raised up, and she shook her head sadly and decided to leave everything to the Lord, as she generally did when she was in a tight pinch.

She sat by the window and rocked back and forth in her old hickory chair and read her Bible awhile, and pretty soon it got time to get supper together, so she did that, and every once in a while she would wipe her eyes on a corner of her dress.

There were n't but about four of the children living at the home place then, so they had supper all together, and there was a place set for 'Lisha, but he did n't come. Along came sundown, and then dark, and bedtime, and Aunt Molly, she sat by the window, aiming to read in her Bible awhile, but most of the time looking out into the dark.

It was a long time she was sitting there alone, and finally she could n't stand it any longer, so she just busted into crying out loud, and she was n't ashamed of it. She turned her old, wrinkled, wet face up to Heaven, and she said: 'O God A'mighty,' she said, 'let thy lovin' hand guide my man in thy paths,' she said, 'and don't harrer up this old soul at the last day,' she said, 'because me and 'Lisha both ain't long for this world anyway,' she said, 'and we aim to end our days in peace,' she said, 'and in thy sight,' she said, 'Amen.'

So that made her feel some better, and she sat in the window, rocking back and forth and back and forth, and the dark gathered thicker, and 'Lisha was n't anywhere to be seen.

Pretty soon she began sobbing and talking to herself, like a singsong, low and moaning like.

'Many's the man,' she moaned to herself, 'many's the man been shot down in these mountains,' she said. 'Many's the man's been killed. Oh, 'Lisha,' she said, ''Lisha, 'Lisha, we been living together many's the year, and now,' she said, 'you're dead and gone from me,' she said. 'You're laying on the hard ground,' she said, 'and Phan Johnson's a murderer,' she said. 'God a mercy on them, and me, a widder.'

She heard something snap out in the yard, and she jumped up like she was shot, and ran to the door, but it was n't anything. So she came back and began to rock back and forth and back and forth, moaning to herself.

There was n't any such thing as a

clock on the place in those days, but it must have been getting on toward nine in the night when she heard something, sure enough, in the yard, and it sounded like it might be a man walking.

She grabbed herself a poker out of the fireplace and went swarming out into the yard. And I be dogged if it was n't 'Lisha come home, leading the pretty little Johnson girl by the hand! He already had his horse put up and fed, so quietly Aunt Molly had n't heard him till he was practically at the house.

'This here's a fine time to be gittin' home for supper!' Aunt Molly sung out, scrouging back her tears and trying her best to talk snappish.

'I don't want none,' 'Lisha answered. 'I had mine.'

He came stomping into the house and hung his hat on a nail behind the door.

'This here's Trudy Johnson,' he said to Aunt Molly, just as casual as the next one. 'Only,' he said, 'she's Trudy Wheelwright now,' he said, 'and I aim to raise her like a Wheelwright,' he said. 'Trudy,' he said, 'this here's yore new maw, like I told you about,' he said.

Little Trudy, she grinned and stood on one foot, and 'Lisha was grinning by that time, too, like a Chessy cat.

That aggravated Aunt Molly to death, and she could n't hold in any longer. ''Lisha,' she demanded, 'what happened?' Her voice shook some. 'Did you do murder, 'Lisha Wheelwright?' Old 'Lisha had a famous laugh, like a roaring jackass. He cut loose with it.

VI

Well, they turned their attention to getting the baby Trudy to bed, and Aunt Molly, she tucked her in, clucking like an old hen.

'This here's the softest, cleanest bed this baby ever had to lay in,' she cooed, like a pigeon.

'Lisha looked on, like Trudy was his first-born.

'Was you worried?' he asked Aunt Molly.

''Lisha,' responded Aunt Molly, looking up at him from her tucking and clucking and cooing, 'I'll not keep it from you. I was that worried I could n't hardly sleep,' she said. 'What happened?' she said.

'Well, sir,' answered 'Lisha, 'Phan Johnson give me that child,' he said. 'He p'intedly did give me her.'

'No!'

'He did. He insisted upon it.'

'Land alive!'

'I told him, I said, "No, Phan, I won't take yore babby from you," I said. But he would n't have it that-a-way. He give me her.'

''Lisha!'

'He insisted upon it. He did so.'

'Don't you keep me in this-here suspense no longer, 'Lisha Wheelwright! What happened?'

'And he made me stay for supper,' 'Lisha went on, aggravating Aunt Molly and not seeming to pay any attention to her. 'With the whole Johnson family,' he said, 'and I aim to do something by them,' he said.

'Don't you dast trifle with me no more,' Aunt Molly sung out, brisk and snappy. 'You know well Phan Johnson would n't give up one of his own offsprings without no cause. And you went up there drinking and looking for a fight, 'Lisha Wheelwright!'

'I was n't drunk, and I was n't looking for no fight,' 'Lisha argued. 'The way it was,' he said (and Aunt Molly was staring at him, out of breath, and ejaculating 'Well, I never did!' and 'For the land sakes!' every two seconds), 'the way it was,' he said, 'I rode right up to Phan Johnson's

place, and I said, "Phan Johnson," I said, "I come for that babby," I said. So Phan, he run toward the cabin, and I said, "Stop in yore tracks, Phan Johnson," I said, so he knew better than not stop, so he did stop, because I had a bead drawed on him.

'There was n't nobody around, so I asked him where the babby Trudy was at, and he would n't say. So I made him git down on his knees, and then he started to begging.

'The upshot was that he would n't tell me what he done with the babby, and I could n't git it out of him by shooting him down, so we got to arguing about it, and all of a sudden he mentioned that he is proud of his family, or something like that, same as I am, and I got to laughing so I thought I'd die. The idea of a low-down Johnson being proud of his family, and him talking to a Wheelwright!

'So he got mad at me laughing at him, and he said, "I'm as good as you are, and so are my people," he said. So I had to laugh, it was that funny, him telling me a Johnson was as good as a Wheelwright. So pretty soon he said, "I got a call to be proud," he said. "I got Injun blood in my veins, too," he said.

'So I asked him who was his maw, and he said she was a Hurst.

'You could have knocked me down!

'I asked him was his maw from the Calfpasture Creek country in the Shenandoah Valley, and he said she was. So I asked him was his maw Pocahontas Hurst, and he said she was.'

'Ain't that the beatin'est!' Aunt Molly cut in.

'Ain't it, though!' said 'Lisha. 'It turned out that Phan Johnson's descended from a Wheelwright on his maw's side. Dog if he ain't! And I never knew it before that minute! His grandmaw was a Injun gal from around New Market. My grandpaw's brother, Laban, had a illegitimate daughter by the Injun gal before she was married to Jonas Hurst, so they called her Pocahontas Hurst, and I guess Old Jonas, he thought she was his'n. So then Pocahontas Hurst, she married Bev Johnson, who was Phan Johnson's own paw. That's the way it was!'

'Land alive!' was all Aunt Molly could say.

'So that makes Phan Johnson a illegitimate blood Wheelwright.'

''Lisha, you must have been struck all of a heap!'

'I was so,' replied 'Lisha. 'So I could n't do nothing else but put out my hand, and I set my rifle down and helt her out, and I says, "Phan Johnson," I says, "I thought you was no 'count," I says, "but you ain't," I says, "because you're a Wheelwright," I says, "even if illegitimate," I says, "and here's my hand," I says.'

'Mercy!' Aunt Molly ejaculated.

'So I said I could n't take their babby away from them onless they wanted her to go, and I would n't take her. So Phan, he invited me in to stay for supper, which I did, and they all begged me to bring little Trudy home with me and give her a Wheelwright raising, seeing as they were so pore and had a lot more children than what they could raise up themselves properly.

'So I brung her.'

'Land alive!' said Aunt Molly.

So that's how Trudy got to be a Wheelwright. When she got to be fourteen, she married young Lot Marchant, and when she died here a few years back she had seventeen children, forty-four grandchildren, and ninety-one great-grandchildren, and most all of them attended the funeral.

THE ARCADIAN SCHOOL OF COOKERY

BY WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS

I

ONLY two fundamental methods of cooking have ever been devised. I have a quite clear conception of what they are, but I have trouble in finding names for them. 'European' and 'American' are not accurate enough; nor do 'hotel cooking' and 'home cooking' bring the matter any nearer to a point. The perfect term eludes me, but I can make myself clear if I say that the two great schools of cookery are the French and the Arcadian.

Fortunately, I have one friend who knows more than I do. I continually fall back on him when I want to handle a subject from the bottom up. So when I asked him, entirely without warning, to tell me all about the origins of French cooking, I was not surprised that he had it at his tongue's end. He plunged into a two-hour dissertation about Asia Minor, Sybaris, nightingales' tongues, and other learned matters which I am positively *not* going to inflict on my reader. I shall pause over French cooking only long enough to distinguish it from the Arcadian.

The conceptions of the two schools are radically different. French cooking takes the human sense of taste as its basis. It continually seeks to soothe or startle the jaded palate. It has no respect for the fruits of earth as such, but seeks to disguise their natural flavors by combinations of ever-increasing subtlety. This elaborate art compels a certain admiration — but even at its best it will always seem to the Arcadian a bit theatrical and meretricious. And when weakly imitated, as in the cheaper sort of American hotels and restaurants, it is simply too painful to be remembered.

Arcadian cooking cannot exist without an imaginative feeling for the things that grow on the earth — an almost mystical regard for the natural flavor of each grain and fruit. To preserve, to nourish, to bring out these flavors in their fullest beauty — that is its function.

II

Of course it was by the merest accident that my earliest training should have helped me to understand all this. My father came from the North to a farm in the Georgia hills, and found to his delight that he could still grow his apples and rhubarb, his oats, his buckwheat, and his raspberries, and at the same time add a host of things that he had never seen before — figs and okra and sorghum, collards and pimientos and peanuts. And he experimented with them. He planted peach seeds and produced new varieties — white, yellow, clingstone, freestone. He tossed black walnuts into the corners of the pasture fence, and soon we had gracious and fruitful trees to shield us from the July sun.

In like manner my mother flourished, and expanded her art. She was peculiarly free from sectional prejudice. With the utmost care she cherished her New England lore about baked beans and pumpkin pie, but she also quickly became an adept with cowpeas and candied sweet potatoes. She learned to make 'lye hominy' by boiling shelled corn in a great iron pot with a decoction of hickory ashes from the fireplace.

Arcadian cooking may flourish in both the neat pantries of Maine and the careless kitchens of Georgia; but it is amazing how little the sections appreciate each other, and how little exchange they make of their knowledge. It is literally true that I have never tasted good corn bread or buttermilk in the North, nor good apple pie or mashed potatoes in the South.

This is sometimes due to a fundamentally different household economy, sometimes to a false vision of what the product ought to be. The first reason accounts for the lack of good buttermilk in the North. On a Southern farm, milk for churning is handled in a way quite different from that familiar in the North. The cream is not separated from the milk, but the whole milk is strained at once into the churn. This is set away to sour in a cool place — perhaps the running water of a spring house. At the proper time it is churned with an old-fashioned wooden dasher, the butter finally 'comes,' and the floating lumps are removed with a paddle. The buttermilk which is left is full, rich, delicious — not at all like the acrid, watery fluid which Northerners call buttermilk, and which they rightly declare they do not like.

To reverse the picture — what a disastrous vision of apple pie lies heavy on the mind of the Southerner! He is hampered and limited by it from early youth. He makes no distinction between pie crust and biscuit dough. When I solemnly assure you that at Georgia barbecues I have seen apple pies stacked six deep, like a gigantic layer cake, and that the bottom pie was standing up well under the strain, you will understand what I mean. No use to rhapsodize to the Georgian about the flaky crusts of Vermont — he would n't take it in. But neither would the Vermonter understand the golden tenderness of Georgia fried chicken. Both dishes must be sampled on the spot.

III

But the inner spirit of Arcadian cooking has nothing to do with sectional differences. It lies in simplicity — an inspired simplicity. I will give you an instance. On the farm we always raised a few acres of wheat, and after the threshing machine with its slow-footed oxen had gone, we had fifty or sixty bushels stowed away in bins. Not a crop to sell, but there was always enough for our own bread. The mill was only a few miles away on the nearest creek. The machinery was primitive, but it produced a flour warm and cream-tinted, and a still more delectable whole-wheat flour with all the bran left in.

Mother invented a bread which I have always considered an imaginative triumph — perhaps because of the very austerity of its restraint. It consisted solely of whole-wheat flour and a bit of salt, mixed with water to a stiff batter. This was spread thin in heavy iron muffin pans heated very hot. Since there was no yeast or other leavening agent, the result was a flat wafer with a crust which seemed both tough and crisp.

But the flavor was surpassingly delicious — the very soul of the wheat, that noblest of the grasses. When I remember it, and then look through

shop windows at that strange, pale substance which the American people call bread, I can only weep for them. Somewhere between the time that the golden wheat leaves the field and the time it gets inside the grocer's waxed paper, something terrible happens to it.

Of course this was not our usual sort of bread — the making of *that* was a high ritual. It was still made with whole-wheat flour, however; we all looked on white flour as an effeminate delicacy, suitable only for biscuits and cake. Mother had begun with a tradition from *her* mother, and then had built upon it, step by step. She was never able fully to communicate it, for no one else has been able to reproduce her bread. So much depended on the state of the yeast, the temperature of the air, the direction of the wind. (For did n't the wind affect the drawing of the chimney and the heat of the stove?) Two days were taken up in the process; the 'sponge' must rise three times, be kneaded twice. On cold nights the stone crock which held the dough would be lovingly swathed in flannel and set near the warm ashes on the fireplace hearth.

When the brown loaves finally came out of the oven and the top crust was lightly dredged with melted butter, then the whole kitchen glowed with the savor. We all rushed in to see, to smell, to eat a bit of broken crust. Mother was happy, relieved, and innocently proud. For, although she almost never made a failure, with the humility of the true artist she always suffered from the fear that she might. As a special concession, one loaf would be eaten hot, for supper. The rest must wait until to-morrow. For there was a grim old New England tradition in our family that hot bread was practically fatal to the human stomach. As time went on, this tradition met and became strangely blended with the Southern tradition that no bread but hot bread is fit for human food. Mother continued to insist that 'light bread' (loaf bread to the Southerners) must be eaten cold; but little by little she accepted the delectable hot biscuit and steaming corn bread of Georgia, and neither her logic nor our digestions seemed to falter.

IV

Have I talked too much about bread? Not if I have encouraged the art of Arcadian cooking. But I must move on to the deeper aspects of my subject. My learned friend, of whom I have already spoken, long ago pointed out that it was quite in keeping with the Arcadian spirit to explore the possibilities of both native and exotic foods. He sends me seeds from all over the world, and I send him seeds from Georgia. Nothing delights him more than to see how a Georgia seed will behave when placed under the arctic circle. And it was in connection with this practice that he wrote his beautiful, satisfying essay on okra. I must, however, make myself clear from the beginning.

Okra is one of the most treasured vegetables of Southern gardens. Its growth is so rank that it beats the weeds at their own game. Productive all summer long, it keeps shooting out its tender pods until frost. The thousand kinds of fierce insects that cut short the lives of other plants never seem to touch it. And it is delicious — succulent as green corn, dainty as asparagus.

In gray-skied Bavaria my friend heard about okra and wrote to me for seed. 'Please send to Atlanta,' he pleaded, 'and get me all the kinds there are. I want the long green kind whose portrait is in the catalogue, and

the sort called white velvet, and the dwarf variety. If there are any other kinds, send them at once.' Needless to say, okra seed were soon speeding across the water.

As my own garden shot up to meet the July sun, I clipped off a huge okra leaf and sent it, between sheets of cardboard, to Bavaria. It was sixteen inches across, and I was proud of it. Not until three weeks later, when the reply came, did I realize that I had done a cruel thing.

My friend's letter was brave, but sad. It told the story of Georgia okra seed held down by a brutal climate. He had done his best. He had planted the seed in March, each seed in a little flower pot which was placed between the great German stove and the feather bed. By mid-June the seeds had germinated, and each had thrust a tiny leaf above the soil. Then the plants were transferred to the south side of the house, where the stone wall would catch the heat of the sun. But by midsummer they were only three inches tall, and each one had put forth a sickly blossom, fated never to bear fruit. Then came my gigantic leaf, with its mute testimony as to what okra *ought* to be.

As soon as I had read the letter I knew that the situation was grave. I could think of no parallel case where so strong an okra-growing impulse had been so completely thwarted. I was worried — but I had not counted on my friend's remarkable powers of sublimation.

When he saw that his okra really was a failure, that the Alpine winds had been too keen for it, he wasted no time in useless sorrow. He boarded the train for Munich, fifty miles away, and buried himself for two weeks in its great library. When he came out, he was the world's greatest authority on okra. As a preliminary result, he wrote me a fifty-page essay (later to be expanded into a volume) on okra in all its aspects. He treated it botanically, historically, and philologically. I learned how okra — a close relative of the cotton, the hibiscus, and the hollyhock — had once been a weed in the jungles of the Congo; how its seed had been carried by captive slaves to the West Indies; how French planters had learned of its value; and how it had finally been brought to America, where relatively few people have learned to appreciate its superlative excellence. When I got this essay, I not only realized that my friend was out of danger, but I also was stimulated to concoct three new okra recipes of purest Arcadian flavor, which, in their own quiet way, I hope may be worthy to stand beside my friend's great work.

In some such spirit as this, we collaborate to perfect our natives and our exotics. Of plants native to Georgia, I hope to make known the possibilities of the persimmon, which hangs on the tree until midwinter, growing sweeter with each frost; of the scuppernong and the muscadine, the chinquapin and the wild crab apple. The black walnut has been devastated for its lumber, but it has never come into its own as the richest and most distinctive of our nuts.

V

But the thought of all these things to be cooked has led me far from the cooking itself. I must get back. And first to answer a question put to me by a trembling young novice, to whom I was imparting wisdom. 'What part, sir, does the cookbook have in your philosophy of cooking?' The cookbook should not be wholly scorned, but its place is subordinate. Never should a cookbook be regarded as more than the stepping-stone to some higher

thing. The soul of good cooking is not quite transferable to print.

My mother's old green-backed cookbook is one of my most treasured volumes. It was privately published more than fifty years ago by the Presbyterian Church ladies of an Ohio village. Many an Arcadian dish is outlined in its pages. But the best part of it is in my mother's penciled notes, of which the margins are filled. In her clear, untroubled writing she tells of her own improvements and inventions. She never needed to ask the cookbook how much salt or sugar to put in. Her own vision of what she was making told her.

And of course the supreme ingredient of Arcadian cookery is poetic imagination. My mother showed it in everything she touched. In the last summer of her life we went up on the mountain where our cabin stood. She had a longing to make blackberry jelly, and we went into one of those little coves, high and remote, where millions of blackberries hide themselves in brambly thickets. Mother was nearing eighty, but she could scramble between the briers as nimbly as I could, and pick the berries faster. She helped me rout a rattlesnake from under a chestnut log.

I shall never forget our serene and happy talk. She told me of her long-distant girlhood in West Virginia; then of her own mother, who had come the long wilderness journey from Massachusetts, had fought the wolves away from the sheep, had borne ten children, and had lived to be ninety-eight years old.

'You will live to be ninety-eight, too,' I said — and believed it.

Mother lifted her eyes to the sunlight that lay on the tangled grapevines, and smiled. 'Oh, I love this country!' she cried. 'At first I was homesick, but now that forty years have passed I love it better than West Virginia. I want to go on forever, planting gardens, and wandering by the wild streams.'

She paused, and then added quietly: 'But I shall not live to be ninety-eight — I am too tired.'

Such brave spirits *ought* to live forever. But when the frosts of that autumn came she had gone. And as I looked at the neat rows of blackberry jelly on the pantry shelf I knew that the jars glowed with more than the warmth of summer sunlight, that they imprisoned more than the fragrance of a summer day.

VI

I am reluctant to stop. There is so much that I have not been able to tell. I should like, for instance, to give a word of gentle advice to Southerners, that they should learn to like parsnips and asparagus — toward which they are scornful and indifferent. And to Northerners, that they should investigate the possibilities of cowpeas and turnip greens — toward which they are haughty and supercilious. Also, I find to my horror that I have not given you a single actual recipe. That, perhaps, is as it should be — for I would emphasize not the letter but the spirit.

I do not have the heart, however, to disappoint you entirely. As a special concession, as a delicately given confidence, I shall tell you about my own two favorite dishes — the ones of which I am master. It is my humble claim that I can make cottage cheese (a Northern dish) and cracklin' bread (which is pure Georgia) better than I have known anyone else to make them. Of course there may be persons living . . . but I have not met them.

Cottage cheese at its best surpasses every other dairy product, and in its delicate simplicity partakes of the very

essence of Arcadia. Yet nine tenths of the cottage cheese that one encounters has been grossly, palpably mishandled. The two great errors are to heat it too much, which makes it tough, and not to heat it at all, which leaves it flabby and tasteless. I know that there are sincere artists who put the unheated sour milk into a cheesecloth bag and simply let it drain. But they have fallen into a grave heresy.

The only way to make cottage cheese is to brood over it, long and tenderly. The thick clabber, taken at just the right stage of its sourness and poured into a shallow pan, is put far back on the stove in a mellow heat. Soon the bottom will be heated, and whey will begin to appear. Then is the time to take a large spoon and gently fold the curds from top to bottom, evenly distributing the heat. When the whole mass has reached the temperature of a moderately warm shower bath — which may be ascertained by inserting the finger — it is taken from the stove and poured into a colander with coarse holes. If it has been properly handled, only the whey will go through. After it is thoroughly cooled and drained it should be salted, put into a dish, and a cupful of rich sour cream or rich sweet cream (according to your taste) should be folded in. The secret of the whole thing lies in delicate manipulation. Neither watery nor too dry — not heavy nor sodden, but light and flaky — that is your true cottage cheese! Battles have been fought as to whether a final dusting of black pepper should be added.

It was thus that my mother made cottage cheese, and after years of observation I ventured to compete with her. I have had two proud moments in my life. One of them was when, as an undergraduate at Harvard, I made an A in Professor Kittredge's Shakespeare course; the second was when my mother declared that my cottage cheese was better than hers.

The making of cracklin' bread requires a wholly different mood. Cottage cheese must be made in solitude, behind locked doors; but cracklin' bread calls for human companionship and the open sky. I like about six people — it does n't matter who they are, so long as they have a sympathetic understanding of cracklin' bread and all its ways.

I take a heavy iron Dutch oven — with a long handle, three legs, and a lid — to the woods or the corner of some pasture, and build a small fire of oak and hickory sticks. While the oven is heating, I get in order and combine in a large yellow mixing bowl my corn meal, my buttermilk and soda, my eggs, my salt — and the cracklings. These, of course, are the crisp, delicious residue which remains at the bottom of the kettle after lard has been 'tried out.' They are plentiful in Georgia at hog-killin' time, and taste exactly like the dainty left ear of that roast piglet which gave Charles Lamb such delight.

The cracklings are the soul of the bread. No other corn bread is like it — especially when baked in a great thick loaf, with coals on the lid of the Dutch oven. It would do no good to give the measurements — they vary with the number of people and the size of the oven. The spoonfuls of soda cannot be counted — they depend on the sourness of the buttermilk. The making of cracklin' bread is partly an art and partly an instinct. It is incommunicable.

And so I leave with you Arcadian cookery. It is hardly a remedy for national ills — perhaps it can flourish only in Arcadia. But at least it has preserved me — so far — from the necessity of playing bridge, and from the obligation of pretending to like golf.

TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER ON CHRISTMAS EVE

So many gods have died to bear
This god of yours in Bethlehem.
Thor came with thunder on the air,
And Thor has died. Osiris wore
The crown of heaven on his brow;
And where is bright Osiris now?
Ormazd and Ahriman have fought;
Ormazd and Ahriman are naught.
Sunk with their rod and diadem
The old gods wake and walk no more.

This night another god is born.
Be not afraid, my sleepyhead,
Lest he grow sleepy too like thee
And fall asleep on Baldur's bed,
Or take his rest on Ormazd's knee.
Thor and Osiris both are gone;
Now dark Jehovah bears a son.
Sleep softly then, my drowsy one;
Though old gods wither on the stem,
New gods forever bloom from them.

KATHRYN WORTH

A SUMMER VACATION

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

'I will speak of the Whole,' said Democritus. But the infinitely little is the least obvious.
— PASCAL

I

SOME men — astronomers, cosmologists, world builders — take the universe as their province, and seek to comprehend the all in one inclusive system. Others — and perhaps they are the more ambitious — look closer. They peer into the atom, and try to read in the microcosm the eternal riddle of a world and a life and an intelligence. Irving Langmuir is of this latter group. He chose a trail into the infinitely little as his way of satisfying the great curiosity, and out of that highly specialized pursuit has come new light on familiar mysteries, a new understanding of fundamental phenomena, a whole new branch of science. New industries, new factories, new products, emerged from his findings — yet he had no practical end in view when he entered upon this research.

Indeed, the whole remarkable venture began as a summer vacation. Langmuir was a teacher of chemistry who varied the monotony of pedagogical tasks with summers of mountain climbing. In 1909, however, an opportunity opened to spend July and August in a research laboratory. The vacation then begun has continued more than twenty-four years, for he never went back to his classroom, but stayed on in the laboratory, fascinated by an experiment. It led to other experiments, and discovery followed discovery as he brilliantly pioneered new frontiers of knowledge, blazing 'paths where highways never ran,' often a solitary figure, exploring, experiencing, satisfying his soul. From such preoccupations he was called to Stockholm last winter to receive the Nobel Prize in Chemistry.

II

A search of the Langmuir pedigree reveals no scientific forbears, unless we count a maternal grandfather who was a New England physician. Irving Langmuir's father was a business man, self-made in the sense that he hired out as a clerk at the age of fourteen and by the time he was thirty-five had accumulated a comfortable fortune. Then, soon after the birth of his fourth son, he lost it all and more in a mining venture, and much of the remainder of his life was a period of financial struggle. During his last six years he was agency director for Europe of the New York Life Insurance Company; the European post gave the family advantages of travel and of cosmopolitan contacts; but the four boys grew up in this atmosphere of struggle, and it colored their life with a sense of serious purpose. There was Dean, the youngest; Irving, six years older; next, Charles Herbert, who was five years older than Irving; and the

eldest, Arthur, whose study of chemistry was to turn Irving's interest in that direction.

Perhaps the most definite tendency of science in the household was the disposition to record accurately and systematically whatever went on within the domain of the family. Charles Langmuir, the father, began a diary in his early manhood. He also kept a cashbook recording in double entry every day's financial transactions, even to the purchase of a penny newspaper. He kept a separate record of his travels, the itinerary, the hotels visited, the number of the room he occupied. Sadie Comings Langmuir, the mother, was almost as keen as her husband for record keeping. She too treasured the day's events in a diary, and instilled the habit in her sons. She encouraged them to write detailed accounts of their experiences and observations.

When he was eleven years old, living with an aunt in Brooklyn (his birthplace), Irving Langmuir wrote his mother, in Paris, of a project that was engaging his attention. The definiteness of the detail is characteristic: —

> I am building a windmill which is going to be about 3 feet high and 1 foot wide at the bottom and 6 inches wide at the top. The wheel is going to be like this. [The letter contains a sketch.] The wheel's axil is going to be made of wood with pieces of tin this shape [another sketch], each one being about 3½ inches long. The whole wheel's diameter will be about 8 ins. I have two sides all done and the other two sides half done of the tower part.

Within a year the family were settled in Paris, — the insurance company's headquarters were there, — and soon after Irving's thirteenth birthday Mrs. Langmuir was writing to a friend in America: —

> Irving's brain is working like an engine all the time, and it is wonderful to hear him talk with Herbert on scientific subjects. Herbert says he fairly has to shun electricity, for the child gets beside himself with enthusiasm, and shows such intelligence on the subject that it fairly scares him.

A tireless stoker of this scientific flame was Arthur, who had now completed undergraduate studies at Columbia and was entering Heidelberg for a postgraduate course in chemistry. There were many letters back and forth between the two. Irving, eager to try the experiments which his brother outlined, was delighted to have access to the laboratory of a small boarding school in a Paris suburb where he had been entered. One of the teachers encouraged the thirteen-year-old to use logarithms and to solve problems in trigonometry. He delighted in these extracurricular activities. But most of his time in the French school was spiritual torture to the sensitive boy. The absurdly rigorous discipline and the inflexible system of learning by rote stifled him. Until he was fourteen he 'hated school, and did poorly at it,' to quote his own recent estimate of that period.

In his fifteenth year he returned to America and entered school in Philadelphia. The following year Arthur, who was now starting out as an industrial chemist, married, and Irving came to live in his brother's home while attending high school in Brooklyn. Here the boy taught himself the calculus. He knew so much chemistry that the school excused him from attending classes in the subject. He fitted up a laboratory at home and learned qualitative analysis under Arthur's tutelage.

When Irving Langmuir enrolled in Columbia University, it was to become a candidate for the degree of metallurgical engineer, in its School of Mines, though he had no intention of practising metallurgy or mining. 'But the course was strong in chemistry,' he explains; 'it had more physics than the

chemical course, and more mathematics than the course in physics — and I wanted all three.'

Judged by usual collegiate standards, Langmuir's four years at Columbia would be rated a failure. He 'made' no clubs or teams, took no part in athletics, never 'went out' for one of the university papers, was not invited to join a social fraternity or to serve on a class committee. Outside classrooms and laboratories, the teeming university seemingly was unaware of his existence.

The professors showed little intuitional ability to spot a future Nobel laureate. The intense, eager youth was never invited to any of the professorial homes for an evening's chat. Dr. R. S. Woodward, professor of mechanics, one day posed this question to the class: 'If you could do what you want most to do, what career would you choose?' When the question came to Langmuir he answered, 'I'd like to be situated like Lord Kelvin — free to do research as I wish.' This touched some chord in the professor. He encouraged the ambitious junior to consult him; there were long talks between the two after class. 'Professor Woodward suggested many interesting problems,' recalls Langmuir, 'which I loved to work out — for the fun of it.' He was graduated in June 1903, with an average grade of 94 per cent.

The following fall the 'metallurgical engineer' enrolled at Göttingen for advanced studies in physical chemistry under Professor Walther Nernst. During the three ensuing postgraduate years in Germany there was considerable debate in the young scientist's mind, and by letter between him and his brothers, as to his future. Should he go into chemistry commercially, or should he aim for the more rarefied heights of pure science? I am privileged to quote a letter he received at this time from his brother Charles Herbert:

> The whole matter resolves itself into the question whether you have, or have not, exceptional ability in pure science research. If you simply have a well-grounded knowledge and a thorough efficiency, you should certainly go right into the business of chemistry, where you can be of most use to yourself and everybody else. But if you are the exceptional man, it is, in my opinion, your duty to be one of the pioneer scholars in America. . . . The time has come when this country must have her distinctive scholars. If they do not get great honor now, they surely will by the time you have done anything particularly worthy. Meanwhile, you will have the incalculable advantage of a great aim with all that it contributes to happiness and the full life. . . .
>
> There is a great deal that is noble and inspiring in business, and business can always be conducted in the better way, but it is a lower thing for some men than research and scholarship. Most of us are suited to nothing else but business, not being finely enough organized mentally to spend our careers in other than active work. But you perhaps are one of the few with creative brains. If you are (and don't decide so unless you have good authority) you will betray your true self if you devote your life selfishly to private enterprises and personal acquisition. And the minute you allow yourself to deviate from the path of pure science, you will lose something in character, and more still in the power to aspire and the possibility to be truly happy.

This was in 1904. At that time no Nobel prize had come to any American, though in Europe more than a dozen scientists had received this supreme accolade. Just that year Lord Rayleigh had been named as the prize man in physics and Sir William Ramsay in chemistry, a double recognition of their joint discovery of argon — that strange rare gas which Langmuir was destined to harness to the purposes of man. Whether there entered the mind of the young American any thought of his own future in association with a

Nobel prize, I do not know. But when he came home in 1906 he had decided to risk a career in scholarship, and had accepted appointment as instructor in chemistry at Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey.

It is interesting to speculate on the 'ifs' of the past. What might have been this man's life if Columbia had discerned his latent powers, and had installed her brilliant unknown in line for one of her chairs in science? Or if Stevens had recognized the genius of research who was fiddling away his hours trying to teach sophomore engineers the rudiments of chemistry? He had a difficult time. Teaching, with its demand for a disciplinarian and its interminable piles of papers to be graded, was a chore. One remembers Whistler serving as draftsman in the Coast Survey office, and Charles Lamb poring over the ledgers of the London accountant.

With his brother Dean, Irving used to take long walks along the Palisades and into the Highlands of the Hudson, and the talks that enlivened these jaunts are forever memorable to the younger man. Usually the theme was some subject of science, frequently an interpretation of familiar phenomena. A rainbow, a raindrop, an oil film on a pond — these are worlds of beauty and orderliness to Irving Langmuir. I have seen him poise a soap bubble to point out its dark monomolecular area that exists for an instant just before the bubble bursts. How resonant his voice, how vibrant as he rises to some peak of exposition, like a mountain climber who has guided you up his favorite height to point out his favorite view.

He might have gone mountaineering again that summer of 1909 but for a meeting of a scientific society in Schenectady the previous autumn. Langmuir attended the meeting, and renewed acquaintance with a classmate of Columbia days, Dr. Colin G. Fink, who was then on the staff of the General Electric Laboratory in Schenectady. Industrial research was comparatively new in America; most scientists associated it with such pedestrian pursuits as tests and analyses; but as Dr. Fink conducted his friend through the Laboratory, introduced him to members of the staff and to their work, the visitor was enormously impressed and interested. Here was an authentic atmosphere of research, and every facility to delight the heart of an experimenter. When, a few months later, the suggestion came that he spend his vacation in the Laboratory, it was not difficult for Langmuir to accept.

III

Among the problems under scrutiny was one which we may call 'the mystery of the lamp.' The Laboratory had been trying to improve the incandescent lamp, and had been blocked by a certain 'offsetting' effect of the wire filament. Tungsten, which will endure more heat than any other solid, had been substituted for the earlier carbon and tantalum filaments, and the bulb had been exhausted of its air to an extent attained in no other laboratory; yet, after a few hundred hours of use, the tungsten became brittle, the filament crumbled, the lamp failed — and nobody knew why. Accidentally, three tungsten wires had been produced which gave fairly satisfactory results — but again, nobody knew why.

It occurred to Langmuir that there might be an impurity in the tungsten in the form of absorbed gases, and that these might be responsible for its unaccountable behavior. As his summer's research he proposed to heat various samples of tungsten wire in high vacuum, and if any gases came off he

would measure them. He set up his apparatus, obtained specimens of wire, installed one in a lamp, and attached a vacuum pump.

He got gas, plenty of it, and kept heating the wire and pumping the bulb until he had obtained an amount of gas equal to seven thousand times the volume of the filament. He was astonished. It was preposterous to assume that all this had been hidden within the hairlike strand of tungsten. Where did it come from? Langmuir spent all summer trailing the gases to their sources, and never did get back to his original project of investigating the samples of wire. 'How much more logical it would have been,' he remarked, 'if I had dropped the work as soon as it was evident that the method employed was not going to solve the problem of the brittleness of the wire.'

Curiosity led him on. 'Frankly, I was not so much interested in trying to improve the lamps as in finding out the scientific principles underlying these peculiar effects.'

September arrived. The classroom in Hoboken was waiting, and here was its chemistry instructor in the midst of an engrossing experiment. The director of the Laboratory, Dr. W. R. Whitney, asked if he would care to stay. Langmuir was eager to stay, but his Scotch conscience made him protest that he could not foresee any practical issue from his research. 'I am merely curious about the mysterious phenomena that occur in these lamps.' The discerning Dr. Whitney recognized the temperament. 'Go ahead; follow any line of inquiry you like; find out all you can of what goes on in a lamp.'

And Langmuir did. The work absorbed him. He was given first one assistant, then others, and thousands of dollars were made available to finance his flights into the vacuum. He continued to track down the ubiquitous gases to their lairs, and found that they came for the most part from the glass bulb. He continued to discover and record their varied behavior. He began to introduce other gases into the lamp, purposely to spoil the vacuum, to see what would happen. He worked in these ways nearly three years before any practical application was made of any of his results.

But he became intimately acquainted with the invisible world of colliding molecules and curiously individualistic atoms. A trace of nitrogen introduced into the vacuum behaved very differently from its usual inert self. Pure oxygen had its own atomic antics. And so with each gas. Hydrogen was the most fascinating actor of all, and presently Langmuir was concentrating his experiments on hydrogen. It lured him, as the North Pole had lured Peary, and nights and days he could think of nothing but the queer ways of hydrogen in a vacuum.

IV

He found, for example, that the presence of any gas in the lamp accelerated the loss of heat from the incandescent filament. This was expected, for the gas molecules coming in contact with the hot wire take up some of its energy, which quickens their motion, and they fly off at higher velocities to bang into other molecules or against the inner surface of the bulb. Langmuir was familiar with this thermal conduction of gases. It was a subject he had studied at Göttingen under Nernst; he had worked out curves to picture the increase of conduction with temperature. But earlier experiments had been with filaments of platinum, which melts at 3200 degrees Fahrenheit, and there were no data on performances at temperatures above 2000 degrees. Now he was working with the

most refractory of all the elements, tungsten, which must be heated to 6200 degrees before it melts, and the experimenter was eager to see what would happen in the higher range thus opened up. He found that the ascending order of his curves continued with fair consistency for all gases — except hydrogen.

When hydrogen was introduced, and the electric current turned on, the rate of heat loss increased steadily until the glowing filament reached a temperature of 3600 degrees. Then the curve rose rapidly to a height five times as great as would be expected. Evidently, at these higher temperatures, something happened to hydrogen to make it a glutton for heat.

The hydrogen also staged a mysterious disappearing act. When a measured quantity of the gas was introduced into the lamp bulb, the pressure rose exactly as one would expect. But if you then turned the electric switch and lighted the lamp, the pressure slowly dropped to zero. The hydrogen had disappeared! More was introduced, and under like conditions it too disappeared until finally a stage was reached when the pressure remained constant.

But where had the hydrogen gone? The filament was suspect, but experiment soon exonerated it. The only hiding place left was the inner surface of the glass bulb. Langmuir put the lamp in an electric furnace and baked it, heated it until the glass was near melting. Then, at last, the lost hydrogen began to reappear. Like a swarm of leeches, its particles had attached themselves to the glass; and only the most drastic heat treatment could make them budge.

One more experiment, and the mystery was unmasked. Langmuir had introduced hydrogen, had lighted the lamp, and the hydrogen had disappeared. His new experiment was to turn off the current, allow the filament to cool, and then to introduce a measured quantity of oxygen. Instantly the oxygen disappeared. Other additions of oxygen vanished too, until a point of saturation was reached. It was noticed that the amount of oxygen taken up was exactly the quantity required by the hydrogen to combine in the proportions of H_2O.

Everyone knows that two parts of hydrogen join with one part of oxygen to form water, but only the chemist knows what tremendous forces are required to effect this union. You might mix the two gases till doomsday, and nothing would happen until you gave the mixture some violent molecular blow, as by an electric spark, a ray of ultra-violet light, or some other packed quantum of energy.

But here in Langmuir's experiment the union occurred spontaneously, in a cold lamp bulb, without any outside stimulus. Obviously the experience that had made hydrogen such a glutton for heat, that had caused it to swarm to the inner surface of the glass, had also endowed it with extraordinary affinity for oxygen. It could no longer be regarded as the familiar hydrogen of ordinary usage, a gas which exists in compact molecules of two atoms each. It must be different. It *was* different. And now Langmuir knew precisely what it was, and saw how it came to be.

The tumultuous heat of incandescent tungsten had split the hydrogen molecule in two.

The bursting of these bonds had drained enormous energy from the tungsten, as was indicated by the extraordinary heat loss.

These sundered halves of the hydrogen molecule, these separated atoms, with their natural affinities now loose and unsatisfied, were eager for any kind

of union — with oxygen, if oxygen was to be had; if not, with the glass surface of the bulb.

Theory had predicted that, if hydrogen existed free in its atomic form, it should have these characteristics. And now Langmuir had discovered it. The demon within the lamp was atomic hydrogen!

V

I have sketched this pioneer research in some detail, because it is one of the fundamental explorations of the new chemicophysics, now our basic science. Fifty years from now men will look back to it as to a lofty landmark in the march of discovery, just as to-day we rate Faraday's work with electromagnets as epochal. Mr. Gladstone, attending an early demonstration of the dynamo, was prompted to ask Faraday, 'But what use is it?' — a question which I believe Langmuir's discovery was never challenged to answer. No, the alert engineers at Schenectady knew what they were after all the time, and were wise enough to see that this quiet searcher in the Laboratory, who was 'merely curious about the mysterious phenomena that occur in these lamps,' was getting somewhere — though they did not dream of the wealth of applications that would trail off from his pure science research. Four practical results are outstanding: —

1. First, better lamps. From his studies of the behavior of gases in the bulb, Langmuir learned that the vacuum was not the secret of lamp efficiency. Though the main effort of lamp makers up to his time had been concentrated on attaining higher vacua within the bulb, Langmuir showed that the fatal crumbling away of the tungsten did not occur when the filament was coiled in a certain way and when the bulb was filled with an inert gas, argon. The argon, by its gaseous pressure, prevented the filament from evaporating. By these and other innovations Langmuir halved the lamp's consumption of electric current. According to statisticians who keep tabs on such economies, this improvement is yielding the American public an average nightly saving of $1,000,000 on its electric light bill.

2. His study of lamps led Langmuir to new methods of pumping vacua, and resulted in his invention of the mercury condensation pump. By means of a blast of hot mercury vapor, this Langmuir pump siphons air out of a container so rapidly that in five seconds a quart bulb is emptied to a hundred-millionth of an atmosphere. This means that in those five seconds the harnessed tornado of mercury jerks some 24,999,999 million million air molecules out of the bulb.

3. With his powerful pump Langmuir was able to attain degrees of emptiness far beyond any previously known, and these equipped him to penetrate still deeper into that world of the vacuum where radio communication has its home. He discovered the 'space charge,' now recognized as a fundamental principle of electronics. He found that an infinitesimal pinch of thorium added to the tungsten filament of a radio tube would speed up its flow of current a hundred thousand fold. By the summer of 1933, more than sixty patents had resulted from Langmuir's studies, about half his patents being in the field of radio engineering.

4. One of the more spectacular inventions is the atomic hydrogen torch, used in welding the fine parts of machines. The idea for this industrial application came as a hunch. Dr. Langmuir was discussing some related matter, when suddenly it flashed in his mind that atomic hydrogen might be used to produce an intense flame. For, he reasoned, if the temperature of in-

candescent tungsten is required to tear the halves of the molecules apart, would not the broken molecules, if allowed to reunite, give up enormous heat in the process? The hunch was tried out; it worked; and to-day the highest steady temperature that man has been able to generate and control is that of the atomic hydrogen torch. Above 6800 degrees Fahrenheit has been registered.

But these practicalities are only the fringes of his achievement. The really significant outcome that resulted from the discovery of half a hydrogen molecule is its turning of attention to the chemical phenomena of surfaces. The Swedish Academy of Sciences, in its citation, declares that the Nobel Prize is awarded to Irving Langmuir 'for pioneer work in surface chemistry.' And here we are down to fundamentals. Surface chemistry represents a new and strategic attack on the hidden mechanism of nature.

VI

Forty years ago Lord Rayleigh was enticed by the iridescent films which oil makes on water, and began important studies of these familiar phenomena. Our own Willard Gibbs interested himself in soap bubbles, was led to consider what soap does to the surface of water, and from these inquiries worked out a mathematical formula accounting for the surface tension of liquids. Later Sir James Dewar investigated the tendency of certain gases to attach themselves to the surfaces of charcoal — knowledge that was put to practical use during the World War in the manufacture of gas masks. Dr. Langmuir, in his pursuit of the energetic hydrogen in the lamp, found that the gas attached itself to the inner surface of the glass bulb in a *single* layer of atoms.

This discovery of the monatomic film was a revolutionary finding, though Dr. Langmuir was looking for just such an arrangement. Prior to this the generally accepted idea among chemists was that when atoms were *adsorbed*, or attached to a surface, the concentration was densest at the surface and gradually thinned out with distance, like a miniature atmosphere. But here, in the case of hydrogen on glass, there was no hovering atmosphere — just one tightly held layer of atoms, and above that little attraction.

Langmuir explored other adsorbed films, and in every instance the film was one layer deep. In the case of carbon monoxide (a compound of one carbon atom united to one oxygen) the film was a single molecule thick — and here an interesting new detail showed itself: all of the molecules attached themselves to the surface with their carbon atoms down. It was as though the carbon end were the head, and alone had the power to bite into and hold on to the surface.

Oil films on water showed the same orientation. The oil spread in a layer exactly one molecule thick, and each molecule clung to the water in a uniform way. These oil molecules are large. Predominantly they are groups of hydrogen and carbon atoms, some being chains of fifteen to twenty-nine of these groups linked together. All are alike in one peculiarity: they have at the end of the chain an atom of oxygen coupled with an atom of hydrogen. In every oil film, Dr. Langmuir found, it was this OH end that attached the molecule to the water. It was the head. It was able to satisfy its own affinity for the water molecules, but was not strong enough to drag the long hydrocarbon chain down into the water.

In molecules of short chains it is able to do this; therefore such substances dissolve readily in water.

Alcohol is an example. Its hydrocarbon chain is only two atoms long, and the eager oxygen-hydrogen head is able to pull the whole molecule under.

All the soluble carbohydrates are strong in the OH group. Sugar, for example, may be called hydra-headed, since in every molecule there are several OH groups — eleven in the familiar cane sugar.

In contrast with these mixers is another class of oils which will have nothing to do with water. Pure mineral oil is an example; it will neither dissolve nor form a monomolecular film. Examine the make-up of its molecule and you find it different from the others in only one particular: it has no OH group. Bereft of a head, the molecules are neutral to surfaces, and so hold themselves apart in inhospitable globules.

These peculiarities of the infinitely little absorbed Langmuir. For months his laboratory was cluttered up with trays of water alive with invisible films. He began to measure the molecules. In the case of stearic acid, a principal ingredient of candle tallow, he found that the length of the molecule is about one ten-millionth of an inch, its width about one fifth as much. Other oils showed slenderer units. He visualized the oil film as made up of billions of long waving molecules, like eel grass in a swamp, each a snakelike structure of linked atoms attached to the water by its active head.

As oil after oil was studied, various shapes showed up. The molecule of olive oil measured about the same in length as in thickness. A surface film of olive oil suggests more the appearance of a field of cabbages than of eel grass. The castor-oil molecule showed an even more striking departure, for its height above the surface is only about a third of its diameter, giving the molecule the appearance of a disk. This is explained as an effect of its abundance of heads, for each molecule has not only three active OH groups at one end, but six additional ones on its sides; the affinity of the nine groups for water causes the molecule to lie flat on its side. As a result, the castor-oil film is exceedingly thin; it measures only one hundred-millionth of an inch.

VII

These studies led Langmuir into a curious flatland. The adsorbed molecules could move about on the surface, but were unable to rise above or dive beneath it. Their actions constituted a chemistry confined to two dimensions. One day, in his laboratory, I watched him fill a tray with water and then touch the water surface with the tip of a needle that had been dipped in an oil (myristic acid). The oil spread over the water as a film. Tests showed that its particles were in continual agitation, like the colliding molecules of a gas; indeed, the oil film was a two-dimensional gas which could move about freely in flatland, but apparently was unaware of the third dimension.

Langmuir demonstrated this. He laid a strip of paper across the water surface, and by pushing the strip forced the oil to one end of the tray. If the agitated particles had any freedom to leave the surface, they surely would have used it. Instead, under the pressure of the paper barrier, the film condensed into a two-dimensional film of liquid. Further pressure converted it into a two-dimensional solid. The thin crust, measuring only one twenty-millionth of an inch in thickness, was invisible, but by blowing on the surface one could prove its rigidity. On the release of the barrier the pressure dropped, and instantly the two-dimensional solid melted into a two-dimensional liquid, which in turn evaporated into a two-dimensional gas and diffused

over the surface, as the freed molecules darted about in wild abandon. Why they had allowed themselves to be squeezed into solidity seems an amazing bit of chemical perversity — until one knows the eagerness of the molecular head for water. The OH group has an affinity.

This affinity is responsible for many characteristics of water itself: not only does the OH head of the oil molecule have an avidity for water, but the OH head of the water molecule has an enormous avidity for the oil. The three atoms of the water molecule, H_2O, are arranged in the sequence HOH. Thus both its ends are heads; on either side it presents an active group to its fellows. The mutual attraction of these molecular heads holds the liquid together, gives its surface a strong 'skin' which enables insects to walk on water, causes particles of water to gang together into large drops, and endows the fluid with a high boiling point which distillers and other professional separators find useful. These and other characteristics are accounted for by the predominance of the OH group.

To test this, destroy the OH group. It can be done by removing the oxygen atom from water. What is left is two hydrogen atoms, HH, which pair off as a single molecule of hydrogen. Normally the stuff is a gas, but by sufficiently lowering the temperature it can be reduced to liquid, and then hydrogen may be compared, quality for quality, with water. Striking contrasts show up.

	Hydrogen (HH)	*Water* (HOH)
Boiling point	−423° F.	+212° F.
Surface energy	5 units	118 units
Molecular volume	47	30

Note that hydrogen has very little surface energy. This means that its surface tension is slight, therefore it has a weak 'skin'; when it is poured or spilled, it forms minute drops; attraction between its molecules is so feeble that at a temperature of 423 degrees below zero the hydrogen boils. This behavior is at the opposite extreme from that of water — and yet, the only fundamental difference between a hydrogen molecule and a water molecule is the absence of one oxygen atom in the hydrogen. By adding an O to the HH, we make it possible for the molecule to develop an OH complex. The influence of that masterful combine gives the water molecule such compactness that its volume shrinks to about two thirds that of the hydrogen molecule; and it gives to all the water molecules such affinity for one another that the surface energy is increased above that of liquid hydrogen twenty-three fold, and the boiling point is raised by 635 degrees.

This tenacity crops up all through nature. It explains many curious contrasts. Ethane, for example, one of the constituents of illuminating gas, differs in structure from alcohol by the trifle of a single atom. But what a difference in characteristics!

Ethane

H H
H-C-C-H boils at 120° *below* zero F.
H H

Alcohol

H H
H-C-C-O-H boils at 173° *above* zero F.
H H

Ethane presents to the world an unbroken shell of hydrogen atoms, and it behaves much as hydrogen does. But add a single oxygen atom, and the upset is enormous. The effect is to break through the hydrogen and provide the molecule with an OH head. Ethane changes to alcohol, the boiling point is raised from minus 120 degrees to plus 173 degrees — and the tenacious OH group is the little giant that does it.

From such minutiæ Langmuir was led to formulate his Principle of Independent Surface Action, now recognized as a primary law of the new chemistry. It sees the compound molecule as a piece of architecture. Each group of atoms within the molecule has its individual surface characteristics. An OH surface is different from an H surface, just as a sun porch is different from a windowless wall; and so with other groups. Dr. Langmuir found that he could predict molecular behavior by this principle. Also, by the same rule, from a study of behavior he could forecast structure.

Surface chemistry thus assumes a primary rôle in science. In the architectural surfaces of the molecules and of the atoms lies the explanation of the strange affinities and lack of affinities which bind and loose the physical world.

VIII

Through knowledge of these differences in the infinitely little has come the ability to manipulate many surface phenomena to man's advantage. Not only better lamps and more sensitive radio tubes, but also such practicalities as tough-skinned lubricants for airplane motors and other high-speed machines, improved flotation methods of extracting metals from ores, the production of artificial fertilizers for agriculture, even the application of antitoxins and serums to the human system, are derived directly from the propensity of certain atoms and molecules to arrange themselves on surfaces in single-layer films. The vital processes of the living cell, the means by which protoplasm protects itself against a hostile world and spins its mysterious texture of life, appear to be largely a mechanics of monomolecular layers. Surface chemistry is not only fundamental chemistry; it may be fundamental biology. Hardly a week passes that Langmuir does not receive a letter from some biologist, cancer specialist, or other medical researcher, reporting some monomolecular-film phenomenon discovered in the life processes.

But Langmuir holds his own researches to the realm of the unit particles, that fascinating borderland of chemistry and physics where one science passes almost imperceptibly into the other — frontier country. He has acquired a technique in working with these infinitesimals that may be suggested by a brief reference to his recent experiments with cæsium. This is a rare metal of a silver-yellow color, so fusible that the heat of one's hand is sufficient to cause it to melt; when vaporized particles of cæsium are released in a glass bulb containing a tungsten filament, they perform antics which have proved extremely useful in fundamental studies of surface phenomena. Langmuir has devised an apparatus so sensitive that if there is but a single cæsium atom within a space of one cubic yard the device can detect it.

One atom in a cubic yard? An engineer in the laboratory explained. Suppose, to make the proportions comprehensible, we enlarge the cubic yard of air to a globe the size of the earth. On the same scale the air molecules may be represented as flies speeding about at high velocities and frequently colliding. Assuming the air in the cubic yard to be at atmospheric pressure, there would be about 700 flies to every cubic foot of the hollow earth. If the flies are driven out until only one fly is left to every ten cubic miles, we should have a condition representing the limit that our most sensitive vacuum gauge can measure. Even so, there would still be 20,000 million flies in the sphere. Drive out all but one — that is the scale of a single cæsium atom to a cubic yard —

and Langmuir's method will still detect that lonely fly adrift in the hollow earth.

Such a feat would have delighted Lord Kelvin, to whom science was measurement. It is an example of the exactitude and finesse with which Langmuir is working to-day, pushing yet farther and with surer reach into his chosen world of the infinitely little. There will be other news from him — new frontiers taken, new treasures won. He is fifty-two years old. He varies his intense concentration in the laboratory with many hobbies. He likes music — Beethoven's symphonies, Wagner's operas, especially *Tristan und Isolde*. He flies his own airplane. Week-ends in winter he may be found skate-sailing on Lake George, or skiing in the Adirondacks. He has climbed most of the difficult peaks of the Alps, the Canadian Rockies, the Selkirks. He likes to walk, and once walked fifty-two miles in twenty-four hours. But most of all he likes to experiment with things. And his youthful wish is abundantly fulfilled, for he has a big laboratory at his command, equipped with every known facility, where he is 'free to do research as I wish.'

DELUSION AND REALITY

I

When I was hurried to a hospital at a half hour's notice one afternoon last February, I little realized what lay before me. It never entered my head that the emergency operation which so upset all my plans for the day and week would have to be followed by two others, or that I was to spend more than three months in the hands of physicians, surgeons, and nurses, to the intense anxiety and later, when I emerged convalescent, to the astonishment of friends and a family which appeared to have more need of me than ever before. Nor could I have foreseen into what a strange world I was about to plunge — a world of fantastic unrealities all intertwined with the clearest verities and with blendings of the real and the unreal that would have perplexed the profoundest philosopher.

It would be futile to try to recall them in anything resembling their jumbled entirety. But a few of the delusions and certain realities seem worth diverting from the road to forgotten things. Some appear as patches of an individual lurid color that may suddenly be inserted into a life of no uncommon hue; others merely as starting points for reflection that may have a bearing upon other lives to which the hospital has meant or may at any moment mean something. Let me begin with a delusion pure and simple and pass through a half-light to a region in which the realities seem in retrospect to have been clearly in the ascendant.

The Hoover Administration was at its last gasp, and so, to all appearances, — though far from realizing it at the time, — was I. Does it seem presumptuous to link my personal fortunes with those of the nation? I should not venture to do so but for a curious dream, vision, or delirious imagining

that came to me soon after the hospital bed became my long habitation. The vision had to do with my coming to the hospital, with whatever it might hold for me, and occurred soon after my arrival. Certainly one and possibly two operations had intervened. I seemed to see myself borne at a terrific speed, as if in a racing motor car or an aeroplane skimming the ground, along a straight avenue at the end of which rose an immense wall of solid masonry, with a bull's-eye of white stone at its centre. That was the spot I knew myself destined to hit. In the world of fact there was nothing more like it than Connecticut Avenue in Washington, with the McClellan statue as one's objective, only without the comforting avenues of escape by deflection to the right or left rear. There was, however, a feeling that after my smash-up I might be able to drag myself round the ends of the wall and find a peaceful stretch of grass and trees — 'bright fields beyond the swelling flood' — where I might lie down and recover my strength.

Nor was this quite all of my vision. In the rush to inevitable disaster the impending fate of the Hoover Administration, with which my sympathy had always been limited, seemed curiously joined with my own. We were going to smash together. I do not remember feeling any special concern for what was to befall my fellow victims of ruin. If they too were to drag their bruised and battered forms past an end of the masonry wall into the pleasant pastures that were my only hope, no such vision was vouchsafed to me. Was it to the general discredit of human nature that self-preservation seemed to be uppermost in my distracted mind?

In that wandering portion of my ordinarily placid being, the Presidency and all that concerned it held an amazingly important place. When I was well out of the woods, my day nurse informed me of one of the delusions that had given particular amusement to those about me. I had apparently conceived the idea that there was an effort on foot to install me as President of the United States. My protest was vigorous: 'No, I am altogether too busy; besides, my family would not like it at all' — *nolo episcopari* with a vengeance! Yet while at my worst I had enough hold on reality to dictate a night-letter telegram to the President-elect on March 1, three days before he assumed office. There was at least the excuse of certain personal dealings in the year before his nomination. If the communication ever reached him, it must have appeared merely as one of thousands of similar expressions of good will. Like many arrows shot forth in the form of messages, it was bound to mean a good deal more to the bowman than it could transmit to the target, for in the welter of delusion in which I was living at the time I seemed to stand on a rock of reality when I contrived somehow to piece the following words together: —

> Even in the backwater of a hospital where I have lately undergone two operations am acutely conscious of a new spirit in America. I believe this to be your own spirit. The true Democrat of the old order who has always known the new order to be a vital part of it seems coming into his own. God bless you and your Administration to the good of the whole world.

What wonder that I was confused even by the realities of the time! Quite unable to read newspapers, I received from nurses, doctors, and family visitants — as a reader of occasional headlines might receive — some glimmering of what was going on in the world without. Could it be possible that the expiring 'lame duck' Congress had voted to submit to the states the repeal of the Eighteenth

Amendment? From my chief companion in hitting the bull's-eye on the masonry wall I could not withhold a certain sympathy when told of his final draught from the cup of humiliation — that closing of banks on his last morning in office which led at once to the closing of every bank in the country. I might have thought this but part and parcel of the unreality in which I was living had not my nurse told me of receiving her weekly stipend largely in the form of small checks, of which she was instructed not to attempt the cashing of any for a larger amount than five dollars.

No sooner had the fourth of March been left behind than things began to happen in the national life — the authorization of a mildly 'authoritative' beer, followed rapidly by other legislative acts of Congress astoundingly coöperative with an astounding President, acts too familiar to need recital here — which, reported in the bare outline I was capable of grasping, filled me with wonder. Had the telegram which left my bedside at a time so charged with delusion related itself to reality after the fashion of a prophecy fulfilled? Here was at least one exhilarating thought.

II

It is indeed largely on thoughts, and not with that 'skin and shell of things' which play so dominating a part in everyday life, that one learns to live in the course of a protracted illness. Before this surgical experience of mine, near the latter end of what cannot be less than a longish life, I had never visited a hospital except as a caller on unfortunate friends. My three months gave to me what many of them had managed to distribute over a considerable number of years, and I could not help feeling that they had chosen the better part. Even my glimpse of their strange plight had made me realize how abnormal the normal world must look from a hospital bed. Could there be just outside the walls a city full of men and women, boys and girls, vigorous enough to be pursuing untrammeled all the labors and pleasures, sometimes rolled into one, to which the human race is addicted? Can there be a state of existence in which doctors and nurses are superfluous? Here they are so nearly everything that a life in which they are nothing is well-nigh inconceivable. If such thoughts cross the mind of a mere visitor, they can hardly fail to become paramount when weeks stretch into months and one becomes an inhabitant.

Doctors and nurses — how extraordinary in action and at close range are these functionaries of a life-saving station which ministers to so infinitely greater a number of human beings in desperate straits than any outpost of mercy and salvation on the most perilous coast! There must, of course, be some element of luck in falling into the hands of better or worse representatives of the art and science of healing, but surely I have heard many persons declare after a serious illness, 'What wonderful doctors I had, and what wonderful nurses!' and have encountered few utterances of blame instead of praise.

Indeed, the doctors and nurses can hardly help developing admirable qualities. Without them they would never have chosen their arduous, self-sacrificing professions, which in turn do everything to cultivate the best that is in them. Scientific knowledge, manual skill, mechanical ingenuity, the wisdom and tact required for delicate human relationships — all these the doctor must possess; so, in her own degree, must the nurse, and to these she must add a provision of patience and gentle-

ness through all the 'twelve-hour shift' from which even the workers in steel mills have long been exempted. These qualities in constant operation are among the realities of a hospital experience, and how a nurse maintains her equanimity through weeks and weeks of continuous attendance upon one person, without so much as a Saturday afternoon or Sunday off, is still beyond me. When a competent reformer (which I am not) starts an organized movement to substitute three eight-hour shifts for the present two twelve-hour terms of servitude, I for one shall be ready to join it. My own day nurse informed me that, besides never having cared for anyone else so ill who finally recovered, she had never been so long in the uninterrupted care of one person. Yet her patience and devotion — like those of the equally memorable night nurse — never faltered.

I fain would count among the delusions that dreadful young male attendant who was left by my side one night when my nurse could not leave me long enough unwatched to go to her nocturnal supper. Though clad in white, he stood over me like a raven, and croaked out, 'Well, there is no denying the fact that any operation for a man over thirty-five is a major operation — and very serious. Now we young fellows have the resiliency that makes the difference. But over thirty-five . . .'

I had no wish to argue the point with him, and must have made it clear that I needed no more of his conversation, for he relapsed into a merciful silence. My own was broken next morning when I begged to have that particular beginner excluded thenceforward from my room. He was not a delusion, but only a glaring exception.

To this creature of ill omen, however, I owed more than to anyone else in the hospital — a frank confronting of the idea of death. It must have been always at the back of my mind, where, in my struggle for life, I was content for the most part to leave it. When it came to the fore, — as of course it did from time to time, — it was not, as I look back upon it now, in any suggestion of a 'king of terrors.' I was vaguely conscious of its presence in rooms near by, and must have realized that it had a way of stalking rather familiarly up and down the corridors. Perhaps one's weakness reconciles one to almost anything. Perhaps the arduous, weeks-on-end exercise of patience — one of the least tractable of virtues — sharpens one's capacity for accepting the inevitable. It does not seem to me now that the termination of life in one's present experience of it can ever again seem so dreadful a thing as it had sometimes appeared before. Perhaps I have never dreaded it in proportion to its full deserts.

If a sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's had been in my unsteady hands at the hospital as it is now in my firmer grasp, I should even then have subcribed to its lines: —

> Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
> Disarming human minds of native might.

All this has to do with one's own death. When it comes to the death of another, quite a different philosophy must be called into play.

III

They tell you that a patient has a good deal to do with his own recovery. Possibly he has, but one would hesitate to suggest that he can hope to be much more than a cog in the mechanism of his welfare. It is a question whether he can be even that unless he acquires early in his illness a confidence in his doctors and nurses which inclines him

to a thoroughgoing coöperation with them, to offer not even a passive resistance — in fact, to add his effort, however feeble, to theirs, however powerful.

One of the realities of which I am firmly convinced is that the strongest of all incentives to effort comes from outside the hospital walls. To lie within them and not to feel that in the world one has left for a time there are those, of the nearest nearness, who ardently desire one's restoration to familiar paths, and that there are friends who share, sometimes in a degree quite unexpected, in this desire — that would indeed hamper beyond computation one's power to help one's helpers. To the unfriended, to the lonely in strange places, — even as to the uncared-for, the wounded in wars, cut to pieces not with salvation but with destruction in view, — the sympathy of the watchfully, skillfully tended patient, fortified by the knowledge that his recovery is a matter of genuine concern to others, goes out in abundant measure. If a spark of the spirit of fight remains in him, he is bound to puff it into such flame as it can achieve. To rekindle his dying fires he will draw upon every resource, physical and spiritual, of which he finds himself possessed, and of all these forces he may well discover that the invisible friends, and more than friends, who mingle their realities with the delusions of his hospital room are the truly potent and effectual.

While this sense of indebtedness to others was at its first full flood, in an early stage of a convalescence now well advanced, was it possible to give adequate brief expression to an overmastering feeling? It was not possible for one just issuing from the deepest waters to define the result of such an effort otherwise than with the well-worn 'De Profundis': —

'Most pitying God, thine arms of power
Must bear me up if I would live!
In this, my feeblest, darkest hour
Give of thy strength, in mercy give!'

So from a tortured body and soul,
All spent of heart and hope I cried: —
(Could he who bore man's deepest dole
Be standing friend-like by my side?) —

I thought so; then — God's arms fulfilled
My prayer, yet gained their wondrous ends
With human help, for through them thrilled
The thoughts, and hopes, and love of friends.

Of all the many things, then, learned through a long communing with realities, none remains more clearly defined than the wreck of an old delusion. How often have I refrained, when friends have suffered illness and sorrow, from the expression, through a message, or flower, or whatever token, of a natural sympathy! There was not quite a sufficient warrant of intimacy; somebody would be put to the trouble of writing a note of thanks — there were as many excuses as if one had been bidden to a Biblical wedding feast. Never again! The smallest word, joined with other waftings from without, makes its own contribution to a curative force of incalculable power. Fortunate the patient, face to face with the necessity of furthering his own recovery, who finds his weariness and weakness turned into some semblance of strength by the mere knowledge that friends, not yet admitted to his room, are standing, as it were, by his door, like reënforcements to exhausted troops! Without their help the bull's-eye in the masonry wall might well have been the end of me.

ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DEAL

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

I

WHAT next under the N.R.A. campaign? Can we consolidate our gains and thrust the line forward in new sectors? Or have we rashly taken territory which we cannot hold? Will the next need of a vigorous offensive find us with most of our shells fired and the rest duds?

The answer to these questions may depend on whether we distinguish in time between those phases of the N.R.A. which can be relied on, year in and year out, and those phases which are effective, if at all, only as emergency measures.

We know, in any event, that the emergency which confronted the new President called for an immediate, bold offensive. Such action was imperative, because the policy of inaction had brought us to the verge of despair. To go forward, however, in accordance with long-range planning was impossible: there were no plans. We had always been content to plan to plan sometime in the planless future. Meanwhile, Laissez-Faire had been the orthodox religion; and the most respectable of economists and bankers had been its high priests. Slowly, reluctantly, we had lost our faith in the Lazy Fairies. We had discovered that, in times of stress, each rugged individual, pursuing his own profit, is *not* guided by an Invisible Hand to act for the common good. In reality, he acts for the common harm. Each rugged employer, each rugged banker, each rugged short-seller, each rugged consumer, each rugged boss of a trade-union local, so acts for his own protection, when conditions are bad, as to make conditions worse. That, we found out, is the ragged part of rugged individualism.

We began to realize that bankers, producers, and consumers could have dealt a crushing blow to the depression, any day, by collectively using their fighting powers. That, however, was precisely what they were not able to do. For we had intentionally framed a so-called Federal Reserve System which could not function as a system; we had formed forty-nine banking groups, incapable of collective action, each demanding the inalienable right of having as many bank failures as it pleased. At the same time, we had intentionally forbidden producers to act for the common good by joint agreement; and we had provided ourselves, as consumers, with no agency for collective action except the one agency which had thus far refused to act — namely, the Federal Government.

That is why there was neither programme nor precedent to enable the new President to deal adequately with

the crisis which confronted him on the day of his inauguration.

To start recovery, however, nothing more was needed than a programme which would *appear* sufficiently promising to change the mental attitude of the nation. Every physical necessity was at our command, and had been every day of the depression; every productive resource that we possessed at the heights of prosperity — men, materials, machines, money — everything. We were certain, therefore, to go ahead, at least temporarily, if we *thought* we could. Mr. Roosevelt first made us think we could. He then proceeded to act on ten basic, permanently sound principles. If he retains the courage and the power to follow through on these ten principles, and if he avoids policies which clash with them, the New Deal may bring a New Era, welcomed even by the most scornful of the Laissez-Pharisees.

II

These are the ten principles: —

1. Every government, in formulating a national economic plan, should start with the needs and capacities of human beings, not with financial statistics. Under the Old Deal, the procedure was the reverse. It began with financial statistics. Then, when the custodians of these statistics incidentally observed the sad spectacle of ten million human beings who were eager to work but could find no work to do, the custodians concluded regretfully that nothing could be done about it. For, behold the statistics! That was the Law, and Mellon was its Prophet.

Under the New Deal, we *start* with the victims of statistics. We observe that they are eager to work, that there is plenty to work with, and that they are yearning for an opportunity to enjoy the wealth which they could readily produce if they had a chance. Then, and not until then, do we take a look at the paralyzing financial statistics: money in circulation, so much; interest on debts, so much; tax-exempt securities, so much; tax receipts, so much; hoarded money, so much; sterile gold reserves, so much; commercial bank loans, so much; and the rest. Whereupon we conclude: '*We* made all these statistics; *we* can change them.'

2. For, we have discovered, no recovery measures can be even temporarily successful unless they do something to financial statistics. Every major business depression is a monetary phenomenon. It is the result of the wrong volume and rate of flow of currency and bank credit. The flow is right only as long as the money income of the consumers who want to buy is such that they *do* buy, at the current price level, the increased output of consumers' goods. Adequate consumer income is the crux of the problem. A business depression accompanied by a sufficient flow of consumer purchasing power is no more possible than a prolonged drought accompanied by abundant rain. Consumption regulates production. This truth was rescued from obscurity about ten years ago. Since then it has become the foundation of the demands of organized labor, the byword of the man-in-the-street, and the second principle of the New Deal.

3. The third principle is that consumer purchasing power is subject to collective control. Neither currency nor bank credit grows on bushes, or falls like manna from the skies. The flow of money is not a result of natural law. Money does not manage itself. Every currency is a managed currency. The only question is whether it is managed intelligently, or the way we have managed it in the past. The New

Deal boldly takes the novel position that man, who invented money supposedly for his own convenience, can now make money serve his convenience. He can see to it that money finances consumption, and thereby he can make certain the financing of employment and production.

When, however, money has been mismanaged, and the country has suffered from rapid deflation, it is a proper function of the government to bring about counter-deflation — thus reducing the real burdens of debtors and preventing wholesale repudiation of debts; restoring, in the process, the dollar values of most of the assets of banks, building and loan associations, and insurance companies; protecting consumers' savings; and at the same time establishing the only conditions under which business as a whole can operate at a profit.

Early last May the President said in a radio address, 'The administration had the definite objective of raising commodity prices to such an extent that those who have borrowed money will, on the average, be able to repay that money in the same kind of dollar which they borrowed.' Early in July the President reiterated that purpose. 'Revaluation of the dollar in terms of American commodities,' he said, 'is an end from which the government and the people of the United States cannot be diverted.' The policy was sound. The subsequent slump in business and in confidence did not occur until it became clear that the government had, in fact, been diverted from its announced policy.

4. There are two chief means of getting the additional purchasing power into the hands of consumers: gifts, in the form of charity, doles, and bonuses; and wages. Of these two ways, wages is far the better, because that is the only way to strengthen morale and increase production. Wages can be paid out only through private works or public works. When there is no hope of an increase of private works, through private initiative, the only possibility is increased public works, or public aids to private works.

5. The volume of currency and credit used for this purpose should be large enough to meet the needs of a country with a proved productive capacity of ninety billions. The objective is to create additional real wealth to the value of at least thirty billion dollars a year, wealth which we are now losing, solely because we are not employing the productive resources at our command; in other words, to produce each year enough additional real wealth to pay off the total national debt. No smaller objective is defensible.

After wages have fallen off nine billion dollars, federal appropriations of a few hundred millions cannot be expected to restore consumer buying. That fact was emphasized before the Senate Committee on Finance when it was timidly considering the first feeble R. F. C. bill. The aim of the whole counter-deflation programme is to prime the pump of private business. Half priming the pump is useless. A bold programme costs less than a timid programme. As a matter of fact, in so far as the programme results in the creation of public works through the use of labor and materials which otherwise would be wasted, the public works cost the country nothing. Such a programme, it is true, requires additional bookkeeping work on the financial statistics; but this work, also, can be performed by men who otherwise would be idle.

6. There are various ways of bringing about the necessary increase of currency and credit. For psychological reasons, if for no others, those ways

should be used which are not commonly called 'inflation.' The programme should be flexible, for it is impossible to tell in advance precisely what effect upon the price level and upon employment any one measure will have. But, whatever measures are employed, the government should not hesitate to follow through because of the current scare propaganda, in which the printing-press fiascoes of Russia, Austria, and Germany are cited as sufficient reasons why this country should do nothing at all. These are false analogies. Every government which plunged into the chaos of riotous inflation was on the verge of collapse, and used the printing press as the only available means of keeping in power a little longer. Every government which made this fatal mistake was heavily in debt to other countries; had exhausted its taxable capacity; possessed scant gold reserves or none at all; and had no definite, logically chosen reflation goal. In not one of these five essentials is the United States to-day analogous to those countries which are constantly held up as horrid examples.

7. Recovery from a major depression through government leadership involves an increase of public debt. No attempt should be made to balance the Recovery Budget. Public debts should be increased in hard times and paid off in good times. The budget of current expenditures should be separate from the budget of capital expenditures, as it is in the soundest of private business enterprises. In following this policy the worst that can happen to a nation which owes nothing to the rest of the world, and finances its entire programme internally, is that all of its people incur debt to some of its people for a fraction of its demonstrated annual productive capacity. And no nation ever fell from such a cause.

8. Each major industry should be encouraged, and if necessary required, to plan production, distribution, and conditions of labor in the public interest, subject to such federal regulations as are necessary for the protection of consumers. The programme of each industry should be an integral part of a comprehensive, coördinated national plan.

9. An essential part of the New Deal programme is the recovery of private business. The incentive of private business is profit. The New Deal must, therefore, establish conditions under which private business has sufficient prospect of profit.

10. Finally, we can carry out an adequate national industrial plan, regardless of what the rest of the world does, or fails to do. It is not true that every industry can recover, regardless of what happens abroad; but it is true of industry as a whole. This country can restore its volume of trade and employment, if need be, without the aid of increased foreign trade. Before the crash of 1929, it is true, our so-called 'favorable' balance of trade enabled other countries to acquire a large volume of American products for which American investors paid. We became victims of the universal trade obsession that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But our excess of giving never did go far toward offsetting the deficiency of consumer buying at home. The statistics make this perfectly clear. At present we owe nothing to other countries on net balance, and we require nothing of them except what they are eager to supply and we are abundantly able to pay for.

This does not mean — Heaven forbid! — that isolation should be our goal. International coöperation in the spirit of good will is highly desirable at this critical moment; ultimately it will be not only desirable but imperative, if civilization is to survive. Nevertheless,

in this emergency the United States, single-handed, can achieve a better-distributed and more durable prosperity than it has ever enjoyed, merely by using the resources now at its command. Some of us are old enough to remember when the Technocrats excited the country. Let us hope that we are not too old to remember the chief lesson they taught: that our productive powers — powers which we can use without permission from abroad — will enable us to abolish poverty, as soon as we use these powers.

In any event, nothing we could promptly achieve by international conferences, in the present inflamed condition of Europe, would do so much for the world outside our borders as for us to achieve, within our borders, the permanent success of the New Deal.

The New Deal was an initial success because it was based on these ten principles. It must carry through on this basis or fail. There is no alternative. It was not the emergency which justified the government in adopting these principles; it was the emergency which enabled the government to gain support for principles which should have been adopted long ago. Chief among the economic consequences of the New Deal, if it is a success, will be increased faith in these principles in the years to come.

III

The New Deal will not be a success, however, unless it renounces most of the errors which are implicit in some of its acts and in some of the pronouncements of its official leaders.

Most fundamental of these errors is the notion that the aim of the New Deal — increased wealth for all the people — can be attained by reducing the output of wealth. The fallacy is an old one. Limit production — so runs the argument — and prices rise. Then we have a larger dollar valuation of wealth. Therefore we have more wealth. The flaw in this argument is plain. A higher standard of living *is* increased per capita consumption of wealth; but no way has yet been discovered of eating oranges which have not been grown, or wearing shoes which have not been made, or redistributing the national income so that the total shall be more than its parts.

The contention that we must reduce output — not merely the output of certain commodities, but output as a whole — is usually all mixed up with another mistaken argument: namely, that the depression was caused by general overproduction. The fact of the matter is that nowhere in the world has there ever been production of wealth in general beyond the desires of the people to consume it. There has merely been more wealth than willing consumers were able to pay for. Prior to this depression, there was not even an increase in the rate of growth of world production. The astounding increase following the World War which we heard so much about, said to be caused by technology and mass production, is a myth. It is not to be found in the statistics.

Out of these two fallacies grows a third: that the material well-being of the people can be improved by discouraging investments in capital equipment. If we did not believe that, how could we regard so complacently a National Securities Act, and other restrictions upon free investment, which have had some part, at least, in all but stopping the growth of our physical means of increasing our standard of living? Our complacence rests comfortably on the conviction that in the last decade our productive capacity, considered as a whole, increased far beyond the wants of the people. That is far from the truth. A

few industries — to be sure, a very few — were able to turn out more goods than the people would buy at any price. But all that industry as a whole could do was to produce more goods than the 98 per cent of the people who wanted to buy were able to pay for. In no other sense was there 'general overproduction' of capital facilities.

All these fallacies combined implanted in us the mistaken notion that we are obliged to reduce the hours of labor throughout industry, because this is the only way to prevent 'general overproduction.' If we could once grasp the truth that 'general overproduction' is precisely the same thing as 'general underconsumption,' and that 'general underconsumption' can always be cured by an adequate flow of consumer buying power in the right channels, we should see that all talk about the *economic* necessity of the thirty-hour week is nonsense. A social necessity it may be. Like the badly advertised 'Share the Work' plan, it distributes a given amount of suffering over a larger number of persons, and thus tends to allay social unrest. More leisure we should have, eventually, as a reward for good management of industry, not as a penalty for bad management. But leisure does not reach the cause of 'overproduction.' Leisure is not legal tender. Shorter hours do not make larger pay rolls.

IV

'One of the superb assurances that the President has given the country,' Professor Moley once said, 'is that the plan is frankly experimental. He will inform the country, if it fails, with the same straightforwardness with which he asked the country to adopt it.' The time has come when he should advise the country that certain parts of the emergency programme are unworkable. Chief among these is the fixing of commodity prices. This device cannot work in a profit economy, based as it is on the freedom of choice of consumers and the individual responsibility and reward of producers.

A sharp distinction must be drawn between the control of individual prices (prices of wheat, shoes, motor cars, and the rest) and the control of the price level (that is, the purchasing power of the dollar). The control of the price level should be the paramount purpose of the government, as far as monetary matters are concerned. Indeed, this is merely another way of saying what has already been said: that we should endeavor, by collective action, to see to it that the flow of purchasing power to consumers is such that their buying exactly keeps pace with the production of consumers' goods. This is the only way to prevent both deflation and inflation of commodity prices, considered as a whole.

The control of individual prices involves entirely different principles. *The function of price in a profit economy is to move the goods.* When goods move, prices are right. Goods are moved and prices are made by buyers, in the process of competing with each other for the same goods. Through controlling individual prices, buyers determine, for the most part, what is to be made, how much is to be made of each commodity, and who is to be privileged to do the making. If price is not to be allowed to fill these functions, the government must take them over.

No government is wise enough to do that. In order to fix prices that would regulate production schedules, and distribute the products as closely in accord with the desires of the people as the prevailing system of price bidding, the government would have to devise some means of measuring the almost infinite number of daily changes in the

needs and desires of millions of people, and also some means of measuring the almost infinite number of daily changes in the goods offered by the markets of the world for satisfying these changing needs and desires. These measurements are made at present with amazing precision by millions of buyers as they cast their dollar votes in millions of markets.

To repeat, no government is equal to such a task. The New Deal, as the first cards in hand reveal it, is an attempt to retain the profit motive as the main incentive to business enterprise, and at the same time not allow price to function as it must function in a profit economy. That is why, theoretically, government fixing of individual prices should not be expected to work. Actually, it never has worked. Examples are legion, and they cover the world: rubber, sugar, tin, coffee, silk, wheat, zinc, and all the rest. In a recent exhaustive study, Professor M. T. Copeland of the Harvard Business School records the collapse of individual prices which has followed, rather promptly, every attempt of every government to prevent a collapse.

Government price fixing, including the cost-plus-ten-per-cent feature of the Retail Trade Code, is certain to cause either the piling up of goods which cannot be sold at the fixed price, or the collapse of price fixing. If sufficiently broad exceptions are made for special sales, obsolescent goods, perishable products, and so on, and if tens of thousands of sellers are left to determine costs in their own way, there will be price fixing in name only. If, on the other hand, there is effective price fixing, stability of prices will be achieved at the cost of instability elsewhere in the economic structure. The relationships are so delicate among prices, wages, profits, and volume of production that rigidity in one place inevitably causes disturbances in other places.

Government wage fixing is easier to control, but that is sure to cause the failure of many concerns which have signed under the Blue Eagle but cannot keep their pledges, because the money is not forthcoming from consumers wherewith to pay the fixed wages. The economic consequences of price fixing and wage fixing, therefore, if the programme were effective, would be increased unemployment, palliated by increased doles, followed by the demands of Congress for money inflation of a really dangerous kind.

V

In any event, the fixing of wages and prices, with reliance on the profit motive as the driving force of business, cannot restore prosperity; for prices must be higher than wages *plus all other costs*, or there will be no profits. Prices and wages are like the ceiling and the floor of an elevator: anything that lifts the floor lifts the ceiling. That is why Henry Ford's favorite prescription for prosperity — high wages and low prices — cannot cure our ills. If prices are high enough to yield profits, wages are not high enough to enable wage earners to pay the prices. The gap must be bridged in some way. Unless the gap *is* bridged, N.R.A. parades, Blue Eagle posters, and 'Buy Now' campaigns are futile.

In the past, the gap has been bridged for a few years at a time by the expansion of bank credit, and the payment of wages in connection with war or the development of new industries. The reason why new industries and increased equipment of old industries bridge the gap is plain enough. New capital expenditures involve *advance* payments to consumers. The wages are paid and spent before the new

equipment adds supplies to the markets. Thus the *growth* of the automobile, radio, motion picture, and electrical refrigerator industries did much to bridge the gap and make possible the prosperity of the last decade.

This brings out a truth which capitalism has never faced, and which, unfortunately, the government is not facing at this time. We prosper in the present only when we are preparing to be more prosperous in the future. It is only the preparation for a better tomorrow that enables us to do tolerably well to-day. This means, specifically, that there is no hope of further rapid recovery until there is a substantial increase of construction, especially in the heavy industries.

VI

Such an increase, however, depends entirely upon the prospect of profits. But the administrators of the New Deal seem rather doubtful about the necessity of profits. They seem committed, at any rate, to arbitrary regulation of wages and hours, and such regulation is inconsistent with reliance on the profit incentive to restore employment and production.

Even when wages were unregulated, the funds invested in private business probably did not earn, year in and year out, a larger percentage return than the deposits of wage earners in savings banks. The net earnings of business as a whole have been, as a rule, no more than sufficient to induce the new investments upon which larger output, and therefore higher standards of living, depend. At the present time, certainly, corporation earnings are not sufficient to cover large increases in pay rolls. In any event, the rewards of labor will continue to bear a fairly definite relation to commodity prices. Government regulation can do little toward changing that ratio.

If the profit incentive is not the most effective one, we should find a better one. But, until we do find a better one, we should use the old one for all it is worth. If the Harvard Bridge is not the best way to get across the Charles River, we should find a better way; but, as long as we rely on the bridge, it is stupid to hammer away at its foundations, weakening first one support and then another, until we find out how much weakening the bridge will stand without collapsing.

Perhaps the chief economic consequence of the New Deal will be the discovery that a profit economy, when we maintain conditions under which it can work, makes possible higher standards of living than any other, but that a profit economy cannot work without profits. Let us trust that we shall not make the discovery too late — after the last support has been demolished, after the entire bridge has collapsed.

(*For further economic consequences of the New Deal, see the Contributors' Column*)

PUBLIC WORKS: A NEW INDUSTRY

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

I

In the old days before the world turned upside down, prosperity used to come in riding on some great new industry that rose up out of the mist and swept across the country like a tide. At one time it was railroad building, or the settlement of new territory; within our own memory it was the automobile that provided it. The new era that grew out of the automobile was not planned; it just happened. But everything is somewhat different now. The United States, having run out of the natural kind of prosperity, has set out to supply itself with the synthetic kind. Accordingly, as we might expect, this time the new industry will have to be built to order.

Such being the case, we have to understand what we are trying to do; otherwise we may not succeed. What is a new industry, considered as a builder of good times? What makes it go? What might make it blow up? The history of the automobile industry, late pillar of society, is a good example for us to examine, because everyone is familiar with it.

The horseless carriage appeared as a toy, and in a very real sense it is still a toy. People drive automobiles because they like to. That fact is so important that it needs to be stated at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of any true account of why the automobile made the country prosperous. Before the coming of the horseless carriage, people used to go for a ride on the trolley car or on a bicycle built for two. If they were very proud and great, they had a carriage and pair, with liveried coachman to match. All these playthings cost money. People spent money for good times in accordance with their simple, early-Booth-Tarkington tastes.

The reason the automobile made good times was that it made the American people spend more money than they had ever spent before, and made them like it.

The new industry furnished employment for a large number of people. There were jobs — building cars, setting broken arms, selling oil stocks, and manufacturing veils to hold down the wide hats of the lady passengers. Thousands of men got jobs, directly or indirectly, from the automobile industry. The number of people who got new jobs was very much greater than the number who were frozen out of bicycle manufacturing and harness making. Where did all the money come from to pay the wages in all these new jobs? Out of the pockets of people who were spending more money on the car than they used to spend on the family bicycles. Surplus income, instead of being saved, was being spent on worldly pleasure. Benjamin Franklin's bones rolled over in his grave, but the national income rose by leaps and bounds. The new

toy was making the American people spend more money, so the American people were getting more money to spend — for every time one person spent a dollar someone else got it.

But the prosperity that came with that new industry finally blew up with a very disconcerting bang. Why did it do that? All would have been well if the people had gone on spending their money as fast as they got it. Unfortunately, everybody felt that, after all, there was something a bit immoral about spending. The bankers, who at that period were still being cordially received everywhere, preached the virtue of thrift without fear and without reproach. The bond salesman walked to and fro in the earth; and our money went for the 'securities' of unrentable office buildings and for iridescent shares in factories for manufacturing bigger and better bankruptcies. It was not that we held on to our money, though that is what most of us thought we were doing. The money was 'invested,' and it went into the hands of steel workers and machinery makers, and became buying power just the same as if we had spent it on baseball tickets or airplane rides. That was why business went right on being prosperous during the new investment era. But the office buildings and Peruvian bonds that we bought with our surplus income turned out to be no fun. We could not eat them, ride in them, give them to our best girls, or do anything with them. Finally the very thought of them made us sick. So in our disappointment we stopped spending money for anything, and naturally everybody stopped working and had a depression.

After the crash we still suffered from the illusion that spending was wicked. Bankers, untaught by either theoretical economics or practical demonstration, proclaimed that the boom years had been years of extravagance and that this was the sad morning after. The cold figures, however, showed that on the contrary the boom years had been years of unprecedented thrift. Never in history did any people 'save' such a lot of money or 'invest' their savings in such a magnificent array of cats and dogs. The worst of it was, though, that Nature's attempt to teach us her laws was temporarily unsuccessful. Having wrecked our prosperity by investing too much money, we went on to sink the wreck by economizing, — firing the servants, stopping Susie's music lessons, — thus destroying what little buying power was still to be found. Shocking though it may be to say it, the facts are there. We invested unheard-of amounts of money. Business thereby acquired an unheard-of mass of liabilities, and, naturally, it collapsed under the load. All those who still had any income immediately proceeded to 'balance their budgets.' Business thereupon went into a coma.

Those are the facts. Effect followed cause, as it is apt to do in this hard world. The inexorable law of the age of plenty is that hoarding theatre tickets butters no parsnips. Someone — who was it? — struck the keynote of that mad time. He said: 'We cannot squander our way into prosperity.' That, unluckily, was true, then. We could not yet muster the vision to see that by massive spending, and in no other way, could prosperity be established and maintained.

II

The automobile had made us rich because it had led us to spend our surplus income for things that we could have fun with; afterward we made ourselves poor by spending our surplus for 'productive' plant that

could not be used for anything, and then getting disgusted and swearing off spending altogether. Now we need a new industry that will make us start spending again, and one that will not lead us into the fatal paths of 'investment.' Public works are the first step, and they are a symbol of the later stages of the new boom-proof industry that we need.

The N.R.A. is only a curtain raiser. It is not going to provide employment for all the unemployed, nor purchasing power for all the goods that a revived industry will produce. The reasons are several, but one will suffice as an illustration. The minimum wage established in the N.R.A. codes cannot be high, because high wages would wreck too many companies. The minimum wage is subject to a sort of law of diminishing returns. The higher it is set, the more companies cannot pay it, and the more difficult it is to enforce the code. So the minimum wage will necessarily be rather low, and there will be some very efficient concerns that will make a good profit. High profits may or may not be harmful to business in general; it depends on who gets them. If the stockholders are people of small means, their dividends are part of their buying power. The profits paid to small stockholders are apt to be spent and to go back into circulation. But some of the profits are sure to go to people whose incomes are already too large to be easily spent. That is where the shoe pinches. Whether by profit, by high salaries, or by bonuses, industry is continually furnishing some people with more income than they can or will spend. This unspent surplus income is what does the harm. It is temporarily withdrawn from the buying market, and the result is that there is not enough buying to sustain business.

In the fall of 1933 there is a growing recognition that inadequate buying power is resulting from the fact that prices have risen faster than wages, but the mechanism of the process is not clearly understood. The effect of high prices and low wages is simply that less of the proceeds of business goes into small incomes and more goes into large incomes. If the large incomes were spent immediately, there might be an unfair distribution of the products of industry, but there would not in the long run be any serious deficiency of buying power. The trouble arises from the fact that the larger incomes are the ones that are not wholly spent, and it is in the unspent surplus incomes that the missing buying power is to be found hidden. By some means the surplus individual incomes must be returned to circulation, or else they accumulate in stagnant bank accounts, less and less money is spent, and with the slowing down of business the incomes themselves disappear. This effect appears as a down-turn in the curves of business activity, already beginning to be visible in September of this year.

The limitations of the N.R.A. are bound up in this continual tendency of the receipts of industry to leak out into stagnant surplus income. Not all of the money received and paid out by business comes back to it again in sales. Wages and small dividend checks mostly come back, but money paid to those who have plenty already is apt to withdraw from circulation.

If those who receive large incomes would forget the lessons of the recent past and invest their surplus in building more skyscrapers, the laborers would be hired, the money would go back into circulation, and business would be supplied with customers. The late 'new era' would be repeated. That was the old way of recirculating surplus income. The old way used to

work because the crash that followed was never severe enough to wreck the nation. The only reason this old way can no longer be allowed is that the scale of operations has now become so immense that the normal smash-up which necessarily follows a period of useless investment is more violent than the country can stand.

The disappearance of purchasing power into immobilized surplus incomes is bound to appear as a slackening in the rate of recovery as the temporary improvement derived from the N.R.A. begins to wear off. The building industry will remain stagnant because the surplus incomes are not going to be readily invested in building new office towers and new apartment houses to join the gaunt ranks of empty structures that now decorate the sky line. But illusion springs almost eternal in the speculative breast. If only the government can be persuaded to be the sucker, then speculative building can get started again. Those who have learned nothing from what happened in 1929 still hanker for the cheerful song of the rivet hammer and the stir and bustle of workmen among the ribs of skyscrapers which, once they are finished, are destined to stand empty and lifeless. Powerful voices will be heard demanding that Uncle Sam furnish the capital to revive the 'capital goods industries' — building, machinery, cement, and steel. As Mr. Roosevelt said in his inaugural, they can think of nothing but lending more money.

Right there is the danger point of the recovery programme, and right there the hardest of hard thinking will be necessary to save us from walking over the same old precipice. It is true that there is a strictly limited real legitimate place for new capital investment in the United States. There is need for a little new machinery and some new housing which someone can actually use and pay for. But let it never be forgotten for a moment that for every million dollars of new capital that goes into new machinery and houses at least a million dollars' worth of old machinery and housing will inexorably become valueless. The new house replaces the old house just as the new hat replaces the old hat; but the people whose hats are shabby are too poor to throw away their hats and buy new ones. The tenants who live in shabby houses cannot afford to pay for better ones. Lending money will make speculators able to build new houses, but it will not make tenants able to pay the rent. Wiggle and squirm as we may, there is no escape from this fact. In the long run, business depends upon spending. The capital goods industries can be used for building new commercial plant and new housing only if the purchasing power of the consumers is expanded fast enough to pay for the new products. But a great wave of speculative building without any purchasing power to support it would be just the same thing that fell in on our heads in 1929. Trying to help business by building superfluous plant is like helping your neighborhood druggist by buying cocaine and feeding it to the baby. New investment of this sort would be a young one of the same snake that bit us before.

Some way must be found, then, to occupy the major part of the heavy industries in making some product that does not have to be put on the market in competition with existing business. Some method must be found for spending money on building without calling on the hard-pressed consumer to pay the bills. At the moment, the only field where the heavy industries can be employed in making a product that need not be sold is the field of public works.

III

After the N.R.A. has done all that can be done with shorter hours and higher wages, the public works programme must take hold and carry on from that point. Public works can serve as a means of injecting additional buying power, over and above the money paid out to workers and small stockholders by industry itself. This additional buying power is the factor needed to restore the money that is withdrawn into surplus income. That is the reason the public works programme is essential to carry on what the N.R.A. is beginning. Here we have the blueprints of a new industry that will turn surplus income into buying power without forcing it to pass through the classic sequence of hope, investment, bankruptcy, and disgust. In theory all that is simple enough, but in application there are naturally plenty of snags.

First, of course, is the difficulty of getting enough public work into action fast enough to keep the recovery moving on the upgrade. The government cannot proceed faster than public opinion will follow, no matter how desperately the new jobs are needed. For one thing, it is vitally important not to involve the programme in a series of scandals, or the people are likely to become disgusted and refuse to sanction further appropriations. And avoiding scandals is a long, slow job. Moreover, the present act was passed when the public was only half convinced that it wanted any public works at all. Consequently the types of work that are authorized are strictly limited, and many desirable projects have to be rejected. The massive federal engine for distributing buying power is slow to build and slow to start. This, however, is only the beginning. The volume of public spending that is going to be required has not yet dawned on us.

The United States is now supplied with weapons for killing the depression comparable to the British artillery in August of 1914. England was destined to build surprising quantities of artillery before that war was over; and the same may confidently be predicted of the United States in regard to public works. England could not resign from the war just because it turned out to be expensive; and this country cannot resign from the Age of Plenty just because it forces us to do things we never expected. There will be no way out but to see it through.

Sooner or later, of course, we shall come to the question of how we are going to pay the bills, and there again we shall be forced into new ways and strange doctrines. The real function of federal spending is not to furnish extra buying power out of a hat, but to turn surplus income back into buying power while preventing surplus income from getting into excessive investment. Like the automobile, the public works project is a mechanism for causing surplus income to be spent for something that will give pleasure instead of going into guaranteed bonds that are sweet in the bank box but bitter in the wastebasket later on.

For that reason the effectiveness of federal spending depends upon taxation of surplus income. There can ultimately be no escape from this necessity, because the spending of surplus income is the essential condition of stable prosperity in an Age of Plenty. Sales taxes, resting on the consumer, will not do the trick. Buying power is not increased by giving the consumer money with one hand and taking it away from him with the other. That is a bootstraps plan. Self-liquidating enterprises will not do the trick. Buying power is not in-

creased by paying workers to build a bridge and then making them pay back the money in tolls. That is just a device for stimulating business to-day and depressing it to-morrow. More bootstraps. Local public works will not do the trick. Local taxes rest, in the main, on the consumer. Buying power is not increased by spending money on a sewer system and then collecting it from the same people and sending it back to the national treasury. All these devices for making the poor man pay the bill are plans for making business with one hand and destroying it with the other. In the long run the event will prove that nothing will serve except federal or state expenditures paid for by taxes on surplus income.

Before there can be an effective public works programme that will actually produce and maintain prosperity, the sales tax will have to be set aside; the principle of self-liquidation will have to be set aside; the principle of 'local self-help' will have to be set aside; and the high-bracket taxes will have to be set solidly in the foundation of the whole project. Public opinion is not yet ready for these developments, but the tide of events cannot be stopped. Economic laws enforce themselves. If the social order survives, these adjustments or their equivalent will be enforced by necessity, as the British artillery programme was enforced by necessity.

Public works, however, are only one step toward a satisfactory adjustment to the Age of Plenty. Under the whip of necessity we shall, by one means or another, tax our surplus income and spend the proceeds, on a scale that we do not yet contemplate. Up to that point, our new industry bears no strong emotional resemblance to the joyful outburst of spending that floated the automobile era. At best, public works are a bit cold. And the high-bracket taxes, on the well-known principle of 'sympathetic pain,' hurt the ordinary citizen just as if he had to pay them himself. Moreover, there can never be enough public works to employ ten million men. And any attempt to push million-dollar post offices into country villages will defeat its own ends. Altogether, while the public works programme is an essential step toward stable prosperity, it has its limitations. These limitations at present consist in lack of imagination and desire, more than in the physical uselessness of a hundred billion dollars' worth of soldiers' monuments. So far we have not learned to think of a public project except as an isolated plant for some particular activity for which we can feel a definite need. Sometime, however, the people of this country are going to begin to plan their cities and their regions, not as instruments for facilitating traffic, but as environments in which to carry on a good life. When that time comes, then public works will become an effective instrument of planned community development. The germs of this new conception of public expenditure were written into the present act; and the first experiments in the technique of influencing the basic environment are already under way. As this technique develops, the possibility of enlarged public expenditure that will truly satisfy the desires of the people will also develop, far beyond our present expectations.

With all the new conception of how to fit public works to the real needs of the people, there will still be a definite limit to the amount of new physical plant that can be justifiably added to the national equipment each year. And yet, in a country where the national income on any fairly efficient standard of operation should exceed two hundred billion dollars a year, the recirculation of surplus income will require annual expenditures on a very

large scale, in order to keep the business system operating. Something more than public works will ultimately be required — something of which public works are the symbol. There will have to be found ways of spending great quantities of surplus income every year, for purposes that will give the people enough pleasure to keep them in a spending mood.

IV

There are at least two lines of further development that can now be traced. One is the transfer of public spending from the construction of public plant to the extension of public services. The new public facilities will supply the means for a continuous increase in public expenditure for operation. The new schools and parks and highways will themselves give an opportunity to hire new personnel for their maintenance and operation. Other forms of public activity, in adult education, public health, scientific progress, recreation, and countless other fields, can be developed and made popular. The mere removal of the self-liquidating feature from existing public services and substitution of income taxes for their maintenance offer a powerful tool for making business prosperous as soon as public opinion is prepared to adopt it. In such measures we find a part of the new industry that can be continued on an expanding scale into the indefinite future. When public opinion becomes adjusted to the fact that these greatly expanded free public services are in reality necessities, we shall have a permanent and highly stable vehicle for the distribution of the buying power on which business depends.

Another important element in the new industry will be the semipublic services that are carried on by voluntary organizations supported by contributions. The Federal Government, in its capacity of sovereign adjuster and general circulatory organ of society, can pump money into the semipublic activities of the nation in large quantities by suitable exemption features in the income tax. There are very real advantages in this means of steering surplus income into spending. For one thing, it will soften the hard edges of the income-tax laws and make them easier to swallow. After all, there is no necessity for confiscating all the surplus income of the country in order to make the business system operate. All that is really necessary is to keep most of the surplus income out of 'investment' and to force it into some kind of spending for things that can be enjoyed. Contributions to churches and to colleges, and even to country clubs, will serve as well as anything else.

Moreover, the semipublic type of activity is the kind that the public will pay for more readily than any other. These organizations are free and spontaneous; they represent the real desires of large groups of people. If their members can escape most of their income taxes by contributing to their pet organizations, then check writing can become a real pleasure. And anything that makes spending more pleasant than saving helps to make prosperity safe for business.

It should be noted that this latter phase of the necessary adjustment to the Age of Plenty brings to light a fundamental change that has occurred in the function of the large income. The capitalist, as accumulator and investor of large capital sums, has evidently become obsolete. What little investment is needed from now on will be more than taken care of by the savings of those who need to save for their own security. There is no further use for the man who saves on a large scale. But the rich man in the rôle of Renaissance prince, spending a large income on ex-

tensive cultural projects, is the type best adapted to an Age of Plenty. Of course if the necessary adjustments are blocked and the social order thrown into chaos, the millionaire is likely to be abolished entirely, since it is mechanically quite a bit easier to run an Age of Plenty without him than with him. In the large view, however, such an outcome would be highly unfortunate. The mechanical operation of the Age of Plenty is only a temporary problem. Underlying all that is the great historic process now ponderously getting under way — the passage into a new stage of cultural advance. A high culture is made up of something more than proletarian art. At its best it includes many sorts of cultural enterprise, and the possible rôle of the large income in carrying certain large-scale experiments in the uses of plenty cannot be lightly dismissed just because some of the existing money kings are not of the type. The necessary adjustments of the economic system to the Age of Plenty, if they are successfully carried through, will inevitably set up an evolutionary process among the holders of large incomes. The accumulative type of financier will tend to become extinct, while those who survive will tend to be those whose idea of the proper use of money is to build art museums or kill hookworms.

V

Beyond the public spending of surplus national income for public physical equipment and cultural services, and beyond the corporate spending of surplus income by semipublic associations supported by contributions, there lies the ultimate development of a social order in which a large part of the surplus income will be spent by the people themselves on their own personal activities. Before that development can occur, there must be a universal guarantee of basic economic security for all members of the social body, quite regardless of age, color, or previous condition of economic ineptitude. Basic economic security will be built up of free education, free public health services, accident and unemployment insurance, and, above all, a generous old-age pension system. The public money spent for economic security will be what the government calls a 'regenerative' public work. Not only will it directly distribute surplus income into buying power, but it will also release the people from the cramping fear of personal disaster. No longer will the workers have to engage in the pathetic, impossible, and disastrous effort to build up a savings account that not only helps to destroy business but vanishes just when it is needed. The people will dare to spend their incomes, and when the people dare to spend their incomes the Age of Plenty will really be at hand.

These, then, are suggested as the most probable forms in which the great new industry is likely to appear. When we come to look at it, we find that it is just what we should naturally expect. The characteristic feature of the Age of Plenty is that the material necessities of life can be produced and distributed without employing very many men or working very long hours. So all the rest of the energies of society can be employed in cultural or quasi-cultural activities: in education and health, in science and adventure, in recreation and art — in short, in making ourselves civilized. The arts of civilization are the new industry for an Age of Plenty. What else could it be? Seek first after those things that make a great civilization, and the economic tangle will untangle itself. This is the answer to the riddle of plenty, and the key that will unlock the gate of our new world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Farewells to Grammar

The author of a 'Farewell to Grammar,' in the Contributors' Club of the recent September issue, is an endearing and enduring type. For the language of England bade farewell to grammar six or eight centuries ago. It emerged from the welter of Anglo-Saxon, French, and Latin a marvel and a mess, a something called 'analytic' because it does not hang together, as illogical and efficient as a tree — and as grammarless, at least to the purview of whoever comes to it from Latin or Greek, or even from most modern European languages. Irregularity seems to be its characteristic. It is not difficult, except for its chaos of pronunciation. It has no wilderness of genders, no conjugations or declensions, except some fragmentary remainders inexplicably here and there, pieces of paradigms preposterously perpetuated.

Why should pronouns have accusatives which nouns do admirably without? Why should *I* have *me*, *us*, and *we; he* have *him*, *them*, and *they;* while *you* plays its lone hand, sufficient for any emergency? We cling to our pronouns. Our tears fall over the vestiges of the subjunctive. Our farewells linger and are never done. We keep on saying them all down the road. They are sad, but endearing. One does not seem to find them at all distasteful.

I once had the emancipating privilege of studying under a man who was not only distinguished among linguists for his erudition but peculiar among linguists for his horse sense — Thomas R. Lounsbury. I can still see him, when (almost whenever) some exception was taken to some questionable usage, beginning to roll to and fro his venerable head, and hear his somewhat falsetto voice: 'I have yet to discover any standard author wherein that phrase, or the same in principle, does *not* occur,' following up with a limpid flow of quotation all the way from Chaucer to Tennyson.

There are three attitudes toward a questionable usage — the linguist's, the purist's, and the stylist's. The linguist's test is historical. The purist's is what he has learned in youth, or acquired by select reading, or been told by those who seemed to be authoritative. The stylist's is what he likes or dislikes, what speaks to his sense of form, efficiency, value, what strikes him as the personality of a word or phrase.

My reactions and sorrows over those instances of disappearing grammar which give pain to the *Atlantic's* contributor differ here and there from his reactions and sorrows. His first instance is a wayside sign: 'School — Drive *Slow*,' of which school he sadly presumes that the pupils say, 'It's *me*.' Personally, being something of a purist as all respectable people are, I write 'slowly.' So did Lounsbury. But I should not have liked to argue with him that 'slow' was illiterate. There is somewhere in one of his books an appalling list of adjectives used as adverbs, and I doubt not there was in one of his innumerable lettered boxes a sheet of quotations from standard authors in which 'slow' was used instead of 'slowly.'

As a purist, I do not write, 'It is me.' But neither do I write, 'It is I,' if I can avoid it. The opinion of most linguists is that 'It is me' will soon, or sometime, be correct, since most respectable languages have already escaped from 'It is I.' Whether or not Germans or Frenchmen ever said, '*Es ist ich*,' or '*C'est je*,' they do not say it now. The stylist's opinion is that, whether it will be or not, it ought to be. Some way or other, 'It is I' is bad style, and it is no credit to English that it is so slow to feel the badness of it.

'None of them *are* here.' Is 'none' in the process now of leaving 'no one' dimly behind it and setting up an independent plurality? On the whole I hope it is. Stylistically I like it better than 'not any.'

'In *hopes* of seeing you.' Here the contributor is really bromidic. If I have

several hopes of persuading him that his native tongue is more venturesome than he seems to think, — hopes differing in kind and quality, some vivid and some dim, one based on my powers of cogent reasoning, another on his unquestionable intelligence, — must I be content with an indistinctive singular, balked of my discriminating plural by the convention of a more common phrase? What grammar forbids me to say, 'I am in hopes,' when I am in the happy possession of more than one hope? If such grammar there be, 'there ain't no sense in it.' (The stylist is aware that there is a something called grammar which forbids him that double negative, but he asks the purist to observe how this grammar thereby forbids him to vary his emphasis. He asks if that is a good kind of prohibition and the proper functioning of law.)

'I wish I *was* wonderful.' The stylist has two reactions here. One is due to a preference *per se* for the queer little anomalous subjunctive, 'were.' He is fond of it. There are too many *s*'s in English anyway. But it is more than that. There is an illusive sidestepping in 'I were' that defies definition. His second reaction is to what the *Atlantic* contributor appears not to have noticed at all — namely, the beauty of this incorrect appeal. It holds within it the essence of romance. The heart of youth wants to be wonderful more than it wants anything whatever in this world. In point of fact, it *is* wonderful. But note that that 'was' is the perfect touch, the pathetic illiterate, the little mournful droop. The sigh of a million dreamers is all there: 'I wish I was wonderful.'

The linguist has a different comment. 'Is not Laurence Sterne supposed to have written good English?' he inquires. 'Sterne writes in *Tristram Shandy:* "Was I left, like Sancho Panza, to choose my kingdom, it should not be maritime." *Should,*' the linguist goes on, 'is, as John Selden said of equity law, a roguish thing. So is *were.*' 'So was Sterne,' interjects the stylist. 'And the English language is a rogue in grain, a tricksy sprite, an Autolycus, a Harlequin, a thing of shreds and patches, a veritable Yorick, a fellow of infinite jest,—"A poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once,"— a shrewd, humorous, slovenly slattern. And how wonderfully she does muddle through!'

'That was the reason for *me* leaving school. (A darned good reason, too!)' says the contributor parenthetically. But was not this delinquent possibly an æsthetic student of John Synge and W. B. Yeats, touched by the soft beauties of Celtic idiom? And the teacher who fired the incipient poet, was he not perhaps a mere pachydermatous Philistine, a grim Puritan purist who thought he smelled Popery?

'It is *liable* to snow to-night.' 'Liable' and 'reliable' have been often indicted, and with cause, for they are trespassers. They have broken loose from their legal moorings, from the ties which their etymology declares, and become derelicts, constantly encroaching on the connotations of other words. But if the *Oxford Dictionary* sanctions as one definition of 'liable,' 'apt to do something undesirable,' and if Sir James Murray has superseded Lindley on the bench — why may not one say 'liable to snow,' under that august protection, provided, of course, he means to imply that he would rather it did not?

We cannot all be linguists. It is a steep and toilsome climb. The way down into slipshod English is too easy, a *facilis descensus.* Everyone who considers his language is a purist to some extent. But for him, too, there is a *facilis descensus.* He easily drops into dogma, and there some linguist can, may, and should 'make him look like thirty cents' (a beautiful bit of slang, probably obsolete, but admired by stylists for its mystical atmosphere: you know what it means, but not by what means it means it). If he leans on Lindley Murray, Lindley gives way to Sir James, who turns out to be a knight of erudition and horse sense, graduated out of grammar into language, one who looks down through tolerant, calm spectacles from the battlements of Oxford on the timid inhibitions of Massachusetts.

The stylist, on the other hand, has the advantage that he knows his feet are on the void and dogma is not for him. He has no support but his own rainbow wings. The sweet variations of synonyms make him glad. He rejoiceth in the stinging savor of new slang, which he delicately encloseth in quotation marks. His taste is his test, and the proof of his pudding is his eating. If his

taste is insensitive, unintelligent, uncultivated, illiterate; if he perceiveth not the distinctions of pudding from pudding; if he knoweth not, for example, that precision is as æsthetic a thing as any value in the decalogue and ritual of art — then his style doubtless will be indifferent. But that is 'up to him.' He is delicately enclosed in his own problem, whose solution is the only salvation he cares for.

The Cult of the Informal

Time was when a public lecture, an author's reading, a school debate, a sermon, gave occasion for proper ceremonial and punctilio. The orator of old days paid his theme the respect of carefully wrought periods; he was a master of elaborate rhetorical structures, and accompanied them with noble symmetries of enunciation and gesture. He wore an imposing frock coat, so constructed and buttoned that it threw the chest forward and the chin high up and back. He stood on a platform, or, failing that, a stump; at any rate, on some elevation which placed him above his audience and gave him the influence and weight of a gravitational body occupying a superior position. But not only in the ceremonies of public life and office was formality respected. Even young ladies exchanging sentiments of most intimate friendship corresponded in formally constructed periods and balanced clauses. Books that took for their primary object the innocent amusement of the public and the innocent reward of the author observed the principles of rhetoric with an austerity scarcely known to our most highbrow writers of to-day. What lady novelist of the present could if she tried master the solid Johnsonian sentences in which Fanny Burney described a practical joke? What male novelist could command the squared and straight-hewn rhetoric in which rough old Smollett described the insanitation of London?

We have changed all this, and transformed it utterly. The schoolboy in public debate no longer semaphores his sweating and embarrassed palm while painfully vocalizing a prepared brief. His aim is to affect an Oxford negligence of manner, and to score by a happy impromptu or speciously mature cynicism. His attitude is all but slouching; he is shockingly at ease. The young lady, if she has any sentiments of intimate friendship to exchange, dashes them off in as nearly thoughtless intermittences as possible. Oratory is no more. Lectures and addresses are delivered only at university commencements or before learned societies. On all other occasions, talks are given. Let the social historian trace the ramifications of the theme; let him show its correlations with industry, dress, morals, beliefs; let him disentangle causes from effects. It will be generally agreed that this is the day of informality, of the casual, the intimate, and the personal, as the rule of both public and private life.

I am not one to decry the change, or to cavil at the times for the want of ancient punctilio. So far as contemporary manners genuinely spring from naturalness, and promote ease and directness of social intercourse, so far as they are truly candid, friendly, and spontaneous, it seems to me that they are to be welcomed with gratitude and that they deserve every sympathy. I should agree with those who hold that our age has made immense and delightful gains of this sort. Those who imagine that the spirit of chivalry has departed from the world are simply unacquainted with the best kind of young person that the times provide. I doubt if any creature on earth has been or can be more winning, more intelligent, more self-reliant, more frank, entertaining, and courteous in essence, however usages and forms of conduct that would retard his approaches or put a curb on his exuberance may suffer by the freedom which the age allows him. He (or she) is a lovable and fine creation, and an honorable one. Far be it from me to deplore the times that have produced a spirit so enviable.

The informality against which I should protest is an excess, the inevitable extreme to which even charity is apt to run. It arises particularly from some public experiences I have had, and not from the domestic sphere. I have once or twice been asked to speak at schools or clubs where I suddenly found myself under the necessity of addressing a gathering of quite unknown people

without any of the usual protective barriers which fence off a speaker from those he confronts. Chief among these is a platform, or at least an intervening space, putting the audience at a convenient distance and forming an area of grateful sanctity between the personal thoughts of which the speaker must disburden himself and the eyes, faces, and hats of the total strangers on which these thoughts roll out and break like an invisible surf on implacable reefs. I have even found myself plumped down in a leather chair, with audience behind and beside me as well as before, a veritable Balaclava; and with a fire, which on any other occasion I should have relished, burning cordially in the grate.

Such is the desire of modern audiences for the informal, for the intimate, as they call it! But how much real intimacy hangs on such an occasion? At best, we can only hope to be intimate with a thought, if we are lucky enough to receive such an article from a speaker in public. Intimacy with his person is not the object of the occasion, nor is it to be confused with the sublime intimacy of spirits which is often more promoted by austere distances than by cheap proximities. The delusion penetrates, however, even to pedagogy. Let the teacher sit at a table with his pupils, instead of standing before them on a platform, and they will all become intimate with Euclid, or with Othello! The corporate membership of the women's club is intimate one week with a British novelist, and next with a trafficker in spiritualism; and between whiles is pleasantly informal with the hairdresser.

How can one deliver to utter strangers thoughts, either intimate or of any other kind, from an upholstered chair? Such pretended intimacy drives any honest man to be frigid, or contemptuously ironic. Give me a platform, a table or reading desk, an impersonal space before the audience, and I can confide myself, disburden my mind of what is precious to it, feeling that if anyone cares to adopt that freight and give it intimacy in his own thoughts, I have not been violated nor have I violated my own self-regard by a wholly specious personal intimacy; as though I wished immediately to take into my confidence a roomful of people I had never seen before, or as though they would, unless devoid of decency, allow themselves to be so received, if it were possible. A proper seasoning of formality ought to be the condition of all public addresses. Nothing can ever quite remove the austerity of thought, and to that alone can we give close lodging and welcome on a public occasion.

I have seen recently fledged clergymen, attractive youths, well schooled, well bred, well groomed, who insisted on reading the service of the Church with something of this false intimacy and informality, an almost conscious and professional boyishness that ill sorts with the grandeur of the ancient cadences, formed for the great generality of persons high and low, dead of times long past, or breathing now, who feel in themselves a sense of wrong and a need of expiation. And I have thought that the occasion cried for some of the grace of formality, for the kindness and for the refuge of the impersonal, for the dignity that transcends the petty allures and flatteries of self, and attains to a region more inclusive and more permanent. In dignity rightly understood, formality and informality lose their distinction. Dignity may be neither pompous nor effusive, neither forbidding, self-conscious, nor solemn. It may be cheerful, natural, affable, fully at ease; but it is a grace, a carriage of life or of art with chastened pains and ambition for right and fine accomplishment, which gives no rebuke to what is pleasant and good in modern manners, but which chides the slackness and the sham that are always present in any modes of society.

Waiting on the Lord

Forty years ago I heard the fable of the Turkey Buzzard and the Sparrow Hawk told inimitably by a man whose name I have forgotten; but it was in a clamorous city of the Middle West lying along a slow brown river whose name is drowsy and caressing. Twenty years later I heard it again, to my recollection not so well told, although by a master of the art, the late Hopkinson Smith. Where did it come from? 'Hop' Smith rather thought it be-

longed to him. Internal evidence points to Negro folklore in the South. There is something of Uncle Remus in it, but something of Æsop, and something of the latter-day Caucasian. The Remusian fable is not so definitely pointed. Briefly and baldly, without the warm intonations and glamorous dialectical gillyflowers that belong there, it runs like this: —

Mr. Turkey Buzzard sat on a rail fence meditating. Mr. Sparrow Hawk come lit on the rail beside him. 'Howdo, Mr. Turkey Buzzard,' he says, says he.

'Howdo, Mr. Sparrow Hawk.'

'If it ain't unpolite,' says Mr. Sparrow Hawk, 'I'd like to ask you how you gets your living. Jus' like that. How does you get your living?'

Mr. Turkey Buzzard meditated. 'I gets my living waiting on the Lord,' he says, says he.

'That's no way to get a living,' says Mr. Sparrow Hawk, says he. 'I gets my living by hustle and pep.' Yonder he see a chipmunk come scitter-scatter along the fence. 'You watch me!' says Mr. Sparrow Hawk. 'Hi! You watch me!' he says, says he.

And up he goes with a flip, and down he comes with a slap. And little Miss Chipmunk she went into a hollow rail. And Mr. Sparrow Hawk he hit the end of that there rail with his head. Blam! And he busted his neck. And he fell down dead.

And Mr. Turkey Buzzard he meditated. Then he cocked his head on one side and looked up. Then he cocked his head on the other side and looked down. Then he loosed up one wing. Then he loosed up the other. Then he flopped down beside Mr. Sparrow Hawk. And he meditated. 'This here waiting on the Lord ain't so bad,' he says, says he. And he took Mr. Sparrow Hawk right into his midst.

In the Æsopian or Remusian fable, animals act and speak more or less in the character of each his species, but the characters are infused with humanity. Each is apt to stand for a social type or point of view. Hence it creates two pictures, one looking out through the other. The hoary antiquity of the thing is impressive. Æsop and Reynard and Remus are but little islands of a submerged continent. Under them lies the psychology of totemistic tribes gone these unimaginable ages.

In the matter of those pictures, here sit two birds on a zigzag Virginia rail fence, and all about them are the sunshine and the corn. One of them is large, slow, elderly, wrinkled, scrawny, bald-headed, unkempt, unshapely of feet, his long black coat somewhat dingy and frayed; and somewhere behind his red-lidded eyes there is knowledge of the world both realistic and extensive, from evil-smelling carrion to the floating spaces of the upper air. The other is a brisk young bird, sharp eyes, slightly rotund, very dapper with his polka-dot chest and trim extremities, a cheerful extrovert and frankly rapacious. In the matter of benevolent altruism there is not much to be said for either of them.

Through this picture there magically emerges another. One seems to have seen the types sitting on piazzas and sidewalks, in smoking cars and other human places, and heard similar conversations where two social and political philosophies meet and clash, one of them to some such effect as 'What this country needs is more zip,' and the other, 'What this country needs is more time.' Age-old maxims on the issue fall about our ears like autumn leaves, not all of them on one side of it, some of them as recently green as 'All things will come about to them that wait,' 'Why so hot, little man?' or Cecil Rhodes to the Kaiser, 'Why don't you try doing nothing?'

The Sparrow Hawk has with him the early bird and the busy bee. Most of the maxims are addressed to success rather than to happiness. Whether the Buzzard or the Hawk is the happier I don't know, or which is the more useful or useless to society; but among conversations on hotel piazzas in Main Street, Gopher Prairie, or suchlike places, as preserved in romantic amber of memory, I find no hesitation of choice. I would rather talk with the Buzzard. I would rather fish for the denizens of his taciturnity — queer crabbed creatures with claws and mysterious dispositions lurking in dark and scummy pools — than for anything in Mr. Sparrow Hawk his Rotarian shallows; which ripple pleasantly enough, but there is nothing except minnows to be fished out of them, all lively, shiny, and about the same size.

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